The Outlook

Volume 78 Saturday, November 5, 1904 Number 10

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

England and Russia 543
The Promotion of Kuropatkin 544
The Political Campaign 544
Judge Parker on Monopolies 545
Secretary Hay's Speech 546
A Boodler's Confession 546
Dr. Carter's Case 548
The Disciples' Meeting 548
The Congregational Societies 549
The Bishops' Pastoral 549
Missions at the Episcopal Convention 550
College Events 551
Is Crime Increasing? 552
Underpaid Professions 552
Great Britain's Naval Policy 553
An Interesting English Election 554
Labor Laws 555

EDITORIALS

A Triumph of the Hague Idea 555
Political Issues: The Last Word 556
The Columbia Celebration 558
The Subway 560

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

New York's Subway in Operation 563
By Earl Mayo
The New Governor-General of Canada (Portrait and Sketch) 569
Some Distinguished Visitors: John Morley, James Bryce, Charles Wagner, Ferdinand Brunetière, Adolf Harnack 570
November (Poem) 577
By Sara Andrew Shafer
Morocco, the Land of the Evening 578
By Charles Wellington Furlong
The Bronze Doors of the Boston Library .. 586
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart 588
By Daniel Gregory Mason
The Marsh (Poem) 593
By Clinton Scollard
Joel Chandler Harris 594
By Ray Stannard Baker
The Politician. The Statesman (Poems) .. 604
By W. Wilfred Campbell
Signals of the Sea 605
By Arthur Hewitt
Ghosts of the Wild Flowers 620
By Rosalind Richards
The Search for a Sluggard: A Tale of Three Ants 622
By Edwina Stanton Babcock
Julia Marlowe: An Appreciation 626
By Elizabeth McCracken
The Political Issues: A Free Parliament... 638
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 630

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

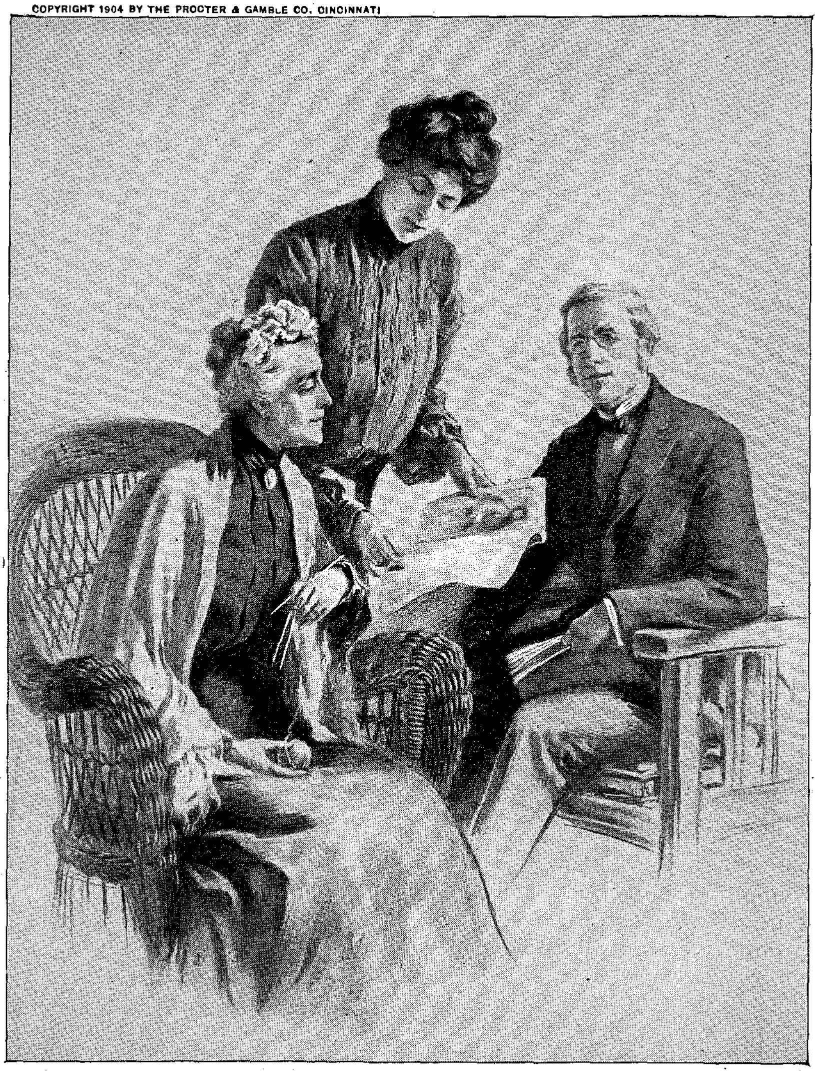
LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1904, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



Much of the soap used for cleansing the personal, table and bed linen of otherwise intelligent and particular people is made of "house-grease" and other refuse. Think of it!

The one soap whose name is a guarantee of its purity is Ivory.
IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904

England and Russia

The threatened conflict between Russia and England, which might easily have developed into a general European war, has been avoided by the submission of the issues involved to a Court of Inquiry under the Hague Convention—an impressive indication of the world's progress toward peace. It is a long time since popular feeling has been so deeply stirred in England as it was by the attack of the Russian fleet upon the Hull fishing-trawls. It was universally felt that the sinking of the fishing-boats, unless adequately explained, was an outrage of an almost unprecedented kind, and the most responsible Englishmen did not hesitate to express themselves with unconventional freedom. In his telegram to the Mayor of Hull the King expressed his sorrow for the "unwarrantable action which has been committed against the North Sea fishing fleet." The Ministers promptly gave assurances that English action would be neither indefinite nor delayed, and the week was consumed by interviews between Lord Lansdowne and the various Ambassadors; for the situation was felt to be so grave that France and Germany showed an unusual eagerness to aid in securing a peaceful settlement. The British Government promptly sent a long and urgent note to the Russian Government, declaring that the situation was one which could not brook delay, and demanding apology, compensation, punishment of the officers in fault, and a guarantee that the action would not be repeated in any form.

* * *

The Russian Explanation

No word was heard from the fleet until Thursday, when a part of the Russian squadron reached the Spanish port of Vigo. In the meantime the Czar of Russia had sent to King Edward a telegram containing an expression of deep regret and a promise of compensation. On Thursday two despatches from Vice-Admiral Rojesvensky were published. The first declared that the North Sea incident was caused by two torpedo-boats advancing to attack without lights under cover of darkness. When the detachment turned on its searchlights and opened fire, the presence of several small boats resembling steam fishing-boats was discovered. The detachment endeavored to spare these as much as possible, and ceased firing as soon as the torpedo-boats were out of sight, and the despatch denied that disabled or sinking boats were abandoned by the fleet. The second despatch declared that, having met several hundred fishing-boats, the squadron showed them every consideration, except when they were in company with the foreign torpedo-boats. This statement by the Russian Vice-Admiral is variously regarded. Most experts think it a highly improbable story. It is hardly possible that ships should have come from Japan into the North Sea without detection, and it is believed that no ships for Japanese service have been fitted out in England. The Japanese Minister to Great Britain declared that no ship had been chartered by his Government from Hull or elsewhere to destroy the Baltic squadron.

* * *

Triumph of Peace

Russia met two of the English demands; she apologized, and she promised monetary compensation; but she refused to stipulate to punish the officers responsible, or to guarantee the future conduct of the fleet. The demand for the punishment of the officers was based on the conviction that only in this way can the commerce of the world be safeguarded.

England promptly summoned the Channel and Mediterranean fleets and gave other evidences of ability instantly to settle the case by arms. At the same time a strong hint was conveyed to Russia that unless satisfaction were given insuring adequate inquiry and the punishment of the guilty officers, the Russian squadron would not be permitted to pass beyond Tangier. The Russian Ambassador at London now says, "If our fleet had even left Vigo, it would probably have meant war," which Mr. Balfour, the British Premier, also admits. But on Friday, by a happy coincidence of action, that peril was averted. Messages from London to St. Petersburg and from St. Petersburg to London crossed each other in transmission; England and Russia had apparently simultaneously offered each other the same solution, namely, to submit the question of the responsibility and punishment of the Russian officers concerned in the North Sea tragedy to a mixed commission or court of inquiry, to be held under Article IX. of the Hague Convention, which reads as follows:

> In differences of an international nature involving neither honor nor vital interests and arising from a difference of opinion on matter of fact, the Signatory Powers recommend that parties who have not been able to come to an agreement by diplomatic methods should, as far as circumstances allow, institute an International Commission of Inquiry, to facilitate a solution of the differences by elucidating the facts, by means of an impartial and conscientious investigation.

The framers of this article deserve the gratitude especially of those who, during the Hague Conference, persisted in treating it as a Utopian dream, one impossible of realization. It may be said that this case goes beyond the bounds established in this article because it does involve honor. We have commented in another column on the significance of the controversy.

❀

The Promotion of Kuropatkin The significant event of the war in the East, next to the settlement of the Baltic fleet imbroglio, is the appointment of General Kuropatkin as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian land forces. The same decree which declared this appointment announced also the retention of Alexiev as Viceroy. Although Alexiev is not formally degraded, his activity, it is to be hoped, will cease in the Manchuria affair, as he now goes to St. Petersburg. Those who are concerned for Russia's real progress will be gratified at this sign that Kuropatkin is no longer to be outrageously hampered by the meddlesome man who did as much as any one to bring on the unhappy conflict.

❀

The Political Campaign By the time this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers the Presidential campaign will have been virtually concluded. At this writing it appears clear that in almost every debatable State President Roosevelt is stronger than his party. In New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, West Virginia, Indiana, and Colorado indications are that the Republican vote for Presidential electors will be largely in excess of the Republican vote for State candidates, and it is not improbable that in some of those States the Republican National and the Democratic State ticket may both be elected. Mr. Parker has made great efforts to harmonize the two wings of the Democratic party, and has had the co-operation of Mr. Bryan in this effort. Whatever temporary success may have attended these efforts, it is evident that the Bryanites and the Gold Democrats—or, to characterize them philosophically, the Social Democrats and the Individualist Democrats—are no more really agreed than they were four years ago. The grounds for Mr. Bryan's support of Mr. Parker are epitomized by himself in these words: "On every question upon which Judge Parker's position is open to criticism, President Roosevelt's position is worse; where they differ, as they do on many important questions, Parker is right and Roosevelt is wrong." One of the most striking features of Mr. Cleveland's speech in Carnegie Hall was his repudiation of Bryanism, and in Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut the Bryanites are reported to be planning to reorganize the party if

Judge Parker is defeated, in the hope of making Mr. Bryan their candidate again in 1898. Even in New York City the radical influence has been so strong that two Democratic candidates for Congress, William R. Hearst and Robert Baker, are running on both the Democratic and Populist tickets. Mr. Parker has yielded to the urgency of his counselors and has consented to make some public appearances. He has also changed his attitude toward the trusts, and in a speech delivered October 24, at Esopus, vigorously condemns a certain class of great corporations which he charges with making large political contributions for corrupt purposes. But while thus recognizing the political evils incidental to the existence of great monopolies, he does not propose any other remedies than those suggested in his speech of acceptance, though he repeats the statement that if the common law is insufficient to protect the public, "then I favor such further legislation, within Constitutional limitations, as will give the people a just and full measure of protection." Mr. Parker's general charge that corporations are making political contributions for corrupt purposes is made specific by Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, who has created something of a sensation by the declaration that Mr. Henry H. Rogers, one of the principal men in the Standard Oil Company, had tried to defeat Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, and was now engaged in the endeavor to defeat his election. This specific charge has been replied to by a statement formally issued by the counsel for the Standard Oil Company, after a meeting of the directors, asserting that the Company has never participated as a corporation in any other business enterprises than oil, and has never taken any part in the nomination or election of candidates. No evidence whatever has been offered to sustain the charge that Mr. Cortelyou has been collecting funds from industrial combinations for the political campaign, nor have any specifications been given. There is very little doubt that, on the one hand, certain special corporate interests are bitterly opposed to Mr. Roosevelt's election; and, on the other hand, that the conservative financial interests of the city of New York and of the country at large dread, for a variety of considerations, any change in the Administration, and are giving their general support to the Republican ticket. But there is no evidence of the existence of any great corruption fund, and, on the contrary, the indications are that the campaign is being more honestly conducted on both sides than any Presidential campaign for many years.

◆

Judge Parker on Monopolies

A correspondent on another page expresses the opinion that we have misinterpreted, and to that extent misreported, Judge Parker's views on the trusts. That we may not seem to do any injustice to Mr. Parker, or furnish any misinformation to our readers, we give here in full what he said in his speech of acceptance respecting the remedy for trusts:

> The growth of monopoly, of which complaint is justly made, cannot be laid at the doors of the courts of this country. The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Appeals of this State, and the courts of last resort in many other States, warrant the assertion that the common law as developed affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies. The fact that they have multiplied in number and increased in power has been due, not to the failure of the courts to apply the law when properly moved by administrative officials or private individuals, but to the failure of officials charged with the duty of enforcing the law to take the necessary procedure to procure the judgments of the courts in the appropriate jurisdiction, coupled with the fact that the legislative departments of some of our State governments as well as Congress, in the manner already referred to, have by legislation encouraged their propagation. What is needed—in addition to the passage of a statute revising the tariff duties to a reasonable basis—is not so much other and different laws as officials having both the disposition and the courage to enforce existing law. While this is my view of the scope of the common law, if it should be made to appear that it is a mistaken one, then I favor such further legislation within Constitutional limitations as will give the people a just and full measure of protection.

There is no common law of the United States which United States officials can enforce. Such laws can be enforced primarily only in the State courts, although when an appeal lies to the United

States courts they will recognize the common law as they will the statute law of the State. Judge Parker's position, therefore, necessarily involves leaving the initiative in all proceedings against trusts to the several States. Only in case further experience should prove this remedy to be inadequate would he favor "further legislation within Constitutional limitations." Mr. Roosevelt affirms that experience has already demonstrated the insufficiency of remedies within the State, and the necessity of Federal legislation; acting on his recommendation, such legislation has been enacted; and he has further declared that if "under Constitutional limitations" adequate Federal legislation cannot be enacted, the Constitution should be amended. Our correspondent's proposed remedy for trusts is much more clearly defined and has in it much greater promise of efficiency than Judge Parker's; but it is Judge Parker, not our correspondent, who is the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

* * *

Secretary Hay's Campaign Speech

The speech which Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, delivered on Wednesday of last week was characterized by the Democratic papers as "a literary treat," as the product of a man whose pen had "not lost its cunning" and who is "practiced in the art of literary composition." The reason for these very qualified expressions of praise is not far to seek. If Mr. Cleveland's address was the most dignified and stately of the campaign, Mr. Hay's was the most brilliant and biting. Even well-worn arguments not particularly weighty with the more thoughtful people he refurbished, so that they might attract attention by their scintillation; as, for instance, when, insisting that tariff revision should be intrusted to friendly hands, he recalled the "old maxim of English law that said, 'A child should not be given in charge to a nurse that loves it not.'" With reference to Judge Parker's speech giving the anti-imperialist estimates of the cost of the Philippines, Mr. Hay said: "He seems hypnotized by these vast sums. Why should he stop at millions and billions? We may reasonably expect that the next warning voice from Esopus will be shouting quadrillions to a startled world. He seems able to believe anything—all he asks is that it shall be incredible." Turning his attention from the Democratic candidate to the Democratic party, Mr. Hay averred that he wished to speak with respect of that party which embraces so many good citizens; but he did not mince his words in referring to its leaders and its official utterances: "They talk of a policy of adventure! I have yet to hear of an adventure so reckless and wanton as intrusting the fortunes of the Republic to an aggregation like the Democratic party of to-day—a fortuitous concourse of unrelated prejudices." Mr. Hay resented the imputation that the Republican party claims individual superiority over its opponent: "It would be absurd to say that nearly half our people are devoid of the highest civic virtues. But the simple truth is that they are badly led." He declared that with a "harlequin ticket and timidly radical platform" the Democrats, relying on two sources of power—racial hatred in the South and organized corruption in Tammany Hall—"claim the confidence of the country upon grounds that affront the common intelligence and fatigue the derision of the world." As to the charges against President Roosevelt of rashness and violation of the Constitution, Mr. Hay declared that if they are true the President is deserving of instant impeachment. Concerning those who make these charges, Mr. Hay said, "There is but one inevitable conclusion—they do not believe one word they say." His final appeal was to the voters of New York to share in the triumph of Theodore Roosevelt. The phrase of the whole speech which most quickly caught the popular ear was that by which he characterized Judge Parker as a "gold standard, or at least a gilt standard, man."

* * *

A Boodler's Confession

The signed confession of one of the St. Louis boodlers, Charles F. Kelly, published not long ago, is worthy of the attention of persons who have followed Mr.

Lincoln Steffens's articles in McClure's Magazine on political corruption in America. In several respects the confession is a remarkable document. It not only recounts the story of municipal rottenness in St. Louis, but it offers as *obiter dicta* a number of generalizations by an observant and philosophical boodler. Incidentally it reinforces Mr. Steffens's contention that the real corrupter of American legislative bodies is the business man who seeks to acquire special privileges by bribing legislators. The author of the confession, who was for a time Speaker of the St. Louis House of Delegates, was a trusted friend of Mr. Edward Butler, the St. Louis boss and legislative broker. He was a member of the famous boodle "combine" in the Municipal Assembly, and fled to Europe when his testimony was wanted against Butler. For his pains he says that he was paid fifty thousand dollars. Returning when it was believed that his patron was secure through the operation of the statute of limitations, Kelly was arrested and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for perjury in his testimony in one of the boodle cases. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and meanwhile was rearrested on the charge of accepting a bribe in another deal. At this juncture he complained that Butler had deserted him and had advised him to plead guilty. "It didn't look right," he said in an interview, "that we should take our medicine and that he should go free." Therefore he determined to relate his dealings with Butler in the bribery cases. In his statement he says that he has reason to believe that boodling had been in progress in the St. Louis Municipal Assembly for the last twenty-five years. The boodlers did not fear exposure, because they "knew that most of the politicians and many of the large financiers of St. Louis" would be with them. One prosecutor who attempted to bring them to justice was "bluffed off." When Mr. Folk began his work, there were threats of assassination, and finally a deliberate plot was arranged to ruin the prosecutor's influence by falsehoods. "Prominent financiers" as well as the boodlers were engaged in this attempt, according to the confession.

A Warning to St. Louis

The general scheme of the boodle "combine" is already fairly well known, but Mr. Kelly adds some interesting details. There were nineteen members, and the combine was "not along party lines." "My experience," he remarks, "has been that boodlers line up according to their interests, and not under party standards." The members of the combine held regular meetings, and decided by a majority vote on the prices to be charged for various measures. There was a "fixed schedule of prices" for bills in accordance with the value of the privileges to be given. The combine rarely sold out for less than a thousand dollars, though once "some of the boys took five dollars each, but were so ashamed of it they would not speak of it afterwards, because the price was so small." The combine was in the habit of selecting one of its members to act as agent in the deals, and only in one or two instances did the representative prove untrustworthy. "Among ourselves," says this frank boodler, "we had a high code of morals, and it was considered extremely dishonest for a member of the combine to accept bribe money without dividing it among his fellows." A particularly interesting feature of the confession is the warning which it gives to St. Louis of the danger of a relapse to the old conditions when Mr. Folk's term as Circuit Attorney shall have expired. Kelly asserts that Butler advised his indicted friends to get continuances until a new Circuit Attorney should be elected, and that he promised them that the prosecutor should be "his man." "What," asks Kelly, "has been done in St. Louis? Nothing at all. The prosecutor has, after three years' fighting, whipped us. But it seems to me, such is the condition of public sentiment in St. Louis, that when the new prosecutor, who of course will be Ed Butler's man, takes charge, boodlers will be in clover again." In his opinion the great trouble is that "so many of the large corporations of the city are mixed up in boodle one way or another" that the town is willing to tolerate corruption. It is, of course, an exaggeration to say that the Folk crusade has accomplished nothing. But while the Butler faction received a rebuff in the recent city Democratic Convention, the country will await with interest the refutation of the prediction that under the next Circuit Attorney the boodlers "will be in clover again." At least the nomination of Mr. Folk for Governor indicates the determination of the voters of the State of Missouri to stamp out boodling. The Outlook hopes that his election by an overwhelming majority may follow, to convert the indication into a demonstration.

❀

The Presbytery in the Case of Dr. Carter

In our account of the discussion which followed Dr. S. T. Carter's action in declaring before the Presbytery the change in his doctrinal views, we gave to our readers the false impression that there was some desire on the part of certain ministers in that Presbytery to try Dr. Carter for heresy. That impression we are glad to be able to correct. The incident which led many, among others The Outlook, to conclude that a heresy trial was contemplated, really signified something quite the opposite, and the minister whom we unwittingly misrepresented was quite as averse to such a trial as any one else. The views which he represented may be stated as follows: If Dr. Carter had asked merely for a letter of dismission to the Congregational Association on his general merits and without specific basis for such action, the Presbytery would have been free to grant his request, and it is believed would have done so unanimously though regretfully; but Dr. Carter had virtually published an ultimatum before the meeting of the Presbytery, and had declined to attend the meeting. As a consequence, according to this view, the Presbytery, unless it acted with caution and in due order, was in danger of having its action reviewed by the Synod, with great debate and the mischief of notoriety. According to this view, the only procedure at once kind to Dr. Carter and promising the avoidance of ill to the Church was simply to drop his name from the rolls. The minister who moved that this action be taken began by saying that the strictly technical plan was to move for a trial for heresy, a plan which no one either proposed or desired. It is very gratifying for us to be able to supplement our other report by this statement.

❀

The Meeting of the Disciples

Among the recent Church gatherings, the Convention of the Disciples of Christ at St. Louis, October 13–20, was in point of numbers and enthusiasm noteworthy. Over ten thousand delegates registered. The Churches represented in this body are congregational in order; that is, they are bound together by no central authority, but merely by their common spirit, purpose, and doctrine. The Convention, therefore, was in no sense legislative. Moreover, the Convention was a Missionary Conference. This annual meeting is made up of three factors—the women's work, the general home missions, and the foreign missions, each occupying two days. The Christian Women's Board of Missions carries on a work that extends throughout the world. It supports wholly or in part about two hundred missionaries and helpers. It includes the support of chairs on the English Bible at three State universities, mountain schools in the South, and negro education in Virginia, Kentucky, and Alabama. An important and appealing part of its ministry is its orphanage department. Its work is growing, its financial condition healthful. The Foreign Christian Missions reported the most successful year in their history. Gain was reported in the number of churches which support each a missionary on the field. A wise movement for the establishment of more schools for the training of native preachers was started. Among the new fields entered last year was the formerly "forbidden land" of Tibet. The missionary enterprise in the Philippines was reported as aggressive and successful. The American Christian Missionary Society, which is the Board for home missions, has in charge a work of great variety. It supports three hundred and fifty-three missionaries in this country.

A new departure was the employment of a Field Secretary, and another arranged for is the employment of a General Superintendent of Evangelistic Work, specialists being appointed in each case. Under the work of this Society is included church extension. These three organizations reported the raising of over half a million dollars. The statistical secretary reported the total number of Disciples of Christ in the United States as being 1,233,984. As the result of a proposition by Dr. Ball, of New York, a special committee was selected to consider the union of the Free Baptists and the Disciples. The communion service which was held in the Coliseum was marked by the attendance of a vast congregation.

❀

The Congregational Societies For the first time in their history the Societies that serve as the almoners of the missionary enterprises of the Congregational churches merged their annual meetings in the meeting of the National Council of the churches, which we reported last week. The experiment was so satisfactory that the Council recommended joint meetings as the rule in future. The growing importance of the Western churches expressed itself in a proposal to transfer the headquarters of the Home Missionary Society from New York to Chicago. The largest opportunity for the extension of its work now appears to be among the Southern white population, and demands a generous increase of scant resources. The American Missionary Association, whose fields are found among seven races from northern Alaska to Porto Rico, is now asked to begin work among the Japanese coming to our Northwestern coast, and also the sixty thousand Japanese in Hawaii. Its principal advance during the year has been in work among the Southern whites, and its theological seminary at Atlanta is doing much for previously uneducated pastors of churches. Dr. Bradford now succeeds Dr. Gladden in its presidency. The American Education Society's statistics showed that in twenty-two States seventy-five per cent. of the pastors of the smaller churches have come from other denominations. President Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, strongly advocated the establishment of Christian colleges in the newer parts of the country. The confidence of the churches in the management of these societies, which has been somewhat criticised, was generously and emphatically expressed, and their possible consolidation was referred to a committee. Speakers of both races addressed crowded audiences at these meetings.

❀

The Bishops' Pastoral and the Negro Question The pastoral of the House of Bishops, read by Bishop Potter at the concluding service of the Episcopal Convention in Boston, happily emphasized the interest of the Church in certain important matters which, for want of time, or, as some deputies thought, of courage, were not legislated upon. The Colored Workers' Conference of the South asked for the establishment of a missionary district for colored people, with a negro bishop having full rights, with a seat in the House of Bishops. The Convention did not discuss the matter, but appointed a joint Commission to consider this and allied questions. While waiting for some plan that shall deal more effectively with the great problem of the religious care of the colored people, the bishops record their conviction that the conscience of the Church must be aroused to the inadequacy of its means and methods for dealing with a race numbering nine millions of people, brought to these shores by no consent of their own:

> If by giving freedom we have only given power to work mischief, and if lynching has come to be defended as a necessary protection to families, then we are face to face with a situation desperate and dishonoring. It is a part of our social situation, and if the Church can have nothing to say about it she will simply disown her duty and her Master. We call upon our people to bring to this perplexing situation the best wisdom they can command, and most of all to recognize its racial and sectional complexities without prejudice or prepossession.

Bishop Potter, speaking of labor organizations, "against which many people are now somewhat savagely inflamed," said that they do in the main move along lines which are the glory of our democratic institutions. "If our fathers came to these shores to escape from the domination of caste, whether expressed in civil or ecclesiastical tyrannies, shall we resent it if at last the workingman has caught something of the same spirit and seeks to apply it to the constitution of that great industrial organization which is the most apt image of the modern State?" The pastoral declares that by making its way into the heart of man "through the divine law of brotherhood," rather than by legislation, the Church can best do effective work for laborer and employer. Reverting to their strong position on remarriage, the bishops speak of the great basal truth "that the family as a whole may not be modified save by death;" to surrender this is to give up all that makes the Christian household the ideal norm of the State, and "the family the august and enduring image of a divinely constituted human society." Strong emphasis was laid on Christian training, family prayers, and the observance of Sunday, as vital means whereby the Church can maintain her Christian homes and their influential force in the community.

❀

Missions at the General Convention The conversion of the Convention to an overwhelming interest in missions, which took place in Boston, amounts to a revolution. At the San Francisco meeting the Convention would have no more than it must of missionary addresses. Its Board of Missions meetings were relegated to late evening, when delegates stayed away and missionary bishops spoke to rather empty benches. At Boston the business of the Convention was missions. That this genuine missionary revival has been due in large measure to the spirituality and power of Dr. Arthur Lloyd, Secretary of the Missionary Board, who has twice refused a bishopric to continue his influential work, cannot be doubted. Not without significance is the fact that such men as Bishops Partridge and McKim in Japan, Graves in China, Brent and Restarick in the Pacific islands, and Kinsolving in Brazil, are identifying themselves with these countries and have made the home workers share in their thorough insight into the social and political as well as religious problems that affect the relations of these countries with the Church and the United States. The scientific way in which the new missionary work is organized—its recognition of the values of the ethnic religions with which its representatives are required to deal, its wise uses of industrial and medical training, its understanding of the fact that Oriental nations must individualize Christianity in a way that will naturally differentiate its final outcome in some measure from the theological systems of America and England—is increasingly evident, and commends itself more and more to the business approval of both clergy and laity. The great missionary mass-meetings in the largest halls in Boston, with overflow meetings in large churches, at which the speakers repeated their addresses; the Woman's Auxiliary, with its two daily meetings in Pierce Hall, where during three weeks crowded audiences listened to well-arranged presentations of the needs of the entire mission field of the Church and contributed largely to them, were indicative of increased missionary interest. That the entire General Convention gave the best of its hours and much of its time to listening to its missionary representatives and to improving its missionary methods was even more significant. Six new missionary bishops were elected; and with the choice of a sixth, an assistant for Bishop Hare, of Niobrara, who has for thirty years borne alone the arduous work of his Indian diocese, the number of the bishops of the Episcopal Church reaches one hundred. As to financial gifts, the Woman's Auxiliary, with its triennial offering of $150,000 and its many smaller collections, took the lead, but it was arranged that at Richmond, in 1907, the Convention shall make a special offering commemorative of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Episcopal church in Jamestown, Virginia. A new missionary canon provides that all legislation concerning missions and the determination of all missionary policy shall be effected by the concurrent action of both houses of the General Convention, also providing that each parish in the Episcopal Church must each year make an offering for missions.

* * *

Three College Events

Several events of importance took place on Wednesday of last week in the academic world. Trinity College, at Hartford, installed its new President, Dr. Flavel S. Luther. The weather was charming for an academic ceremony, and the exercises were unusually interesting. Founded in 1824 as a collegiate institution under the control of the Episcopal Church, Trinity opened with nine students and two small buildings, Bishop Brownell being its first President. It is now impressively housed on a commanding site, and is steadily growing in influence and authority. Dr. Luther, the new President, was born in Brooklyn, Connecticut, graduated from Trinity in the class of '70, was later Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Kenyon College, and still later Seabury Professor of Mathematics in Trinity. He has also been for many years a consulting engineer, and is a man of the highest standing in his profession. The installation exercises were held in Parsons Theater, and twelve Episcopal bishops and representative men from thirty-five colleges and from many of the professions were in attendance. Addresses were made by Colonel Jacob L. Greene, President of the Corporation, by Mr. Buffington, of Pittsburg, Professor Ferguson, President Hadley, Justice Hamersley, by representatives of the Senior Class, and by Dr. Luther, who said that the object of education is to fit men and women to do something. All honest occupations are of equal dignity, and for all of them training is necessary. American young men will respond to the invitation to learn how to do real work when they will not respond to an invitation to improve themselves. The ambition to serve is nobler than the desire for self-improvement. In closing he said: "We of the colleges, old and young, stand shoulder to shoulder, leagued against ignorance, selfishness, inefficiency, incompetence. Our ideal is that which I have tried to urge as the motive power to be installed in the individual lives that it is ours so largely to direct—service, self-sacrifice, making things go better and faster in this our world. It is morning—the morning of humanity. The shadows and darkness that lie about us in human life and character only show that the day is very young. The schools that teach men to work are fitting mankind for the sunshine; they are preparing the way of the Lord and making straight his paths."

* * *

Boston and Hanover

On the same day Dr. William E. Huntington was installed President of Boston University, at Tremont Temple, the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, President Raymond, of Wesleyan University, Governor Bates, Mayor Collins, President Eliot, and others taking part in the installation exercises, and many colleges and universities being represented by their heads or by leading professors. In his inaugural address President Huntington discussed "The University and the Public." ——The beautiful town of Hanover, New Hampshire, was crowded with the friends and alumni of Dartmouth College on the same day, drawn thither by the laying of the corner-stone of the new Dartmouth Hall, which will replace a building of the same name destroyed by fire last winter. Professor Francis Brown delivered a historical address in the morning, and Mr. Charles F. Matthewson, of New York, at the laying of the corner-stone in the afternoon. In his address on the origins of Dartmouth Professor Brown said that the actual founding of the College was due principally to four men—Eleazer Wheelock; George Whitefield, who introduced the school to the English supporters; Lord Dartmouth, who led the English collections which kept the school alive; and Governor John Wentworth. Special interest was given to the occasion by the presence of the Earl of Dartmouth—a descendant of one of the founders, and a man who has not only shown high capacity in public affairs in Great Britain, but great and effective interest in historical researches relating to that country and to the American colonies. These qualities, as well as his connection with his distinguished ancestry, were defined with characteristic felicity by President Tucker in conferring on the Earl the degree of Doctor of Laws.

❀

Is Crime Increasing or Decreasing? The utter groundlessness of the assumption frequently repeated by pessimistic newspapers that crime is on the increase in the United States was shown by Mr. Eugene Smith, of New York, in an able and elaborate paper on this subject before the National Prison Congress at Quincy, Illinois. The fact is that there are no statistics whatever available for the country as a whole upon which such an assumption can be based. The United States census confines itself to an enumeration of the prison population on a certain day once in ten years. The causes which may combine to make the prison population on that day large or small are numerous, and they may have no bearing whatever on the relative goodness or badness of the community. A difference in the length or shortness of sentences due to the personal equation in judges may double or diminish by one-half the prison population on a certain day. An enumeration of the prison population, to be of any value, must be made every day for a whole year. Further, to show those who are still under the grasp of the law, it must embrace, not only those who are in prison, but those who are on probation and on parole. Even then the prison population shows only the number of criminals who are in prison or under surveillance, and not those who are at large. Increased or relaxed vigilance on the part of the police may affect the volume of arrests. A slight change in the law, such as the abolition of the fee system of compensating constables or sheriffs, may make a vast difference in the number of arrests or commitments. The experience of the great majority of counties in New York State which have abolished the fee system and placed the sheriff on a salary shows a reduction in prison population of from ten to fifty per cent., due to the fact that the sheriff has no longer a motive for keeping men in prison for the sake of what he can make out of their board. The fact that our statistics are worthless to prove that crime is increasing renders it equally impossible to prove by statistics that crime is decreasing. The determination of this fact, Mr. Smith declares, cannot be wholly mathematical; there are other sources of information and proof. The optimistic spirit of the National Prison Congress was shown by a general acceptance of Mr. Smith's conclusion that criminals constitute but a very small proportion of the population, and that our country is growing better and not worse.

❀

Underpaid Professions Speaking at a dinner on the eve of his departure for England, Sir William Ramsay, the distinguished English scientist, made some true and striking comments on the underpayment of American teachers of all kinds. He seems to have been very much impressed by the inadequacy of the rate of payment of men employed in scientific capacities, and astonished at the disparity between the returns for this kind of work and the returns which men of the same ability secure in industrial work of any kind. He declared that not only scientific men, but teachers of law, medicine, and theology in this country are greatly underpaid, and that the inevitable effect of such a policy must be to deter men of first-class ability from entering the profession of teachers or investigators, and in the end to lower the quality of the work done in these departments and to diminish their authority in National life. It could hardly be expected, he said, that young men would elect a professorial rather than a professional career, if such an election involved the acceptance of greatly reduced incomes. The tendency would be to send into the professorial career those men who doubted their capacity to rise in their professions. While it is true that young men of generous impulses do not decide the vital question of life-work solely or even largely on the basis of pecuniary reward, it is certainly true that vocations which are greatly underpaid lose a large element of attractiveness, and in the end draw many inferior men. Sir William said very truly that it is not necessary that every professor or investigator should earn a large amount of money, but that it is necessary that the leading places in the professorial field and in the fields of investigation should be well paid, in order that a stimulus might be afforded to young men at the start. He had been specially impressed by the great sums given or bequeathed for teaching purposes by rich men, and he discovered that these sums were largely used in the erection of buildings and sometimes in the founding of new institutions. Recognizing the fine impulse behind these gifts, Sir William Ramsay urged that such generosity should be devoted to increasing the endowment of existing chairs in order that they might become great prizes for the field of intellectual endeavor. He pointed out the example of Germany, where the leading chairs in the universities command a rate of payment comparable with that given to men of the same quality in the professions, and where even among the smaller universities many leading positions held by teachers are extremely remunerative. Sir William Ramsay was much impressed by the genius for organization and by the fertility of resource of young Americans, but he declared that unless scholarship was made attractive to them by fairly adequate payment there would be a decline in the teaching power of the country and ultimately in the intellectual quality of its professional men.

◆

Great Britain's Naval Policy

The closing years of the Balfour Ministry will long be remarkable for the change which has been made in the naval policy of Great Britain. Until about 1860 England was satisfied so long as her navy was larger than that of France; and even Cobden, who was an advocate of peace and economy in national expenditure, once declared in the House of Commons that if he saw any disposition on the part of France to bring her navy up to that of England, he would cheerfully vote £100,000,000 to enlarge the British navy. In the later fifties Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who was then of the House of Commons, advanced the plea that the British navy ought to be equal to that of France and Russia combined; and for thirty or thirty-five years past this has been the theory on which the navy of Great Britain has been equipped and organized. It has not always been lived up to; but since 1885 it has been the basis of Great Britain's naval policy, and neither political party has cared to incur the charge of neglecting the first line of defense. Recently a more forward policy has been adopted; and hereafter it may be said that from 1904 Great Britain abandoned the idea that her navy should be equal to that of the combined fleets of the next two largest naval powers, and adopted the plan of building and maintaining a navy which she regarded as adequate to her needs, and to her own conception of those needs. There was no formal announcement of this important departure from a policy of forty years' standing; but something equivalent to such a declaration was made in the closing days of the last session of Parliament by the Earl of Selborne, in answer to a speech by Lord Brassey, who had urged that as the two-power standard had been reached, there should be some retrenchment as regards new construction. Lord Selborne's answer to this plea for economy on the navy was that in regard to cruisers and torpedo-boats, as distinct from battle-ships, the two-power standard had never had a numerical application. "No other Admiralty in the world," he said, "has to consider that the sole guarding of its shores was the first duty of the navy, and that on its navy depended the safety of the food of the people; and no other navy had to safeguard such a vast and preponderating ocean commerce. Hence it was not possible to compare the naval expenditure of Great Britain with the naval expenditures of any two or more powers." This year Great Britain is spending $190,000,000 on her navy; the United States (estimates for 1904–5), $105,000,000; France, $60,000,000; Germany,

$55,000,000; and Russia (estimated normal expenditure), $59,000,000. Between the 1st of April, 1903, and the 31st of March, 1904, six battle-ships, nine armored cruisers, and one second-class cruiser were added to the British Fleet Reserve; and there are in building in 1904 eight battle-ships, thirteen armored cruisers, one second-class cruiser, four third-class cruisers, and forty-four smaller vessels. At the opening of the naval year, which extends from April to March, Great Britain had available for service 42 first-class battle-ships, 6 second-class battle-ships, 2 coast-defense vessels, 18 armored cruisers, 104 protected cruisers, 10 unprotected cruisers, 112 torpedo-boat destroyers, 34 torpedo vessels, 85 torpedo-boats, and 9 submarine vessels. The cost of the fleet averages 17s. 8d. per head of the population of the British Isles, as compared with 5s. 10d. per head in 1870.

❀

An Interesting English Election

Off the Kentish coast of England lies a little island known as the Isle of Thanet. It was one of the first parts of the coast of England upon which the earliest Saxon invaders landed. One of the Parliamentary divisions of England, corresponding as nearly as may be to what we should call a Congressional district, takes its name from the Isle of Thanet, although the division includes a large part of the County of Kent. On October 8 an election was contested for that division between a Unionist, or Conservative, and a Liberal candidate, which aroused unusual and somewhat intense interest throughout Great Britain. For several weeks before the election the English newspapers devoted an amount of space to the discussion of this particular election entirely out of proportion to its importance as a mere political contest. This interest was due to the fact that the financial and personal honor of the Conservative candidate was involved. The Conservative candidate was Mr. Harry Marks, a Hebrew of wealth and of influential financial position in the city of London. As editor of a prominent financial weekly, he had achieved a considerable reputation as a financier. Unfortunately, that reputation was very distinctly smirched during the recent Company Promotion scandals in London. Mr. Marks's name was involved in several lawsuits arising from these scandals, and in one instance serious reflections upon his honor were made by the court. He escaped any legal and formal condemnation, but is nevertheless very widely believed in London and in England to have been involved in questionable and dishonorable practices. The division for which he stood is safely Conservative, and ordinarily the Liberal candidate would have had no fighting chance; but to the honor of British politics it should be said that Unionist and Conservative politicians and newspapers rose above party, and urgently advised the defeat of Mr. Marks. Among others the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote a letter appealing to the electors to make personal honesty a *sine qua non* in all their Parliamentary representatives, and the London "Times" and the London "Telegraph," the two most influential Chamberlain and Conservative newspapers in England to-day, urged that Mr. Marks should be defeated, and his Liberal opponent, Mr. King, elected. It was hoped that the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, might take some steps in the matter, but, as in the United States, so in England—party pressure was too strong. Mr. Balfour kept quiet and Mr. Marks was triumphantly elected although by a reduced majority. The "Times" rather cautiously but still distinctly expresses its regret at Mr. Marks's election, and its feeling that the Prime Minister might have "served his party better had he openly spoken out in condemnation of the choice made by the local organization of Thanet. He would no doubt have caused much temporary irritation amongst them, but he would have satisfied the feeling of the better part of his party throughout the country." This election is of more than ordinary interest to American readers, because it indicates that those Englishmen who with a somewhat superior air criticise American politics and politicians as sacrificing everything to party success live themselves, if not in a glass house, at least in a house with well glazed and dangerously exposed windows. Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister, by his course in this election, has rather confirmed the feeling of independent observers concerning his character as a statesman. Such observers feel that, while a man of the very highest personal character, of unusual literary and intellectual cultivation, and of great ability in amiably smoothing over political difficulties, he is lacking in some of those qualities of vigorous impulse and fearlessness which are necessary to make a really great constructive statesman.

❀

Labor Laws in France and Switzerland

The beneficial results of an important labor law which has been in operation in France for four months, although the act was passed in December, 1900, have been attained by a careful attempt to regulate the limit of working hours for men, women, and children, with due regard to the interest of employer and employed. The eight-hour working day has not been recognized, but certain restrictions have been made whereby the competition of men cannot be used to prolong the working hours of women and children. Thus, men working in factories where women and children are employed are not allowed to work more than ten hours a day, and in no case are men allowed to work more than twelve hours a day. The most beneficial provisions, however, are in behalf of women and children. Their working day cannot exceed ten hours, which must not be consecutive, an hour of rest being compulsory; and they are prohibited from night work, except for cause satisfactorily proved to the authorities. One entire day of rest per week is compulsory, and the employment of women in certain injurious occupations is forbidden. Railways are excepted from this law, but railway employees are equally benefited by a separate set of regulations which have a similar end in view. Swiss legislation now prohibits night work to adult men workers as well as to women and children. The present labor laws of France did not receive their first impulse from the socialistic propaganda, but date back to 1841, when the first law was passed to restrict the work of women and children in factories. This was modeled upon English legislation of that day. Progressive improvements upon that act were made by laws passed in 1848 and 1874, and by an important act passed in 1892. All these measures were a gradual approach to the legislation recently put in force.

❀

A Triumph of the Hague Idea

The agreement by Russia and England to submit to a court of the Hague Convention their differences is one of the great events of modern history. It will appear even greater to the future historian than to the present journalist. It is more significant than any single election or any one battle on land or at sea. When a permanent international court was proposed, pessimism scoffed at it as impracticable: the nations would never consent. When they did consent, pessimism scoffed at their assent, saying no nation would submit its claims to a court which was without power to enforce its decrees. When some nations did submit their claims, pessimism said, Smaller nations may appeal to the Hague Tribunal, and larger nations may even consent to submit questions of bookkeeping, but no great nation will ever consent to submit a great question, one involving national prestige. What pessimism will have to say now we are really curious to see. For two of the greatest nations in Christendom have agreed to submit their differences to a court provided by the Hague Convention, and the differences are as great as can well arise between nations, and they are differences which involve the prestige of both nations, and the newspaper press of both countries, which not only reflect public opinion but echo and magnify public prejudices, have inflamed the passions of the people in both countries. The English press have accused the Russian fleet of firing on an unarmed fleet of English fishing-boats, either because the Russian officers were drunk, or because they were in a panic, or because they were stupidly ignorant, or in mere wantonness using the fishing fleet for target practice. And the Russian press have replied with counter charges that Japanese torpedo-boats had been fitted out in English ports and had, under the guise or from the midst of a fleet of fishermen, made a first attack on the Russian fleet. More than national prestige, national honor is involved in the issue thus joined.

This is the issue which these two Great Powers have agreed to debate in court under the Hague Convention. The greatest praise is due to the statesmen of both nations who have sought and found a peaceful way out of what might easily have involved all Europe in war. That they should have done so ought not perhaps to be surprising; but it is. Ten years ago no statesman would have thought of such a solution. And yet it is perfectly clear that no other solution was really possible. If the British fleet had met the Russian fleet at Gibraltar and sunk every Russian vessel, that would not have proved that England did not fit out Japanese torpedo-boats, and that these boats did not fire on the Russian fleet from an ambuscade furnished by the fishermen. If the Russian fleet had sunk every British ship, and passed unscathed on its way to the East, that would not have proved that they did not fire on a fishing fleet nor that their officers were not drunk. If both Powers had conducted separate investigations, neither could have satisfied the other: Great Britain would certainly have found the attack on her fishermen to have been unprovoked, and Russia would as certainly have found that Japanese torpedo-boats were the first offenders. The judgment of the Hague Tribunal will be accepted, not only by both the nations involved, but by the civilized world. War would only have settled which fleet is the stronger; the Hague Tribunal will settle what is the truth.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city;" judged by this standard Great Britain and Russia have in all their military history furnished no finer exhibition of true national greatness than in this pacific settlement of what might easily have led to a great and terrible war.

❀

Political Issues

VIII.—The Last Word

The citizens of the United States are to vote on State and Federal issues on the same day; but that is no reason for treating them as one issue. They are quite distinct; and the wise voter will make for himself the discrimination which party organs and party orators endeavor to obscure. Whether five minutes or five months elapses between marking the State and the National ballot is wholly immaterial. They should be regarded, as they are to be voted, separately.

Whenever the issue of honest administration is involved in a State, it is the one paramount issue, and takes precedence of all other issues. The question whether in New York State the Erie Canal shall be enlarged is not so important as the question whether the Canal shall be honestly administered for the benefit of the public; the question in New Jersey how the railroads shall be taxed is not so important as the question whether the taxes shall be honestly collected and honestly administered; the question in Wisconsin what powers the Railroad Commission shall possess is not so important as the question whether it shall exercise its powers, whatever they are, for the benefit of the people.

Nor is it enough for the voter merely to ask whether the respective candidates are honest; he must ask which candidate represents the most virile and aggressive honesty. We see no reason to doubt the personal honesty of the Republican candidates for Governor in the two States of Delaware and Missouri, but in Delaware Mr. Preston Lea represents compromise with Addicksism, and Addicksism is a foe to the Republic with which compromise cannot be justified by any political exigency. It would be far better for the Republican party were Delaware to send two Democratic Senators to Washington than were Mr. Addicks to be represented by one Senator. So in Missouri, the defeat of Mr. Folk would give rejoicing to corruptionists and discouragement to their enemies in every part of the Union; and his overwhelming election will be a warning to bribe-givers and bribe takers everywhere that they are engaged in a hazardous business. It is unfortunate that the Republican machine did not nominate Mr. Folk for Governor and clean Republicans for his associates. It is not too late for Republican voters to correct the blunder of their machine.

Where the issue of honest government is not as clearly raised as it is in Delaware and Missouri, the wise voter will consider which party tends in the direction in which he wishes to see the State move. It is rarely the case that an independent voter can be entirely satisfied with either the platform or the ticket of any party. Platforms and tickets are generally compromises, and when the compromise is not one with rascality, it is not only legitimate but necessary. In Wisconsin, La Follette's methods have not been above reproach, and he has some characteristics which have alienated old-time supporters. But if the issue in that State is, what to those outside the State it appears to be, whether the railroads shall control the State or the State the railroads, those who hold with us that the railroad is the servant of the State, and should be required to serve it honestly and equitably, will not be deterred from voting for La Follette because some of his characteristics are disagreeable, or even some of his methods unjustifiable, any more than a soldier would be prevented from fighting under General Sheridan because he was accused of profanity. In a great contest the side on which one chooses to enlist is to be determined for him less by the characteristics of the leader than by the cause and the company which he is leading.

In the National election the voter's real choice lies between the Democratic party led by Mr. Parker and the Republican party led by Mr. Roosevelt. The object of an election is to elect, and no one imagines that either Mr. Swallow, Mr. Debs, or Mr. Watson has the least chance of being elected. Those who vote only as a convenient method of proclaiming their faith in certain political principles will probably always continue to vote in small minorities—content to stand up and be counted. To such voters this article will have no value. The series of articles which with this number we bring to a close has been addressed to those who think that the question for them to decide on the 8th day of November is, Who shall hold the helm for the next four years, and in what direction shall the ship of State be steered? To such we present here in a paragraph a summary of the political issues as we apprehend them.

The important question is not, Which of the two candidates shall be President for the next four years? for both are men of excellent character. It is not, Shall we have a corrupt or an honest administration? for Mr. Roosevelt has proved that he will punish corruption wherever it appears, and there is no reason to charge Mr. Parker with complaisance towards corruption. It is not between an economical and an extravagant administration, although a Republican administration will probably spend more money than a Democratic administration, because it believes in larger governmental functions. The issue is partly between two differing conceptions of the Nation: one regarding it as possessing only those powers expressly conferred upon it by the Constitution, the other regarding it as possessing all the powers that belong to any nation, except as they are expressly limited by the Constitution. It is partly between two different ideals of National duty and National life: one desiring as nearly as possible to confine government to the one function of protecting persons and property, the other believing that the Nation has a personality of its own, and may take whatever action is for the common benefit of the people as a whole. It is partly a difference in point of view respecting the industrial questions of the day: one desiring to prevent, or at least to discourage, great organizations, whether of capital or labor, and return to or continue in the individualism of the past; the other welcoming the era of industrial organization, but believing that government must be made strong enough to control all corporate bodies in the interest of the public service. And it is, above all, a difference of temperaments: the one conservative, the other progressive; the one cautious, the other bold; the one seeking to walk in the old paths, the other ready to try new ventures.

In these articles we have endeavored to define these issues rather than to debate them. Debate we have left to others in the Free Parliament. This is not because we have not clear convictions upon the questions involved, but because we have heretofore adequately expressed those convictions. But we may summarize them here in a paragraph.

The Outlook is both by temperament and by conviction hopeful and progressive—alike in theology, in sociology, and in politics. The evolutionist believes that all progress is rooted in the past but grows toward the future. He differs from the radical because he will not separate himself from the past; from the reactionary because he will not anchor to the past. We believe in the evangelical faith, but not in the sixteenth-century creeds; in industrial liberty, but not in *laissez-faire;* in democratic institutions, but not in political individualism. Before, and in some instances long before the Republican party framed its policies or declared its convictions on the issues involved in this campaign, The Outlook discussed them and defined its own position. It advocated, on ethical as well as economic grounds, industrial organization, both of capital and of labor, and a government strong enough to control them both; it repudiated the notion that government is simply a great policeman, and advocated the doctrine of political fraternalism; it advocated a revision of the tariff on the ground that a lowered tariff meant a freer and larger trade, when that doctrine was labeled "Democratic;" it maintained the unity and sovereignty of the Nation and that view of the Constitution which regards it as an endowment of the Nation with power rather than as a restraint of the Nation's freedom; it insisted that the Nation ought to govern subject races that have fallen under its sovereignty while preparing them for citizenship and self-government, and it maintained and applied this principle to our dealing with the negro and Indian races long before the Filipino people came under America's authority. We do not advocate these principles because they are adopted by the Republican party; but we desire to see the administration of the country in the hands of the Republican party, and the Republican party under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt and his present advisers, because these men see these principles with such clearness of vision and apply them in every new exigency with such courage of faith. We believe in the integrity and the capacity of the American people; in the integrity and capacity of their present leaders; and in the competence of the American people under such leaders to solve the problems and enter the doors of splendid opportunity before them. It is our conviction that, despite the enemies of the Republic who lurk within it, the Nation was never so truly great in all that makes a true National manhood as it is to-day; that never since the Constitution was framed has it had National counselors more worthy of its confidence and support than those who are now in charge of its affairs; and that any displacement of them and any departure from the fundamental principles which they represent would be a distinct injury to the Nation's prestige and a real impairment of the Nation's life.

⁂

The Columbia Celebration

There is probably no locality in America which is more rapidly taking on architectural significance and dignity than Morningside Heights, the home of Columbia University, of Barnard College, of the Teachers' College, of St. Luke's Hospital, and of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The celebration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Columbia University, duly commemorated on Saturday, Sunday, and Mon-day last, fastens attention for the moment on one of the most conspicuous and noble signs of the development of New York City through all the stages of the growth of a city to metropolitan interest, size, and appearance.

When King's College was founded in 1754, an advertisement appeared in one of the journals of the day announcing that Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was a minister of the Church of England and had been chosen as president of the new institution, would begin his tuition "the first day of July next, in the vestry room in the new school-house adjoining to Trinity Church." It was said of a well-known college of high rank that at the beginning of the last century its library was contained in one room so small that the librarian could stand in the center and reach any book on its shelves. Columbia began with a single instructor, who was not only president, but faculty, recorder, secretary, and treasurer; and he was one of the foremost scholars in the country. All these duties Dr. Johnson discharged in the small vestry-room where he transacted the affairs of the College, administered its discipline, and conducted its teaching. He had eight pupils, who sat on wooden stools, and whose names are significant of the intimate relations of the new institution to the city in which it had been planted; among those names are Van Cortlandt, Bayard, and Cruger. When the institution had a home of its own, it was housed on a beautiful expanse of land between Murray, Barclay, and Church Streets, which stretched to the North River. This land was well shaded, and a very attractive bit of rural landscape. The College purchased it for ten shillings; for the ground which it now occupies on Morningside Heights it paid $2,000,000!

The beginnings of Columbia, like most other beginnings, were meager and unpromising; but from the first the trustees and friends who were actively interested in the institution seemed to have a foreshadowing of its great possibilities—due, perhaps, to the feeling that New York was to become in time one of the foremost cities of the world. Lotteries were not only legal in that day, but considered legitimate means of raising money for good purposes; and Columbia profited by the revenues of various lotteries. It was also helped by money from the excise funds. When the corner-stone of the first building was laid, Sir Charles Hardy, the Governor, was taken to the College in his chariot, accompanied by the students, the corner-stone was laid with great ceremony, and "a Health was drank to his Majesty, and Success to his Arms, and to Sir Charles, and Prosperity to the College." A contemporary reporter records the fact that there was a "very elegant dinner, after which the usual loyal Healths were drank," conducted "with the utmost Decency and Propriety." Discipline was rigid in those days, and seems to have been arbitrary. Every student was required to attend public worship, and was forbidden to indulge in any "Profane or indecent behavior" at the time of worship. Certain students who had gone over the College fence to bathe on a certain Tuesday, between the hours of three and four, were ordered to translate into Latin four pages of Dr. Chandler's Charity Sermon, to be confined to the college grounds until Saturday, and to attend the usual collegiate exercises.

At the very beginning Columbia was projected along metropolitan lines and with a breadth of view which was to be characteristic of New York. Although an Episcopal college, entire liberty was assured by its charter in all ecclesiastical and religious matters, and among those designated as trustees, *ex officiis*, were not only "the rector of Trinity Church," but "the Senior Minister of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, the minister of the ancient Lutheran Church, the minister of the French Church, and the minister of the Presbyterian Congregation." A year later the Governors of the College asked for power to establish a chair of divinity, the right of nomination for which should lie in the ministers, elders, and deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of New York City—a curious foreshadowing of the time when the Union Theological Seminary should be affiliated with the university system. It was founded, not only for the inhabitants of the provinces of New York, but for all the colonies and charters in America; and its plan, as outlined by its first president, was to teach the learned languages, the arts of reading, writing, speaking, numbering, measuring, surveying and navigation, geography and history, husbandry, commerce, and government, to give a knowledge of nature in all its forms, and the knowledge of God. The third president of the College was a layman—the first lay head of a college, President Butler declared in his address, among English-speaking people of whom he had found record. The university idea was already well defined in the minds of the early projectors of the College, and one year after its foundation a course of instruction in divinity was planned, eight years later a course of instruction in medicine, and nineteen years later a course of instruction in law.

With the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, to which it furnished in Alexander Hamilton one of its foremost leaders and probably the most fascinating man of his time, King's College ceased to be, and Columbia College took its place. In 1857 the College was removed to Madison Avenue, between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, where it carried a faculty of thirteen and a student body of about 170. In 1890 Mr. Seth Low accepted the presidency, and remained in that position until 1901, and during that period Columbia ceased to be a college and became a university. All its departments were reorganized and knit together; and the institution, instead of being a group of loosely associated schools, became a thoroughly organized university. In 1894, in recognition of the growing necessity for more scope and of the rapid building up of the city in all parts, ground was secured on Morningside Heights, and a group of buildings erected on a general scheme prepared by Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White. Columbia was the fifth college in the country in order of founding, but has become the second in number of faculty and of students. Fifty years ago the College had thirteen instructors and about 170 students; to-day the University has a faculty of 455 and a student-body of 4,709. No celebration of an anniversary could be more appropriate than that which was planned for this occasion; for it included the laying of the corner-stone of the School of Mines building, of Hartley Hall, and of Livingston Hall. The corner-stone of St. Paul's Chapel was laid three weeks ago by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The growth of Columbia University is paralleled only by the growth of the city of which it is one of the foremost institutions. It has a great endowment, but not enough for its pressing needs. The demands upon its resources compel the raising of a large sum of money each year; and while it has paid for the ground on which it stands and has secured a group of buildings of unusual dignity and beauty, it is greatly in need of funds to give its work the highest efficiency and comprehensiveness. It is to be hoped that this anniversary will fasten the mind of New York City more intelligently on an institution which represents with increasing force and clearness its civic needs, its intellectual interests, and its spiritual resources. "Here in quiet and yet in activity," said Dr. Butler in his very interesting address, "apart from the city and yet in it, shall be the home of that grateful growth from the early seed, a city's mind and a city's soul."

❀

The Subway

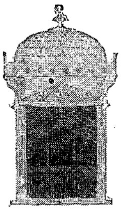
Underground rapid transit is now in practical and successful operation in New York City. The Subway, which has been in the course of construction for a little over four years, was opened to the public, after appropriate ceremonies, at 7 o'clock P.M. on Thursday of last week, October 27. A dominant feeling among all New Yorkers with regard to the inauguration of an underground electric railway is one of pride and satisfaction. As a work of engineering the Subway takes rank among the really great achievements of its kind. The rapidity with which this great underground railway has been constructed, and the comparatively slight interference with the enormous surface traffic upon the streets under which it burrows, entitle Mr. William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer, and Mr. J. B. McDonald, chief contractor, to a very high rank in the list of railway builders. The problem of the new subways in London and Paris was very much less complicated than the problem which these men had to face. Conditions of soil in Paris made the work of excavation there comparatively simple; and the new subway in London is so far below the surface that buildings and streets were not disturbed at all. But, *per contra*, the passenger desiring to use the new London subway, popularly known as the "tuppenny tube," has to descend very many flights of stairs or to undergo the delay and sometimes the crowding of riding up and down between street and railway in great elevators or lifts. The New York subway, on the other hand, is so near the surface that ingress and egress to and from it are easy for the foot passenger, and many of its stations are partly lighted by daylight from above. The builders have been highly successful in their endeavor to combine beauty of design and finish with utility in the stations of the road. All stations are bright and airy, the walls being largely constructed of white tiling ornamented with mosaic in stone of delicate colors. The road is admirably lighted by a plentiful supply of electric lamps. While there have been some inevitable delays and confusion in the operation of the road for the first two or three days, on the whole the ease and skill of operation surpass the expectation both of experts and of the public at large. The road is complete from Brooklyn Bridge to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street and Broadway, and this distance is now covered by frequent local and express trains running on four tracks. The trackage now in operation is, however, only a part of the Subway system. Construction is in progress of a branch route to the upper East Side of the city, and of a division under Broadway running from Brooklyn Bridge to the Battery, where the underground railway is to reach Brooklyn by tunneling under the East River. Indeed, it may confidently be asserted that the present so-called Subway is only the beginning of a network of sub-surface railroads in New York City and its suburbs, which in the comparatively near future will make it possible for the passenger to reach almost any given quarter of the very large area comprising New York and its suburban territory from any other given quarter with ease, cheapness, and rapidity.

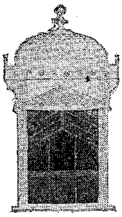
As one looks back over the last thirty years, the progress and improvements achieved in methods of passenger transportation in the city of New York seem almost incredible. Those men may still be called comparatively young who formerly traveled daily from Twenty-third Street to the City Hall in a lumbering stage; who remember when great plots of ground south of Central Park were not built upon and were used as market gardens; and who, when they went to Boston, got into the passenger coach at Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue—where Madison Square Garden now stands—and were drawn by four or six horses to Forty-second Street, at which point, in an open straggling railroad yard, an engine was attached to the train. It was not so many years ago when the building of a horse-car line down Broadway from Fourteenth Street was hailed by the city as a marvel of improvement.

It is not, however, merely in its engineering aspect or as a contribution to the solution of the housing problem in New York that the Subway deserves sole consideration. There is some danger that its material splendor and its convenience to travelers may overshadow in the minds of many New Yorkers what we believe to be one of its very important and very influential features. Its construction and successful operation insure the permanent establishment of the principle of municipal control or ownership of city railways. At the time of the signing of the contract between Mr. McDonald and the Rapid Transit Commission, in 1900, the opposition to the element of municipal ownership in the contract came not merely from those who were influenced by selfish motives, but from patriotic and able citizens who anticipated that great difficulties and perhaps corruption would spring from the mixture of politics and business. The New York "Financial Chronicle," which reflects not only the most conservative but the most expert, reliable, and highly trained financial opinion of New York, while approving of underground rapid transit, objected to the contract on the ground "that the policy adopted [that is, the policy of municipal control] has launched us on a sea of uncertainty, financial and political. But the best we can do is to hope that out of this curious plan of dual control may at least come a railway which shall eventually relieve the congestion of daily travel arising from New York's peculiar conformation." It will be remembered by our readers that the terms of the contract or franchise are as follows: City bonds to the amount of thirty-five million dollars bearing three and one-half per cent. interest provided the money for the construction of the road. This money, raised by the city, was handed over to the contractors and constituted their capital. In return the company operating the Subway agrees to pay annually to the city a sum equivalent to the three and one-half per cent. interest on these bonds and an additional sum equal to one per cent. on the bonds. Thus the city not only pays no interest to the bondholder, but receives in addition a large annual cash rental for the road, which is to form a sinking fund for the retirement of the bonds in fifty years. There are some minor modifications of the contract providing for the city's receiving a still larger sum should the profits of the railroad grow to certain proportions, but in the main the contract or franchise is such that in fifty years' time the city will receive a completed railroad, which it may operate itself or re-lease to some other company, having expended absolutely no cash. The reply to the argument that this is getting something for nothing is that the city gave the use of its credit for the road. That credit is established and maintained by taxation, so that indirectly the citizens of New York gave the Interborough Railway Company the use of their land and the fruits of their taxation, from which in fifty years the Interborough Company is likely to make a very large and handsome profit. The bargain is, as all first-rate bargains ought to be, entirely satisfactory to both parties, and we believe shows the line along which municipal ownership of public utilities may be extended in other directions.

The limits of time and space make it impossible to review more in detail the very interesting history of the inception and construction of the Subway, but even the brief record of this account would be incomplete without a mention of the names of the late Abram S. Hewitt; ex-Mayor Low; Alexander E. Orr, President of the Rapid Transit Commission; William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer of the Subway; August Belmont, chief financial expert and agent of the enterprise; and, last, but by no means least, John B. McDonald, the contractor. Among these men, all of whose services to the enterprise have been distinguished and valuable, the name of none appeals more strongly to American imagination than that of Mr. McDonald. He is a self-made man, having mined out of hard experience the intellectual ability and training obtained by his associates in the enterprise from the best educational institutions which the purses of generous fathers or well-established families could afford. Mr. McDonald has had a long and successful career as a railroad builder and contractor—a career in which he has created for himself a high reputation as a man of energy, efficiency, and reliability. The faith which he had, in the face of staggering difficulties and problems, in the eventual success of the Subway gave him the courage to make a bid four million dollars lower than that of his competitors. The road has been built with permanence and completeness, and it is believed that Mr. McDonald has made, personally, out of the enterprise a sum so small that some of our great railway manipulators and promoters will hardly think of it except with a smile. That such a railroad as the underground could be financed with capital supplied by the people and constructed by a man essentially of the people is a good illustration of the reasonableness of an unshaken belief in democratic and popular government.

NEW YORK'S SUBWAY IN OPERATION





BY EARL MAYO

As we stand in the dome of the great newspaper building the Man from Montana becomes interested in watching the crowd of pedestrians streaming across the open asphalted space before the City Hall, three hundred feet below. It is a hurrying crowd, for the hour is five-thirty in the afternoon, when a hundred and fifty thousand New Yorkers simultaneously leave the great office buildings in the lower tip of Manhattan for their homes in that extensive region known as " uptown " or " out of town." From all directions the crowd converges, swirling and eddying like water poured into a huge basin, and finally emptying into a hooded opening in the surface.

" New York must have a big sub-cellar," observes the Man from Montana, " to hold all those folks. Where are they all going?"

" Home," I answer, briefly. " Come and see."

I am somewhat nettled by the cool way in which the Montanan has received my exposition of the glories of New York, and I am resolved that no further word of exuberant enthusiasm shall escape me.

We descend, cross the street, are swept into the vortex, go down a short flight of steps, and find ourselves, with some hundreds of others, on a broad platform extending along one side of a subterranean vault.

It is a very clean, dry, and brilliantly lighted vault. The arch of the roof above us and above the track that curves past us alongside the platform is smooth and spotless in white paint. The wall behind the platform on which we stand glistens in the glory of shining white panels, and bears a large sign, " City Hall."

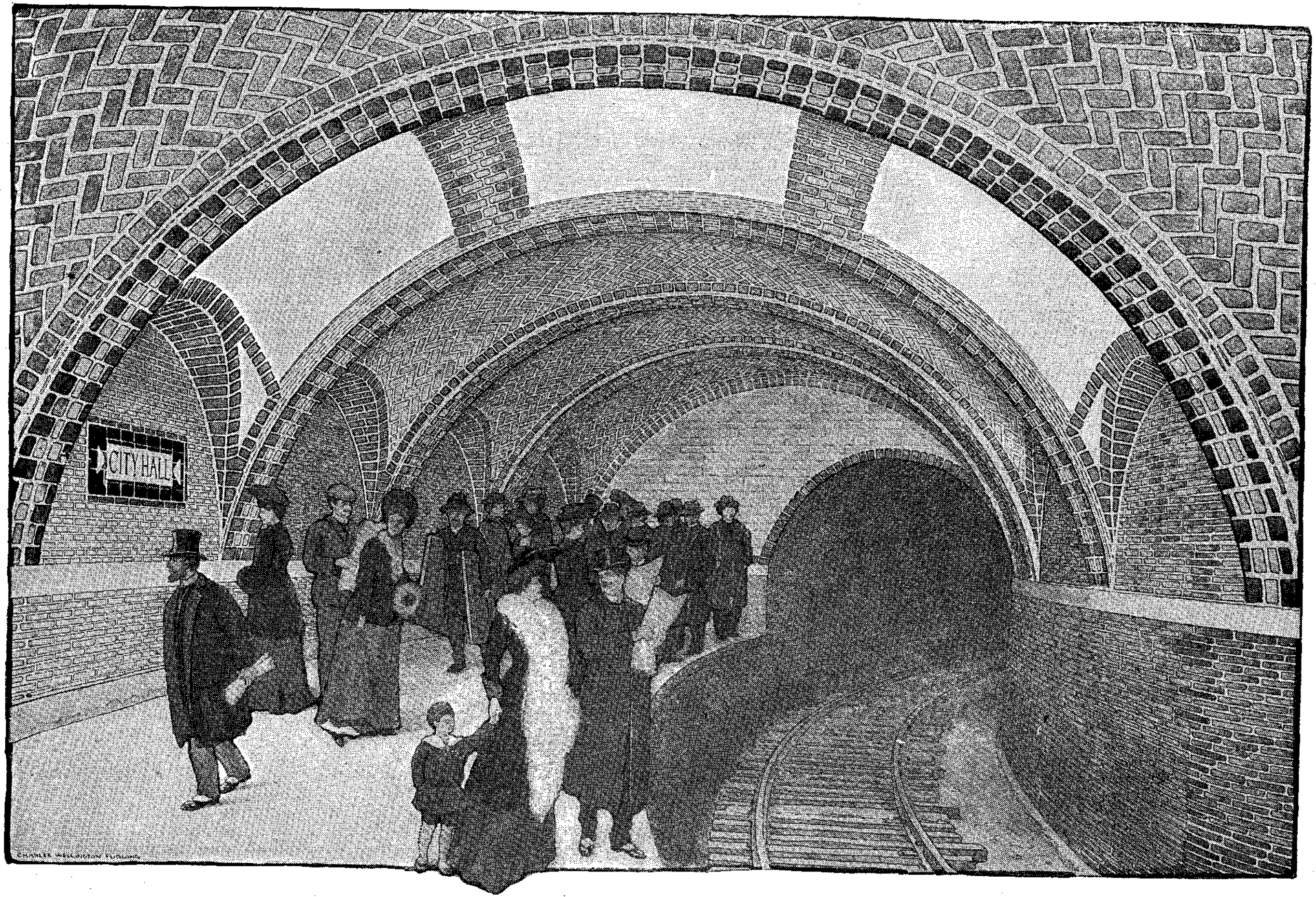
In a moment there is a slight rumble, and around the curve, to the left, appears a brilliant beam from the headlight on the leader of a sinuous line of cars which glides smoothly alongside the platform and comes to a sudden halt. An illuminated sign displayed on the forward side of every second car reads:

Express
96th Street

We enter the forward car through a broad vestibule, and the guard closes the door behind us by throwing back a lever on the platform. The car, like the station which we have left, is wide, clean, and brightly lighted by a triple row of electric bulbs. It is much like the ordinary car of the elevated lines in appearance, but somehow it impresses us as being very different. It seems difficult to explain wherein the difference lies, but presently the Man from Montana discovers it.

" Why," he exclaims, " the blamed thing is all metal—steel sides, steel seat-frames, and aluminum ceiling. I've heard of submarine boats, but I never heard of a submarine armored cruiser on wheels. That's what this looks like."

" Well, something," I admit. " It's a fire-proof, collision-proof car, all metal except these rattan seats and the advertisements on the side walls. You see,



THE CITY HALL STATION

Paris taught us this, with its underground fire horror. No danger of that here, for there's nothing to burn. Those cars behind us, in the middle of the train, have wooden trimmings and fittings, but are copper-sheathed on the exterior, and are considered practically fire-proof. In fact, everything about the subway except the station ticket offices is non-combustible—steel, stone, cement, terra cotta, or tiling. These steel cars have been adopted tentatively, and if they satisfy expectations the others will be removed gradually to the elevated lines until only these are in operation underground."

By this time the train is in motion. With a short warning blast from its sharp little whistle, it glides around the curve and almost immediately emerges in a broad gallery where four tracks stretch away side by side, with a station so roomy that it seems impossible that it can be entirely underground. Between the two inner tracks is a broad island platform connecting by a passage underneath with the platforms at either side beyond the outer tracks.

"This is the Brooklyn Bridge station," I explain. "Up that stairway is the entrance to the bridge. The two outer tracks are for local trains, which stop at all stations. The stations are four or five surface blocks apart. The two inner tracks are for the expresses, such as this one, which stops only at Fourteenth, Forty-second, Fifty-ninth, and Seventy-second Streets before reaching Ninety-sixth."

"How far uptown is that?" asks my companion. "I mean in miles, not blocks."

"About seven."

"Let me see," he says, reflectively, looking at his watch as our train crosses over to one of the express tracks and flashes forward with steadily gathering speed. "It's 5:37 now. That ought to mean about thirty-five or forty minutes."

I hold my peace, and we look out of the windows at the line of columns flying past so rapidly that they give the impression of closely set pickets in a fence, although in reality they are five feet apart. There is no rattle, no jar, no vibration; but the swift-flying columns suggest that we are making speed. The hundred-pound rails laid in solid concrete underneath the train, the heavy cars and level tracks, make the smoothest and easiest possible running.

There is a twinkle of lights as a train rushes past in the opposite direction, a momentary widening of the walls of our passageway, as we flash past a station. At 5:40 we halt at Fourteenth Street. In thirty seconds we are off again, moving swiftly, silently, drawn by that mysterious force that men call electricity, which is the greatest wonder-worker of all that do their bidding. Two minutes more and we are at Forty-second Street.

My Westerner looks out at the broad platforms, with their throngs of debarking passengers, the stairways leading up and down, and the roomy ticket offices.

"Are we still below the street?" he questions.

"Very much so," I reply. "That stairway close by leads to the Grand Central Station. The one down at the other end gives entrance to a big hotel on the opposite side of the street. This is one of the largest of the stations, and the one used by the greatest number of passengers."

"It's bigger than our depot at home," said the Montana Man, "and we consider that something pretty good in the way of a station. And to think that it's all underground, too!"

"We are running across town now," I interpose. "We swing around this curve into Broadway, and now we have a straight course all the way uptown."

In two minutes more we halt at Columbus Circle, and in another two-minute run we reach Seventy-second Street. While I am still trying to explain our position relative to Central Park and other familiar portions of the city, the train comes to a standstill at Ninety-sixth Street.

"Look at your watch," I suggest.

The man from Montana looks, and then involuntarily holds the watch to his ear.

"Yes, it's still going," he says. "Just 5:50—thirteen minutes. Are we seven miles from where we started?"

"Approximately that."

"Well, now, that's traveling for a city car line. We must have been running forty-five miles an hour."

"About that. Without stops the running time would be ten minutes."

"A man goes seven miles to his business, and does it in less than a quarter of an hour. That's about the time it takes me to walk to my office at home, a quarter of a mile away. Is it safe?"

"It is reputed to be the safest railway line in the country. In addition to having four tracks, a complete block signal system is in operation. When one train is following another upon the same track, it cannot enter any block until the preceding one has left it. The lights which illuminate the tracks are set close beside the pillars supporting the roof, so that the motormen cannot see the lights themselves, and consequently run no risk of confusing them with the signals. The columns between the tracks are set so close together that if a train were to leave the rails it could not jump over upon the adjoining tracks. The third rail, through which the electric power is fed, is protected by a broad covering, so that there is no danger of the workmen coming into contact with it. Even the windows at the sides of the cars are so arranged that they cannot be raised from the bottom. To open them the upper part must be let down. There is no opportunity for foolhardy persons to risk their lives by putting their heads out of the windows."

"And how far does this line extend?"

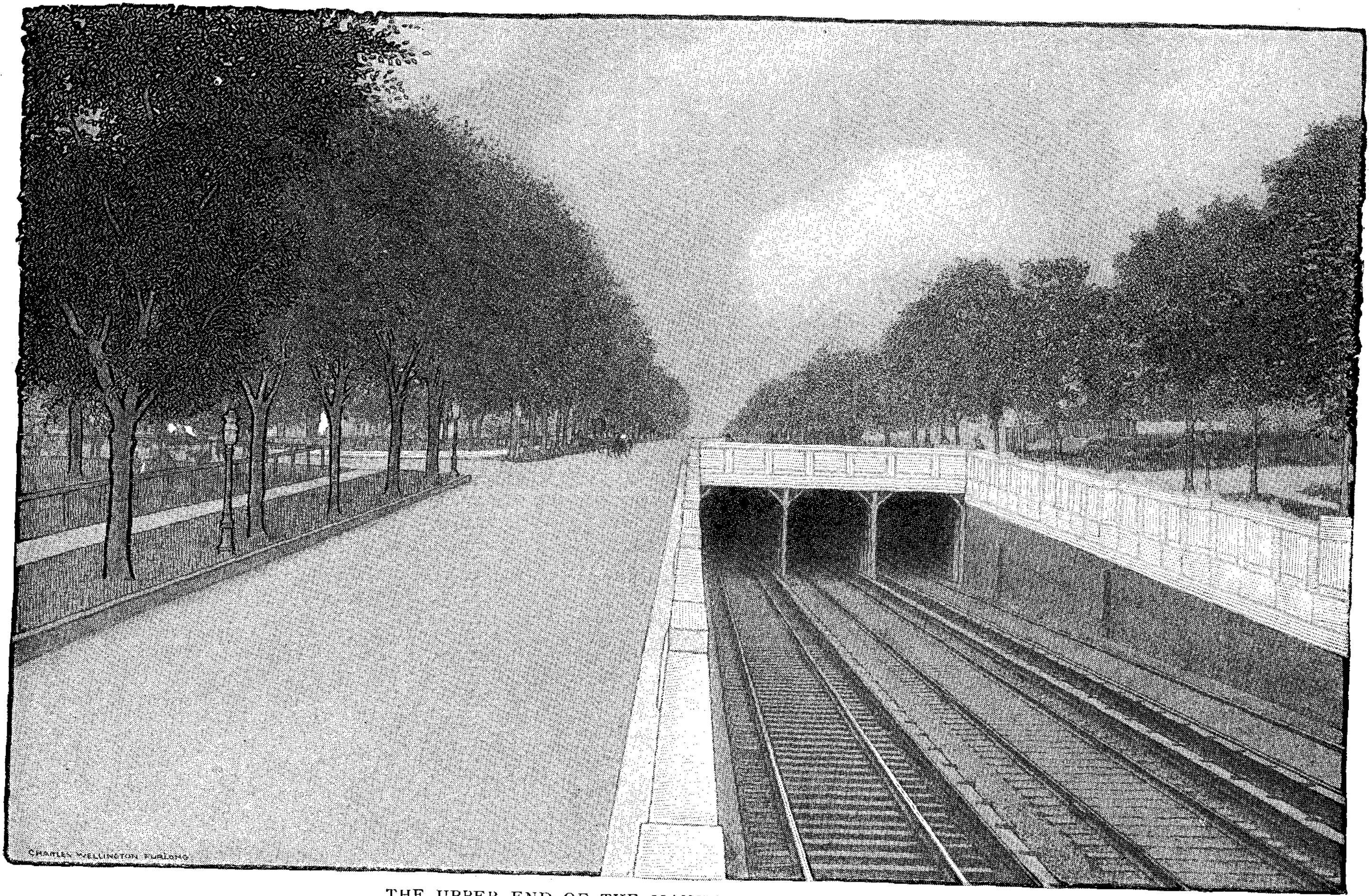
"From Ninety-sixth Street north one will soon have a choice of two routes, one continuing up Broadway, the trains emerging for a moment into the open air to cross Manhattan valley on a lofty viaduct, then through a deep tunnel to One Hundred and Ninety-first Street and beyond along an elevated structure to Spuyten Duyvil, at the extreme northern point of Manhattan; the other turning eastward at One Hundred and Third Street, passing underneath an upper corner of Central Park, up Lenox Avenue, diving under the Harlem River, and continuing as an elevated line to Bronx Park. Altogether, there is a little more than twenty-two miles of line, but at present only that on the west side of the city as far north as One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street is in operation. The remainder will be opened about the end of the year."

Descending from the central platform to a cement-lined passageway, we pass underneath the tracks to the western platform and step into a local train, which proceeds downtown in more leisurely fashion, making the run in twenty-five minutes. The slower pace gives better opportunity for the observation of details, and presently the Man from Montana makes another discovery.

"Each station has a color scheme different from the others," he announces, "and each has its individual decorations. They are all very attractive, too. I should not call these stations beautiful, but they are artistically decorated."

"The variation in color and style of decorations," I explain, "serves primarily a utilitarian purpose. It helps the passenger to distinguish his station. If a man is accustomed to using regularly a certain station in which the color scheme is green and white, he will soon learn to identify it by this combination of colors, even if his eye does not happen to catch the large station sign as he glances through the window. In addition, the various stations have each an appropriate design worked into the frieze along the wall. Here we are at Columbus Circle, and you see the design represents one of the caravels in which the great discoverer voyaged to America. Along the frieze, too, the numbers indicating the street appear every few feet. Watch for the next station and you will see a whole row of 50's along the wall, indicating Fiftieth Street. The guards call out the stations also, so that one should make no mistake in one's station.

"The neat and artistic appearance of the stations is one of the greatest surprises to New Yorkers of all the features of the subway. We have been accustomed so long to having every structure that is devoted to utilitarian uses made hideous of aspect that it is a pleasurable surprise to find artistic effects in the stations of the underground railway—about the last place one would expect


CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

THE UPPER END OF THE MANHATTAN VALLEY VIADUCT to see them. This result has been brought about largely through the employment of two materials of comparatively recent adaptation to this purpose—tiling and cement—both of which have been used to a greater extent here than in any other structure in existence."

"Another thing that surprises me," says the Westerner, "is the dryness and good ventilation and the amount of natural light at all the stations. I have been accustomed to associate the word tunnel with a damp, dark, stuffy hole."

"This really is not a tunnel," I reply. "It is a subway, and the fact that it was cut from the surface, while it caused New Yorkers much inconvenience during the process of building, enables the stations to be supplied with daylight through the glass discs that you observe forming a large section of the roof. Proximity to the surface allows fresh air to come in at every station, too, and this is kept in circulation by the movement of the trains, without any artificial system of ventilation. Dryness was assured in the construction. We really are riding in a long, rectangular, waterproof box, the sides of which are composed of layers of concrete, with heavy felt between, so that not a drop of moisture can get through."

As the train stops at the Twenty-third Street station we alight, and I call the Montana Man's attention to another novel step in New York's development for which the subway is responsible.

"You notice that long line of windows beyond the platform?" I query. "That is the first subway shop. Its show windows are for the benefit of subway passengers, and its doors open directly upon the platform. Of course it is not visible from the street. It has been proposed to extend this underground arcade along Twenty-third Street to Broadway, and if this plan is successful it may be followed in other parts of the city."

The admiration of the Man from Montana is at length aroused.

"That is an idea that could be thought of only in New York," he says. "You have developed modern cliff-dwellers, living in houses on the tops of twenty-story buildings, and now you propose to evolve a race of cave-dwellers, with shops, restaurants, and ultimately, I suppose, hotels and apartment-houses, all underground."

"How much did all this cost?" he asks.

"The actual work of construction amounted to about $37,000,000. The operating company has expended in its great power-house, equipment, and rolling stock a sum nearly equal to this. The road as it stands represents an expenditure of nearly $3,000,000 per mile, and is the most expensive ever built. At the end of fifty years it becomes the property of the city."

"But it will repay its builders and operators long before that time?"

"Decidedly yes. When its construction was first authorized, capitalists were loth to risk their money in it, but to-day it is recognized as almost certain to prove the most remunerative transit line in existence."

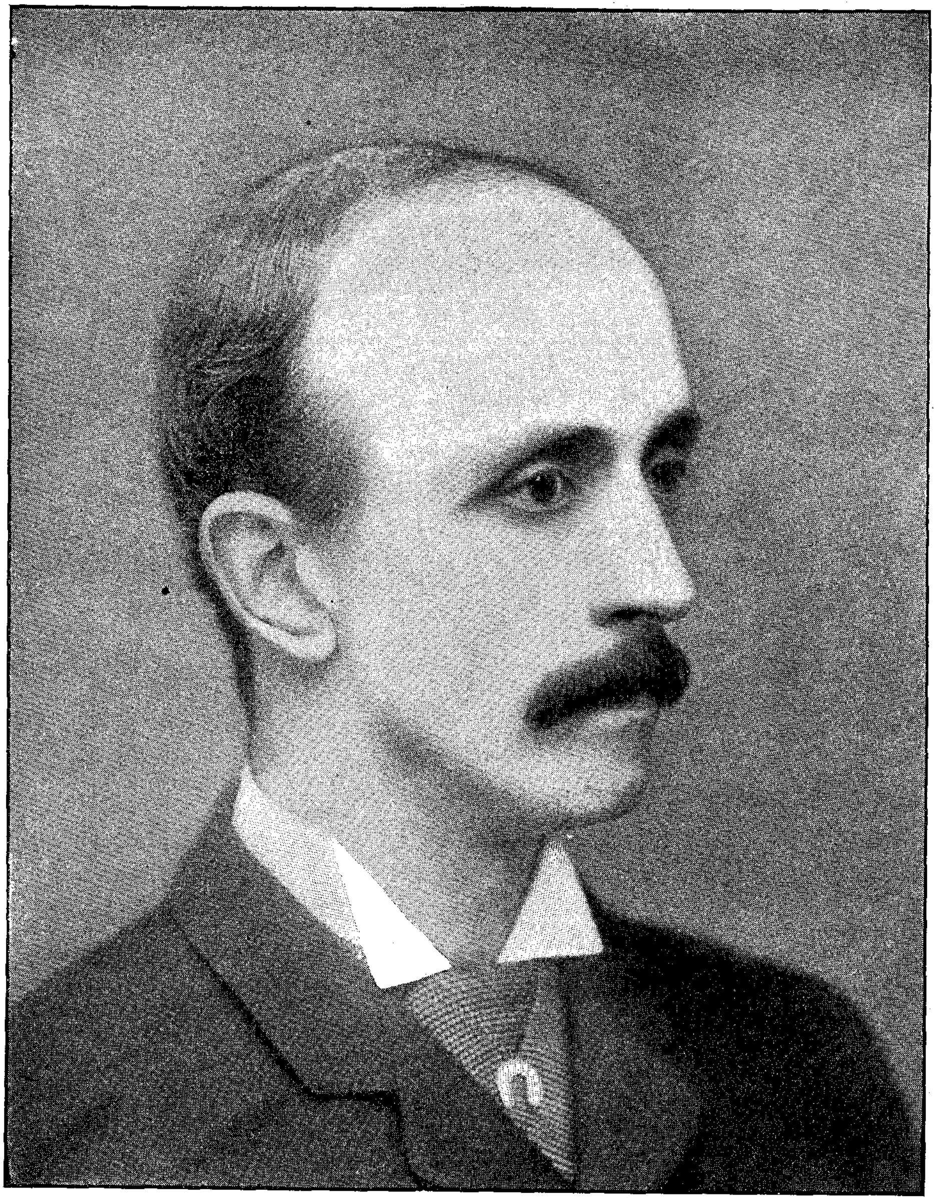
As we emerge upon the surface the Montana Man speaks again.

"You have given me the most interesting experience that a man can have in New York. Other cities have tall buildings, even great bridges, but no city has anything to compare with your subway. I have ridden in the Paris underground and in the famous London 'tuppenny tube,' but this is far superior to either, both in speed and in attractiveness. You New Yorkers may not realize the fact, but it, and the others of its kind that are sure to follow, will prove to be the most important influences in the city's development that have been evolved thus far in its history. Nothing human is perfect, and there is just one serious fault with this magnificent rapid transit line."

"And that is?"

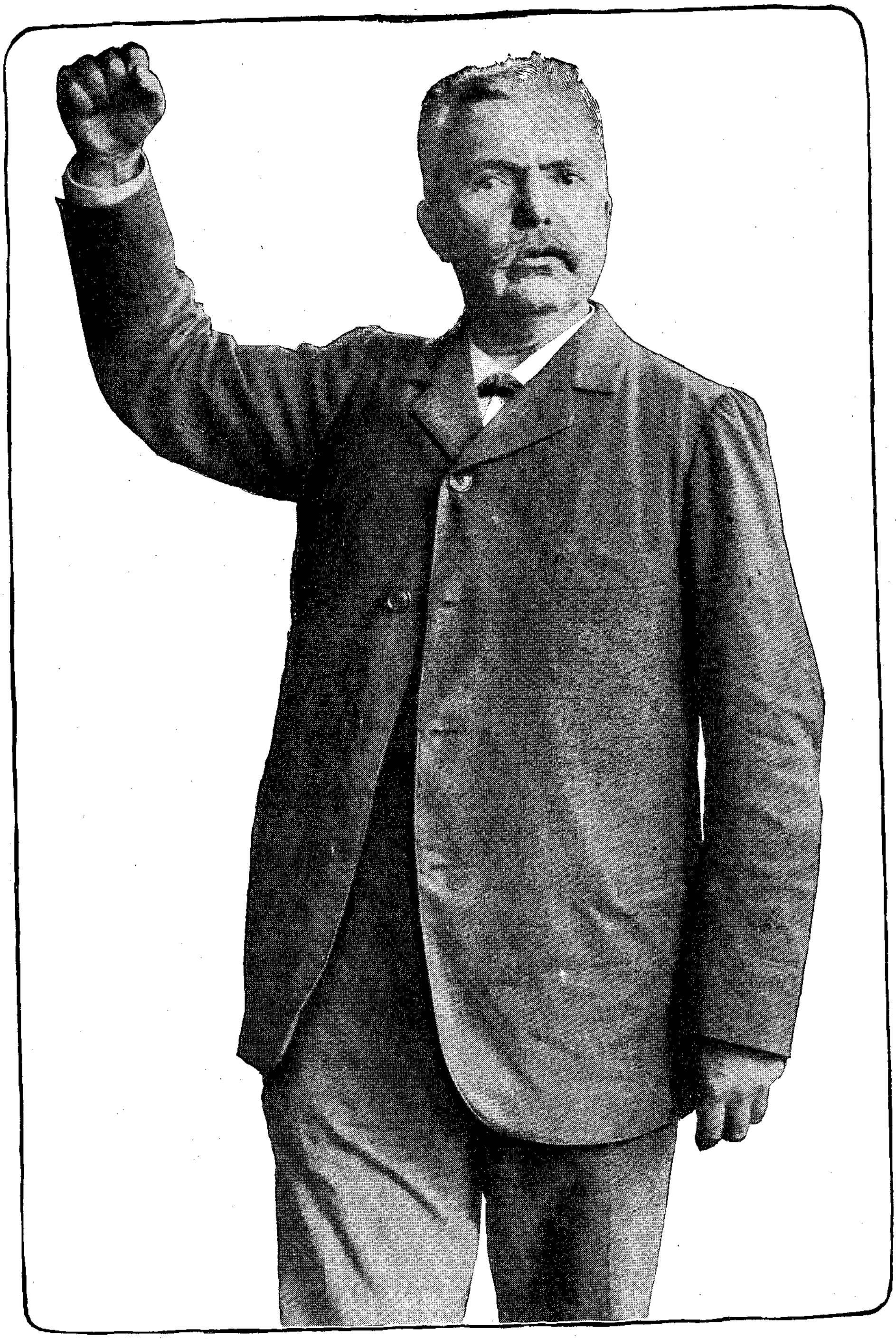
"These ugly exits and entrances stuck in the middle of the sidewalks. The entrances should be off the street, through the ground floors of buildings, as they are in the London system. But that can be remedied. As a whole, the subway is something of which not only New York but the whole country may feel proud."

"Thank you," I say, and I feel that at last I have succeeded in leaving a lasting impression of New York's greatness with the Man from Montana.



The New Governor-General of Canada

EARL GREY (Albert Henry George Grey, fourth Earl) succeeds his brother-in-law, the Earl of Minto, as Governor-General of Canada. Lord Grey has already a high reputation as an administrator, gained by his ability in the control of Rhodesia, where he succeeded Cecil Rhodes. In England Earl Grey is perhaps best known as the founder of the so-called Public-House Trust, which was described not long ago by Dr. W. H. Tolman in The Outlook. It aims to control as far as possible the retail liquor traffic, and to encourage the use of inns as club-houses for workingmen and as places of reasonable and temperate enjoyment. Politically, Lord Grey has been an active Imperialist with a strong desire to bring about colonial federation, and it is probably on this account that he has been chosen to represent Great Britain in Canada.



PASTOR CHARLES WAGNER

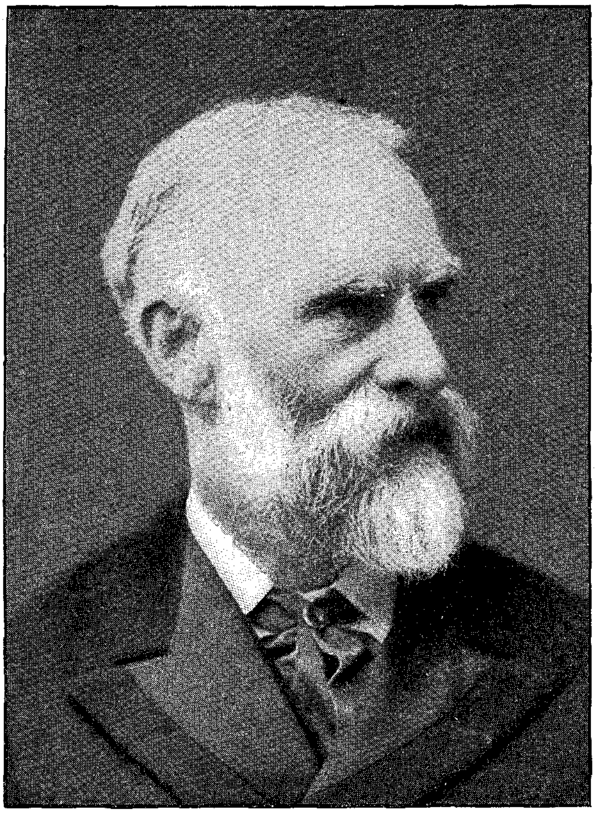
SOME DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

John Morley, James Bryce, Charles Wagner Ferdinand Brunetière, Adolf Harnack

ONE of the most significant features of the St. Louis Exposition has been perhaps the least discussed and reported—the Congresses which have drawn to the United States a greater number of distinguished foreigners in all departments of knowledge than have ever been here before. These men have come, not only to study life as it has worked itself out in the New World, but also to bring the latest results of their investigations in all departments of science; and the series of Congresses held in September may be regarded as interpreting the spirit of modern life and disclosing the higher interests of modern men.

To the long list of distinguished visitors who came here specially to attend those Congresses must be added another list not less distinguished and of more general interest to the public at large; men whose names are familiar to all Americans who read and think. Mr. John Morley, Mr. James Bryce, M. Charles Wagner, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, and Dr. Adolf Harnack stand in the front rank of the men of their time in different fields of thought. They represent the most progressive and wholesome spirit in modern Europe, as they represent the three leading nations. They are all men of serious purpose, of thorough training, and of disinterested devotion to intellectual and moral aims. Mr. Morley and Mr. Bryce, in American judgment at least, belong in the group of foremost Englishmen. Mr. Morley has never before visited this country, but he is so thoroughly a leader of the democratic movement in England and so conspicuous a representative of some phases of the modern attitude of mind that Americans have a certain feeling of intimacy with him. They have read his books, especially his great biography of Gladstone; they are familiar with his political career; they know his resolute independence, his courageous integrity, his high-minded devotion to liberal principles, and they recognize him as having a certain kinship with the best in American life. Born in Lancaster, the manufacturing district of England, but educated at Oxford, Mr. Morley represents both the old and the new England—the England of trade and the England of culture. The stamp of the university, nowhere more distinct than in England, is upon him; but there is nothing academic, in the narrow sense, either in his attitude, his interests, or his style. He is pre-eminently a man of the modern age; respectful to traditions but unhampered by them; reverent of things that are true, just, and good, but iconoclastic towards virtues which are merely traditional; a man of broad and deep culture, without a touch of the exclusiveness or dilettanteism which is often mistaken for culture. Beginning life as an editor, entering later upon the wonderfully interesting public life of England, Mr. Morley has been also a conscientious and most industrious practitioner of the art of writing. He has great literary gifts, wide literary knowledge, and the working power which comes from a thoroughly disciplined as well as a thoroughly trained mind. His biographies of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the French Encyclopædists, his studies of Burke and Richard Cobden, and, last and greatest, his account and interpretation of Gladstone, place him in the front rank of contemporary writers in England.

Actively engaged in many kinds of work, Mr. Morley's writing shows nowhere a sign of haste or slovenliness. He is pre-eminently thorough, careful, concentrated, decisive. His style has distinctness, lucidity, and force. As a speaker he has command of clear, resonant tones, an impressive and effective manner, and a spoken style as notable



PHOTOGRAPH BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

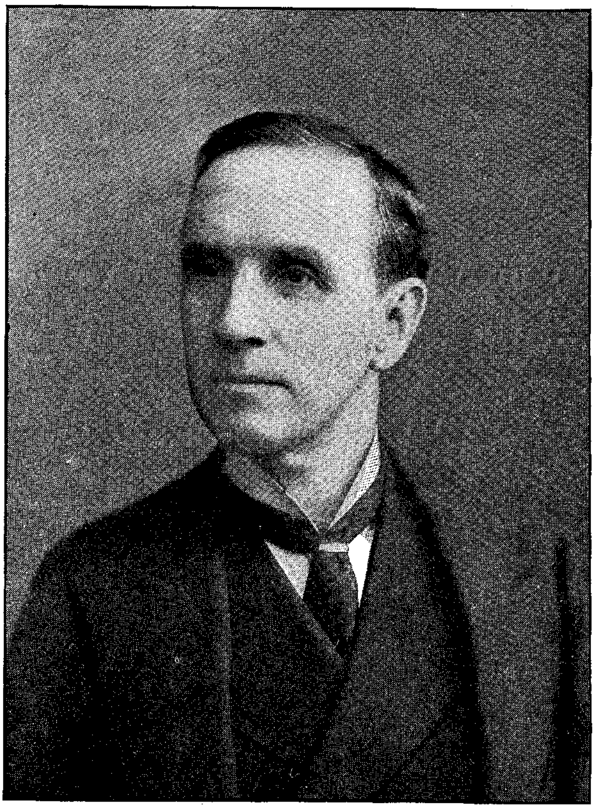
JAMES BRYCE

for precision and energy as is his written style. Although not an orator, he is one of the most persuasive and convincing speakers of his time. No small part of his great influence has its roots in his character; for he is integrity personified. He belongs to that group of high-class Englishmen who in every generation and in the most modest spirit have done the work of the time with devotion and efficiency, and never "played to the galleries." Mr. Morley has secured nothing by cheap bids for popularity, by compromise of his opinions, or by extravagance of statement. He represents the best traditions of English statesmanship, English thought, English speech, and English character.

Mr. Bryce has long been, as Mr. Justin McCarthy once said in The Outlook, "one of the intellectual forces in the British House of Commons;" a speaker who is always listened to with profound interest because he never speaks without conveying ideas, information, and conviction. He is not an orator in the commonly accepted sense of that term; but, like Mr. Morley, he is a persuasive and convincing speaker. He, too, belongs to the highest group of English public men; bringing to the consideration of public questions university training, historic knowledge, and profound sympathy with modern men. Educated at the University of Glasgow and at Oxford, his career as a student was prophetic of his career as a man, for he distinguished himself in more than one branch of study. His life at Heidelberg gave him a familiar knowledge of German, an accomplishment which in later years had much to do with the somewhat intimate relations which he held with Queen Victoria. He studied for the bar, but he was also studying literature, art, science, and history at the same time, and it is as a historian and a student and critic of modern life that Mr. Bryce has distinguished himself. His greatest historic work, "The Holy Roman Empire," belongs to a class of historical works which combine solidity of information, soundness of judgment, and interest of style. "The American Commonwealth," which appeared in 1888, is in an entirely different field, and shows Mr. Bryce's range of knowledge and interest. It is the most thorough and intelligent study of American political ideals and life which has ever been made, not excepting De Tocqueville's admirable work. It has not only interpreted America to England in the most intelligible way, but it has interpreted America to Americans; and it is a text-book in this country quite as much as in Europe.

As a member of the House of Commons Mr. Bryce has made his Parliamentary position the opportunity of rendering a great service to national education in England. He was a member of two State Commissions appointed to inquire into the working of the public schools, and education has been one of the prime objects of his study and active interest during his entire public career. His knowledge of the present condition of foreign countries is exact and intimate. He was one of the few members of the Liberal party who were outspoken against the policy which provoked the war in South Africa, and he represents the group of Liberals who hold resolutely to liberal principles, and are resisting the attempt to modify those principles. Of an excellent presence, lithe, alert and quick in his movements, his forehead high and broad, his eyebrows strongly marked and significant of force, his features finely molded, Mr. Bryce expresses in his personality intelligence, energy, and poise. He is a delightful companion, genial, interested in many things, and given to hospitality. Among his out-of-door recreations mountain-climbing has long held a first place, and he was at one time President of the Alpine Club. Universities and learned societies have heaped honors upon him, all of which he bears with delightful unconsciousness and simplicity. He, too, like Mr. Morley, belongs to that class of Englishmen who do their work as if applause were neither an incentive nor a reward.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière is a Frenchman of a very different type, but not a whit less ethical in his spirit and earnest in his espousal of great causes than Pastor Wagner. It is not overpraise to rank him as the first French critic of the day, and to place him also in the front rank of the best influences for moral health in France. Born in Toulon, he first came into prominence in 1875 by critical work contributed to the columns of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," of which he became editor in 1895. He has already visited this country, and American audiences are familiar with his somewhat rugged figure, his intense earnestness of manner, his rapidity and urgency of speech. His heart is in his work; and he espouses the principles of criticism as ardently as he espouses those of religion. He is educationally a self-made man. Although a professor of literature at one time in the Ecole Normale and lecturer at the Sorbonne, he has taken no university degree, and this may account in part for the absence of that urbanity and ease which are characteristic of almost all Frenchmen of his class. His style, like his manner of speaking, expresses his personality, but it may express also certain limitations of his education. He is assertive and pugnacious, and he has not yet passed out of the combative mood. Nevertheless,

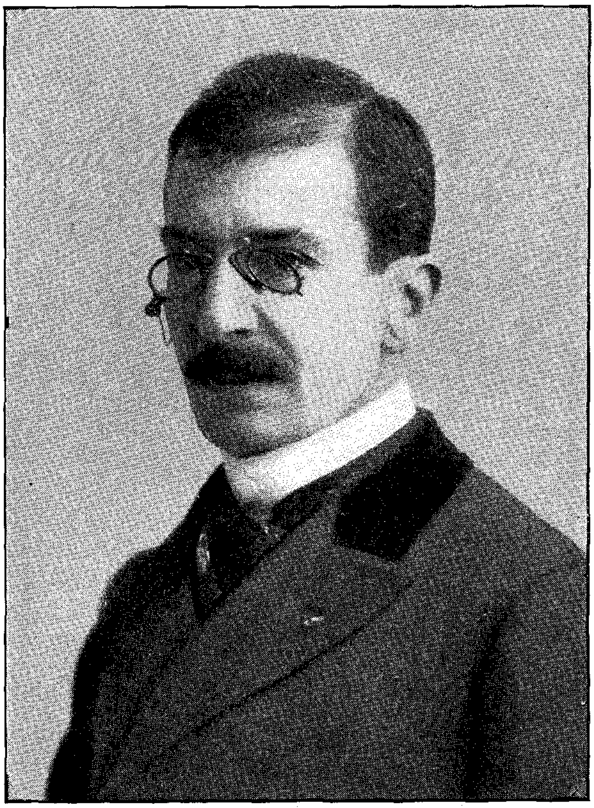


PHOTOGRAPH BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

JOHN MORLEY

M. Brunetière is a scholar of really great erudition in all the details and minutiæ of French literary history; and it is perhaps due to his lack of university training that he is so entirely free from pedantry, that he wears his weight of learning lightly and utilizes it freely.

As a critic his work is characterized by extreme keenness of mind and by breadth and strength of construction. His method is the very antithesis of the impressionable critic; it embodies scientific accuracy and thoroughness. In thoroughness, grasp, and force he is a worthy successor of Sainte-Beuve and Taine. He represents the scientific spirit in criticism, applying with great skill the theory of the evolution of the species to literature and showing how, for example, French tragedy passed through the stages of infancy, ripe development, and decline, reaching its highest form in Racine, and then gradually becoming exhausted by the very attainment of perfection. He is a preacher of the modern gospel, which is at one with the soundest criticism, of the vital relation between art and life; and the tremendous sweep of counter-influences in his time has not carried him from his anchorage in the conviction that it is impossible to dissociate morality in the large sense from art. There is not a touch of the Philistine in him, but there is a strong religious vein in his nature and very keen and powerful ethical feeling. It is this ethical feeling about life which has gradually separated him from radicalism and has carried him at last into the Roman Catholic Church. Believing that religion is essential and that in France the Roman Catholic Church is the conservator and interpreter of religion, he logically took the final step and announced his adherence to the Roman Catholic faith. It may be suspected that, like a great many men of his intelligence, he accepts the Roman Catholic Church as a refuge from the materialism of the age and as a social necessity; driven to it by his logical belief in social solidarity and ranging himself with the Church without fully accepting its dogmas. This alliance has forced him to take an attitude of antagonism to some of the most hopeful movements of recent years. It has compelled him by a kind of logical necessity to support the anti-Semites or Jew-haters, to antagonize Zola because of his really heroic defense of Dreyfus, and to array himself with those who opposed all efforts to revise the Dreyfus case. M. Brunetière is a man of unusual moral fiber, seriousness, and intellectual integrity. He is a great force in modern French criticism; a somewhat rugged but intensely interesting personality, who has won deservedly by his work a foremost place among the most influential modern critics.



PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

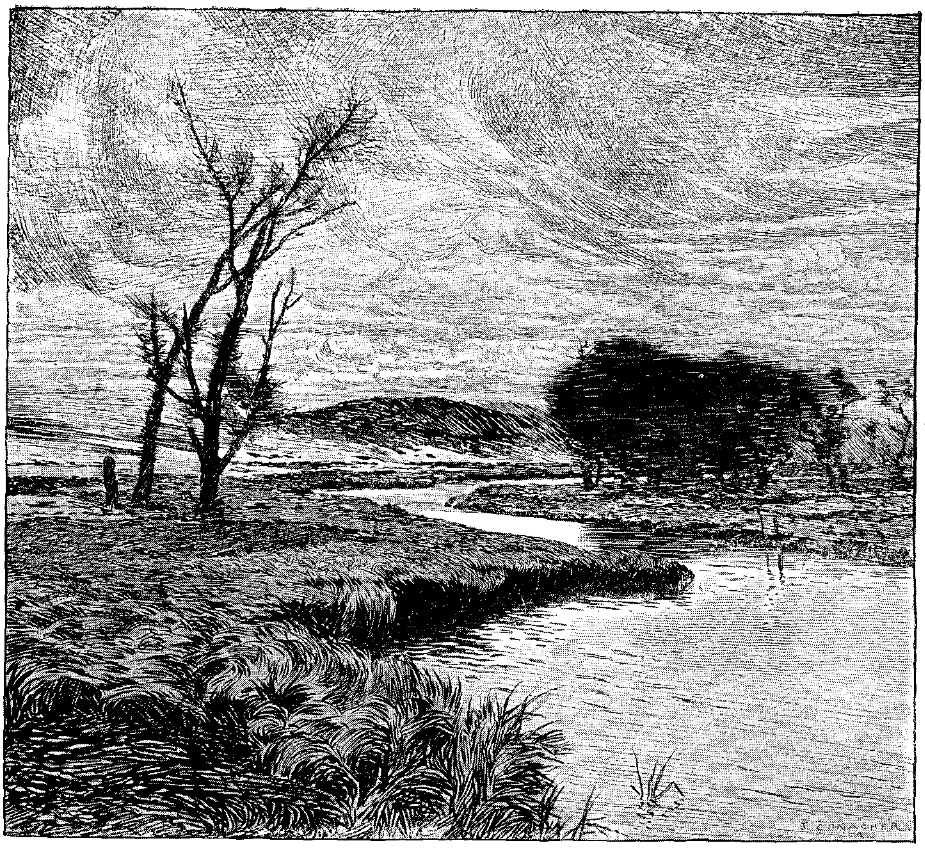
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARUCH, BERLIN

ADOLF HARNACK

The personality of the author of "The Simple Life" is an incarnation of the spirit of his books. Large of frame, vigorous in movement, with the French habit of gesture, full of alertness and vitality, his face expressive of health, strength, sincerity, M. Charles Wagner is an admirable type of the best quality of the people who live on the soil in France. Born in an Alsatian parsonage, in a little rural hamlet, he has carried to Paris and put into his books the gospel of the faith and life in which he was reared. Against the dilettanteism in letters and in thought which has dealt so superficially with religion and ideals in France, Pastor Wagner opposes a vigorous manhood, a definite purpose, a resolute will, and boundless enthusiasm. Against the materialism of spirit which has interpreted life in terms of art, of industry, and of politics in France during the last two decades, he opposes practical spirituality, the religious idea of life, the living sense of the spiritual meaning of all human relations and occupations, the quick sense of the presence of the living God in the society of to-day. Against the skepticism which has come from satiety and weariness, and which has inspired so many novels of disillusion during the past two decades, he opposes the simple faith, the joy and hope, of youth. In no book has he more simply and forcibly expressed himself than in "Youth;" in no book has he more simply and frankly revealed his ideals of personality and of human life than in "The Simple Life." He is the incarnation of the doctrines which he preaches, and their best practitioner.

He belongs with the children of nature, the men of spontaneity, of direct faith, and of moments of inspiration. As Herder in Germany, speaking to the intellectual classes, preached the doctrine of genius as opposed to calculation, of spontaneity as opposed to artifice, of the original man with the sweetness and strength of his native forces as opposed to the conventional man with his academic traditions, so Pastor Wagner has carried into Paris the wholesome ideals, the simple habits, the faith in God and man which he learned in his childhood in the remote Alsatian valley, among the simplest people. He has learned the English language in little less than a year and speaks it readily, with some accent, but entirely comprehensibly, except in those moments when his enthusiasm sweeps his speech into a current of swift enunciation; but these moments are as much a revelation of the man and as expressive of his personality as his calmer utterances. He is the voice of a simple, pure, energetic, spiritual manhood crying in an age absorbed in material tasks, disposed to overvalue the accessories of knowledge, and largely under the spell of conventional usage and traditional influence. He has a message for America as well as for France, for his simple plan for saving the world is to lead it back to God and nature.

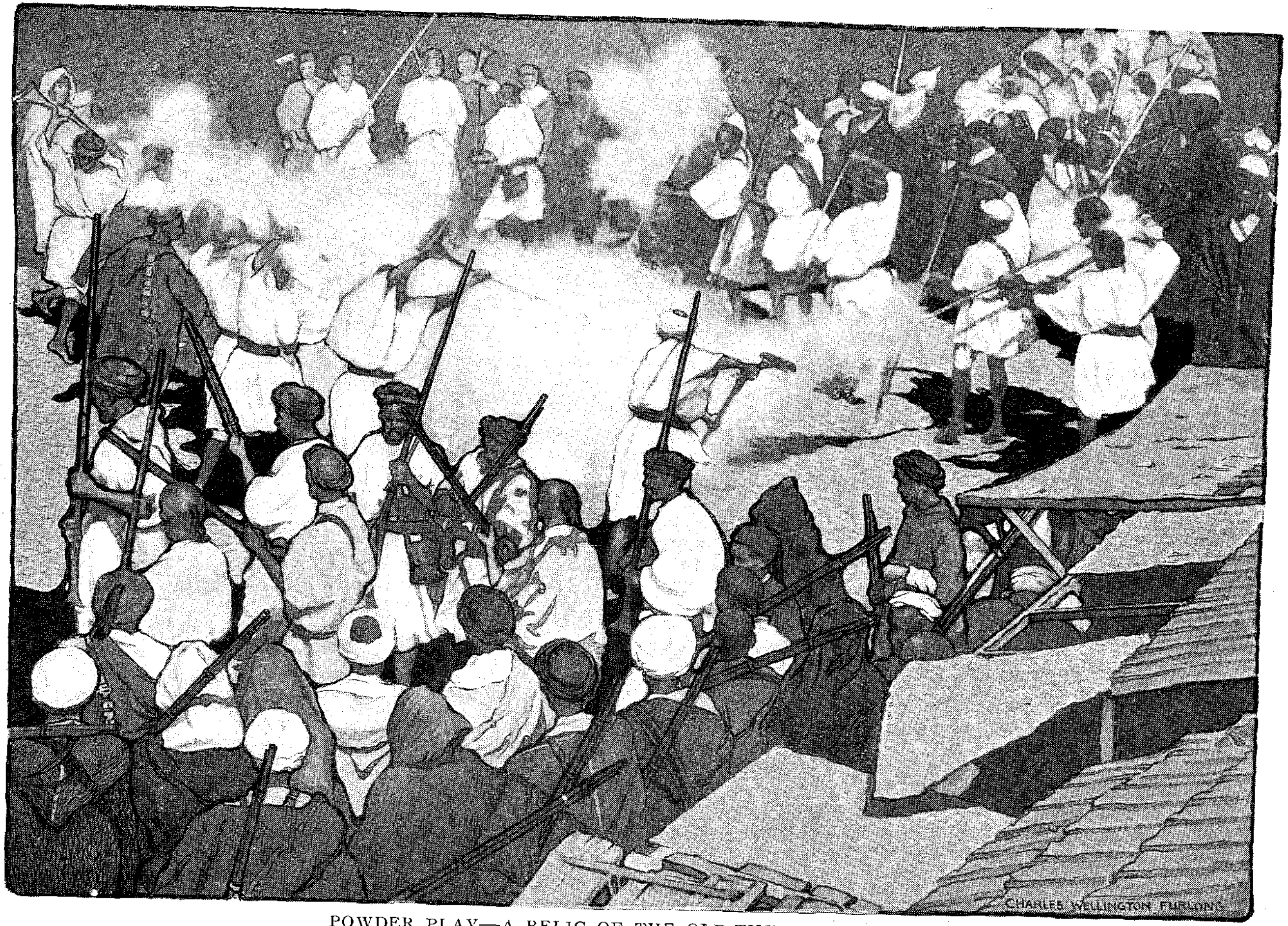
Professor Adolf Harnack is less widely known than any other of this group of eminent men, because there is far less popular interest in his field. He is one of the foremost theological teachers in Germany; he is also one of the most interesting personalities in the German university of to-day. Four years ago he delivered a course of lectures in the University of Berlin in answer to the question, "What is Christianity?" More than six hundred students drawn from all departments of the University crowded the lecture-room. Many of these students had slight interest in theology, but they had great interest in the lecturer, whose personality was a compact of sinewy earnestness, spiritual intensity, and intellectual fervor. A contributor to The Outlook said some time ago in its columns that no one who had ever sat in the old lecture-room in Berlin could forget the thrill that went through him as he saw the door open and the slight, nervous figure moving rapidly toward the high desk. "With the first 'Meine Herren,' uttered before he is fairly on the platform, the spell is upon one, and for an hour that seems all too short one wanders in an enchantment through regions that till now had been barren and lifeless." In the closing words of the last sentence the secret of Professor Harnack's power and of his popularity is to be found. He is pre-eminently a man of vital intellect, who deals with religious questions not purely from the philosophical or academic standpoint, but as a man to whom they involve the issues of life. In his ripest years, in the prime of physical and intellectual life, Professor Harnack has put behind him an extraordinary record of work accomplished. His "History of Dogma" and his monumental "History of Early Christian Literature," to say nothing of the number of books he has edited and the monographs on special subjects he has written, give abundant evidence of both his genius for thought and his genius for work. He is one of the first scholars of his time, but he is more than a scholar. He could not do what he has done without a knowledge of his field which in its breadth and thoroughness is characteristically German; but his real element of power is his insight, the feeling which he always displays for the vital sides of his subject, the passion for reality which possesses him, and the power of making dry things green and dead things living. He once said: "History is full of ghosts—issues that are dead, but whose shadowy forms are still moved about by those whose interest it is to persuade men that they are still alive. The true historian must learn to distinguish between the living and the dead, and give his strength to the description of the former." Professor Harnack has dealt with the living issues, and has had the courage to discriminate them sharply from the ghosts. All this involves full-blooded humanity, power of sympathy, a feeling for human relationships, and constant perception of the fact, so often forgotten by scholars and thinkers, that a man is something more than a brain. A man is known by his heroes, and among Professor Harnack's heroes are Washington, Cromwell, Luther, and Gladstone. It sheds light on his popularity that this great scholar has still the power of admiration. His talk is as interesting as his formal address, his interests are wide and his knowledge travels with them, and there seems to be no subject which he does not illuminate as he touches it. The charm of his style, the warmth of his feeling, separate his work by a long distance from that of most of the men in his own field; and it is not unusual to hear him compared in Germany with Schleiermacher, the theologian who touched the imagination of Germany quite as much as he appealed to its intelligence. A man of such learning, such temper, and such humanity works in one country, but he works for all humanity, and he is in a true sense a citizen of the world.



NOVEMBER

By Sara Andrew Shafer

OVER the night's low clouds the flare
Of burning marsh throws a ruddy glare.
Blue mists cling to the distant hill,
The flowers are gone, and the birds are still.
Where dry grass bends 'neath the fox's tread
The weird witch-hazel her bower has spread.
Across the dull gray sky the crows
Cawing fly in wavering rows.
    Slowly and sadly the daylight dies.
    The wind is bleak, it sobs and cries.


CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

POWDER PLAY—A RELIC OF THE OLD-TIME WAR DANCE

Morocco, the Land of the Evening

By Charles Wellington Furlong

With Drawings by the Author

ONLY a few weeks ago, in the blue of a peaceful African night, I rested on the parapet of a Tangerine housetop, whose stones still held the heat of the previous day. Below me the street of the Silversmiths expanded its narrow confines into the wider space of the Sok-el-Chico. The garish lights of the small, ill-kept European café opposite filtered across the dirty cobbles of the Sok and mingled with the warm red lantern rays of a neighboring Moorish coffee-house. In each resort the talk of what would happen if the French came went its round; prophets prophesied and boasters boasted, until the soothing effects of absinthe, kief, or hasheesh lulled their fevered brains to sleep in the happy realms of the Sultan.

Moroccans passed noiselessly along in bare feet or shuffled by in yellow slippers, and the occasional clunking of a heeled shoe bespoke a European. Across the bay in the Jebel (mountains), here and there, watch-fires of the gathered mountain clans glowed and blinked as tenders kept watchful eye, night and day, on the big French cruiser Kleber and her smaller consort Galilee riding at their anchor chains a little to seaward of His Majesty's Ship Minerva.

Here below me, white-terraced Tangier lay quiet in the moonlight, and through the night-mists rose up before me the vicissitudes of this unfortunate old city, whose origin lies hidden in the dust of ages, in a land of myths, legends, and megalithic remains, where still live the descendants of the wild, white-raced Berber hordes which centuries ago overran the country, coming from where no one knows; and where in turn Phœnician explorer, Roman conqueror, Vandal destroyer, and Christian warrior has either torn down, built up, or torn down again; a land on which under Okba the great tidal wave of the Jehad (Holy War), sweeping across the Barbary States, broke, and merged its inhabitants, the wild Berber aborigines, into the great sea of Islam. It inundated and flooded Spain, reaching even the very gates of Poitiers, before it receded and finally found its level south of the Straits and Middle Sea.

Since the fortifying of Gibraltar and the opening of the Suez Canal by the British, Morocco has been more than ever a desirable possession to the Powers, more particularly Great Britain and France. For a long time past the conditions there have been far from satisfactory and fraught with danger, and efforts on the part of several Powers to assist the Sultan have met with little success. But for the previous forced European policy of mutual jealous forebearance, the improvements of conditions which can be brought about only through the intervention and assistance of a strong civilized power might have been realized, and to-day Berber, Moor, Arab, and Negro might be using "inventions of the devil," and the country prospering.

Perhaps the little incident of a captured American citizen has been held so close to our eyes that it has shut out from our vision the stupendous character of the recent Anglo-French treaty and its far-reaching geographical and political significance. Perhaps most of our great reading public now settles back, content that it has seen captive and captor safely through the vicissitudes of international correspondence and policy, that it now knows that Tangier is not in Algiers, Tripoli is more than a stone's throw from Morocco, Gibraltar is at the inner end of the Straits, with the rocky bluff of its fortress facing inland and not out to sea, and that for some unknown reason Great Britain has given France a free hand in Morocco, ceding to her well-established rights which she held there.

Yet here has occurred a great fact,

more important and significant, it seems to me, in making for world peace than any treaty on record—a treaty reached by the friendly meeting of the ministers of two of the most powerful and rival nations, independent of arbitration, resulting in the settlement or adjustment of all remaining questions of the past century upon which Great Britain and France have differed or which might lead to future complications. With one stroke have been removed the possible causes of a hundred future wars.

In the Western Hemisphere it instituted an effectual mode of settling disputes as to land titles and jurisdiction over the natives of the New Hebrides, and removed the sources of the long-standing Newfoundland difficulties.

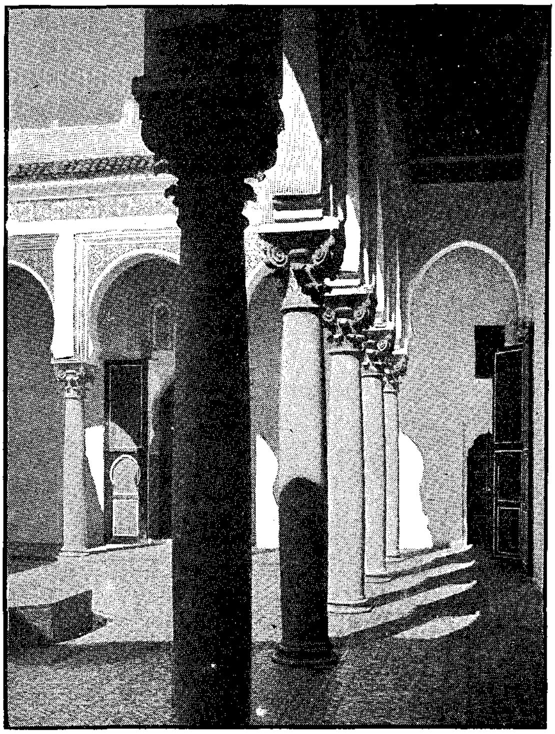
In the Eastern Hemisphere it has brought about a clear and satisfactory understanding regarding relations in Siam, providing that neither Power is to acquire territory, yet recognizing and defining their respective spheres of influence. It further regularizes the position of Great Britain in Zanzibar and of France in Madagascar, and, in lieu of the French concessions in Newfoundland, Great Britain modifies the Nigerian boundary line, rectifies the eastern frontier of the Gambia colonies to the advantage of France, and also cedes to her the isles of Los.

Besides this, it has brought about the settlement, so far as the Powers are concerned, of the difficult and delicate question of European supremacy and rights in Egypt and Morocco. For certain concessions from France in Egypt, Great Britain has willingly conceded her a privileged position in Morocco, in the following terms: France and Great Britain, in Morocco and Egypt, respectively, agree not to alter the political status, not to obstruct one another's actions, nor to countenance any inequality in the imposition of taxes, and to respect one another's rights in virtue of treaties, conventions, and usage. Both countries guarantee to one another equal treatment of trade in transit through their African possessions, also agreeing not to permit fortifications or strategic works on the Moroccan coast between Melilla and the Sebou River, and to consider Spain's interests consequent of her territorial possessions, in all of which the two Governments agree to afford one another their diplomatic support.

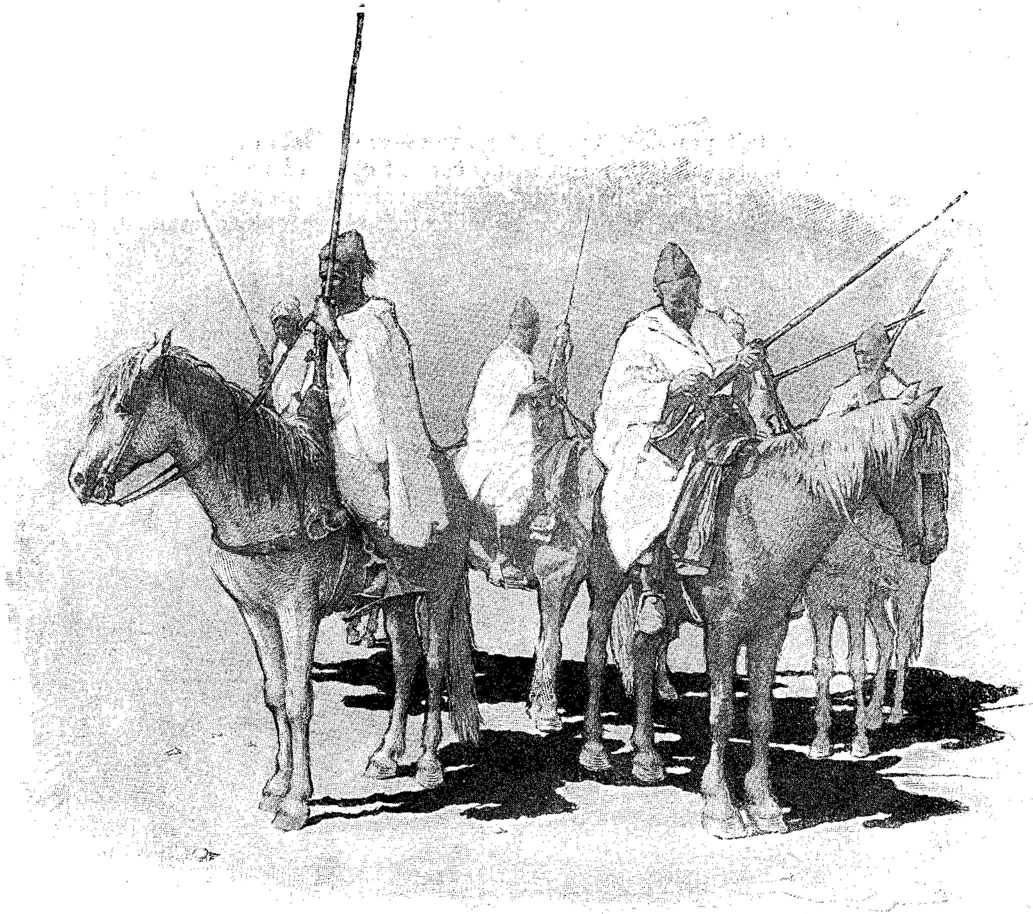
At the time of writing, Spain has just accepted the conditions of the Anglo-French treaty, recognizing the paramount position of France in reforming financial, military, and administrative affairs in Morocco. On the other hand, Spain retains her influence over her Moroccan possessions at Ceuta and Melilla.

Whether more was gained by one country or the other matters little. Both gained much and the world gained more.

The agricultural and climatic superiority of Morocco, in comparison with the rest of Barbary, is unquestioned, for as one goes eastward through Algeria and Tunis the mountain altitude and area decrease, the water supply



COURT OF A GOVERNMENT BUILDING, TANGIER



IRREGULAR MOROCCAN CAVALRY

lessens, soil becomes less fertile, and the climate hotter, until in strange, fascinating Tripoli, that land of beautiful sunsets and the terrible gibleh, the range of the Atlas dwindles, flattens out, and finally disappears, losing itself in the sandy wastes of the Sak-ra (Sahara).

The prolonged unsatisfactory conditions increase the dangers of traveling and stunt the natural resources and slightly increasing trade of the country. I was informed that no caravan had traveled overland, the forty miles from Tangier to Tetuan, during the past three months from fear of the fierce Beni'der and Jeballa, who have plundered up to the very gates of the city, and that on this account the population was sorely in need of food; but Christians and Jews for the time being are quite safe within their limits if discretion is used. At Tangier, the head of the American Legation, Consul-General Gummere, who through the severe strain of the past spring and summer has handled the affairs of his country with such tact and good judgment, keeps an armed native guard of eight or ten men constantly on duty at Villa Trenton, and other members of the diplomatic corps and foreign residents living on the outskirts of the town are wisely taking similar precautions.

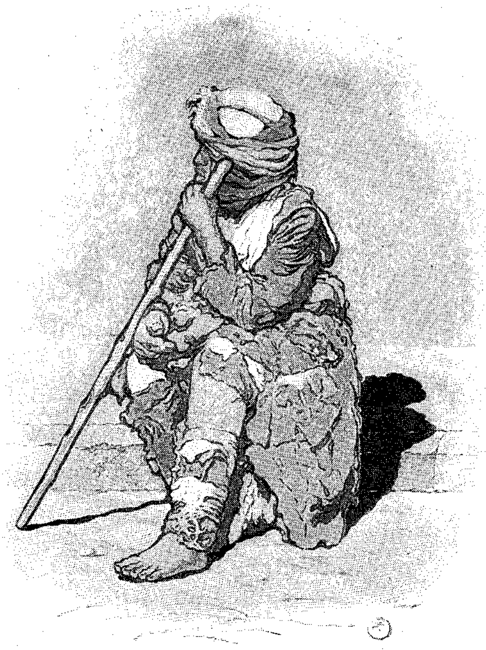
Wandering through the narrow, crooked streets, after three years' absence, I noticed at once that more men were armed, and that the majority of these lean, sinewy natives no longer carried obsolete fowling-pieces and flintlocks, but nursed, jealously, repeating rifles of the most modern make, while in many a little hole-in-the-wall shop I watched a dealer in arms explaining the mysterious working of a six-shooter to some unsophisticated buyer from the country.

The watch-fires across the bay in the neighboring mountains and surrounding country show that the Moroccans are alert to the situation, and incidents are constantly occurring which, though trivial in their immediate results, give evidence of increasing restlessness.

For instance, a lost practice torpedo from H. M. S. Minerva, which some Spanish fishermen found and beached at the base of the Jebel, was taken from them by the Moors, and though the British navy offered five pounds reward for its return, they demanded two hundred dollars, claiming a right to keep it altogether, as it was on their territory. When I left, the torpedo was still in the Moroccans' possession.

Again, crews from the French war-ships had been in the habit of drawing water from the beach wells near the city. As there was scarcely enough water to fill the goatskins of the negro venders, both water and water-carriers became seriously ugly. Later, when a French cutter came ashore one night, ostensibly for water, the crew was fired upon by the Moroccan guards and a number of sailors wounded, as a result of which the guards were later imprisoned.

That there is antipathy against infidels in general, and a bitter feeling toward the French in particular, there is no doubt, and not many weeks since letters brought by courier were received by all the other Legations, saying that the actions of the French would result in bloodshed and war, and asking that France be caused to withdraw her war-ships and cease her aggressive policy. They were signed by many leading Shareefs, and closed by saying that "courier waits for answer;" however, no answers were forthcoming.

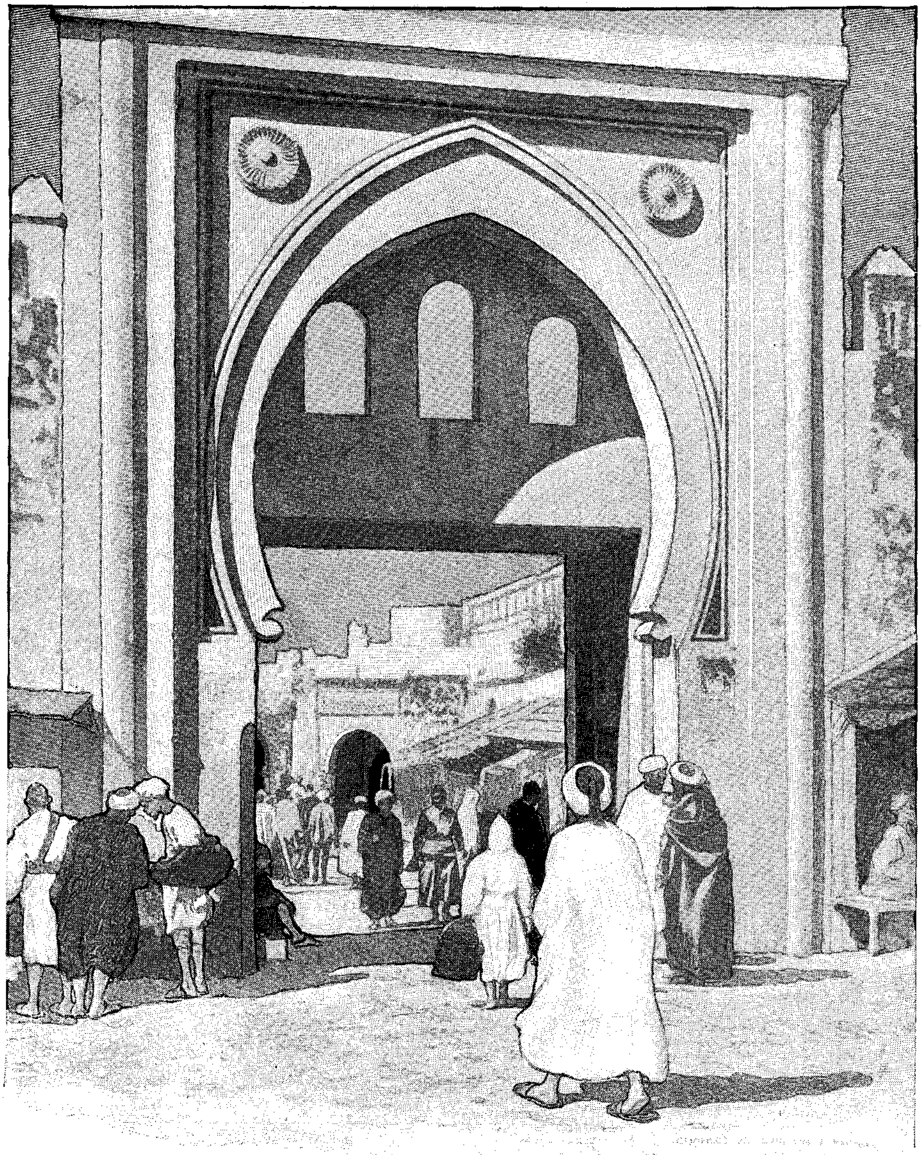

A HOLY MAN

The lack of tact shown by the present Sultan, Mulai Abduh Aziz, a polished, headstrong, sensuously weak young man, and his selfish progressiveness for things infidel, are keenly resented by the Moroccans. To meet his extravagance and to fill the private coffers of many of his corrupt court of native and foreign officials, valuable properties have been confiscated, the people overtaxed, and the nation indebted to foreign creditors. Recently, in dire need of money, he borrowed many millions of dollars from France, out of which she guaranteed the payment of Morocco's other foreign loans.

Such conditions have been a leading card in the hands of the Pretender, Bu Hamed, and have played no small part in arousing the people to the late rebellion, which state of anarchy undoubtedly helped to hasten the present adjustment of foreign affairs in Morocco.

The Sultan, however, has many strong adherents among the leading Kaids. Recently the Pretender sent eighty-three horsemen to Kaid Amada, of the Beni Buzzazu tribe, to ask for his daughter in marriage; the Kaid had them all treacherously murdered at night, and then took refuge at Sidi-Melluk, under the protection of the Maghzen or Moorish Government. The Vizier and father-in-law of the Pretender were among the victims, and their deaths greatly disorganized his following.

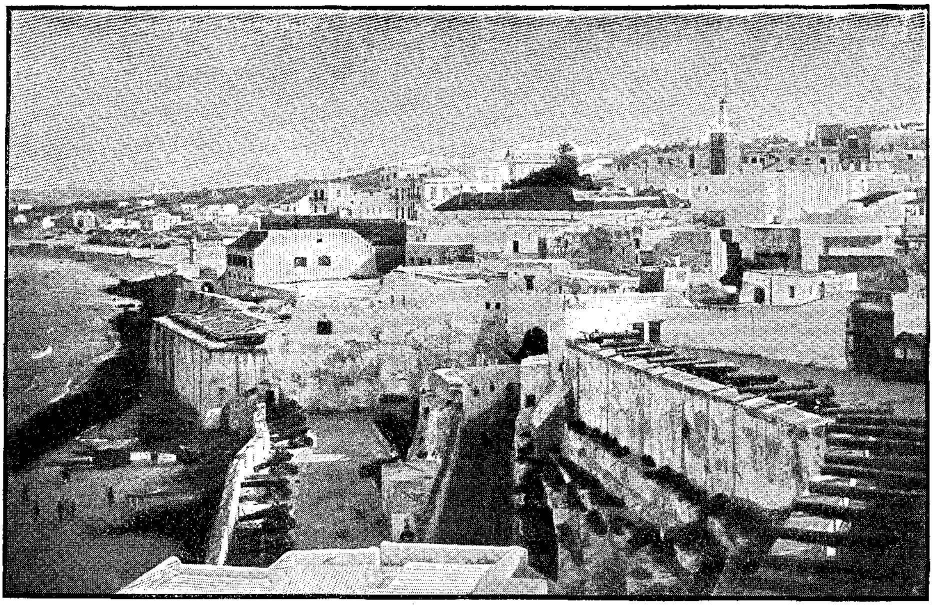
Several years ago occurred the death of the great mulatto Wazzeer Abu Hamed, "who had served three Sultans well and himself best of all." A large share of his wealth was obtained by his confidential secretary and friend, Kaid M'heddi-el-Menebhi, a favorite of the Sultan and Grand Wazzeer. In this man we have one of the most important and interesting characters in Morocco. When Great Britain sought influence there, at the instigation of her representatives, El-



THE BAB-EL-SOK, OR GATE OF THE MARKET

Menebhi was chosen to go on a mission to King Edward. While absent a conspiracy against him nearly lost him his position. But through carefully guarded movements he reached the capital and secured an interview with the Sultan, who strengthened his position before his enemies were aware of his return. Though enthusiastic over Western ideas, he lacked the statecraft necessary to regulate the pace of progress. Forced to take the field in the late rebellion through intrigues of Abdul-Krim-Ben-Sliman and Garnite, he took Tazza, for years uncontrolled. This success, however, was short-lived; accused by his enemies of conspiring with the Pretender, he was recalled.

As the Sultan sank more deeply into debt he turned covetous eyes toward Menebhi, who, shortly responding to the gentle calls of his conscience to become



A VIEW OF TANGIER
Showing her useless antiquated batteries

a Hadj, gathered up his skirts and set out for Mecca, taking with him his treasure.

El-Menebhi took to Mecca a route which I venture to say was no less circuitous than it was unusual. He went by way of London and Paris, where he is said to have deposited in banks most of his vast wealth, meantime giving an order for a residence to be built on the Mashan at Tangier.

In the middle of August last the property of Menebhi's secretary, Hadj-Hamed-el-Jai, was confiscated, and he was taken in chains to Fez, where he is now confined. Neither enticements nor Sultan's orders have succeeded in luring Menebhi into the trap. Ensconced in his house at Tangier, incidentally putting forth a claim of being a British protégé, which neither the Sultan nor Great Britain recognizes, he has gathered about him an armed retinue of some fifty personal attendants, mostly from his own tribe, the Menebha, and has practically bade those who want him to come and get him.

In character the Moroccans are courageous, cruel, resourceful, and somewhat stoical, yet at times childishly impulsive and passionate, and easily swayed to rebellion or war by some ragged, demented holy man. They are a people unprogressive, satisfied to live as their ancestors lived for centuries, in a veritable Old Testament land as to manners, customs, and appearance.

Islamism, the patriotism of the Mussulman, would be the only power which could possibly hold the warring tribes and factions together against a common enemy; so, in the event of a Jehad, the size of a Moroccan army would depend on the number of her nine and a half million subjects willing and able to bear arms.

Aside from a few trained troops of the Sultan, her fighting force consists of irregular infantry and cavalry, there being no available artillery. Their methods of fighting also would be irregular, and mostly in open order. Confident in their power to cope with any invading force in their rugged mountain land, they would prove themselves, particularly the wild Kabyles and Berbers of the Riff country, a formidable foe, and could maintain a war, long, harassing, and costly to the invader.

France already has absolute control from the Algerian frontier. Additional drafts of soldiers have been quietly passing from Marseilles to Oran during the past fifteen months; these, with her regular army of 65,000 men and her Algerian troops of Tirailleurs, Sahariens, and Spahis Sahariens, will give her the formidable army of nearly 100,000 men.

While the limestone ridges and innumerable passes of the Algerian frontier make it a most difficult country in which to operate an army, yet France has two well-known and well-surveyed routes in Morocco.

Much to the Moroccans' displeasure, France has now placed receivers at Moroccan ports, who collect nightly from all receipts the interest on the recent French loan; and the Sultan, supposedly influenced by France, wishes to consult with the Powers relative to increasing all port duties, which step, if put into effect, will hurt the country.

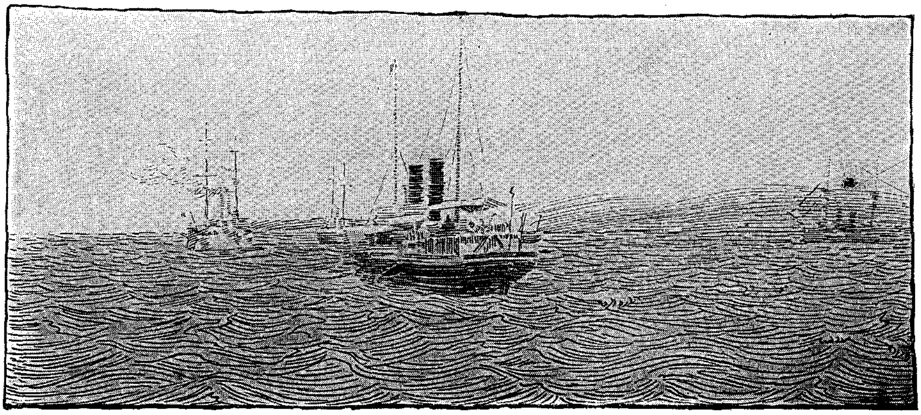
France's attempts and intrigues to create a paramount French sentiment among the natives and further her own ends in Morocco now stand her in good stead. Constantly, consistently, she has picked up the threads Great Britain has dropped, and woven a network of schemes over and about Morocco, extending her schools, protection policy, influence, and border-line whenever opportunity has offered.

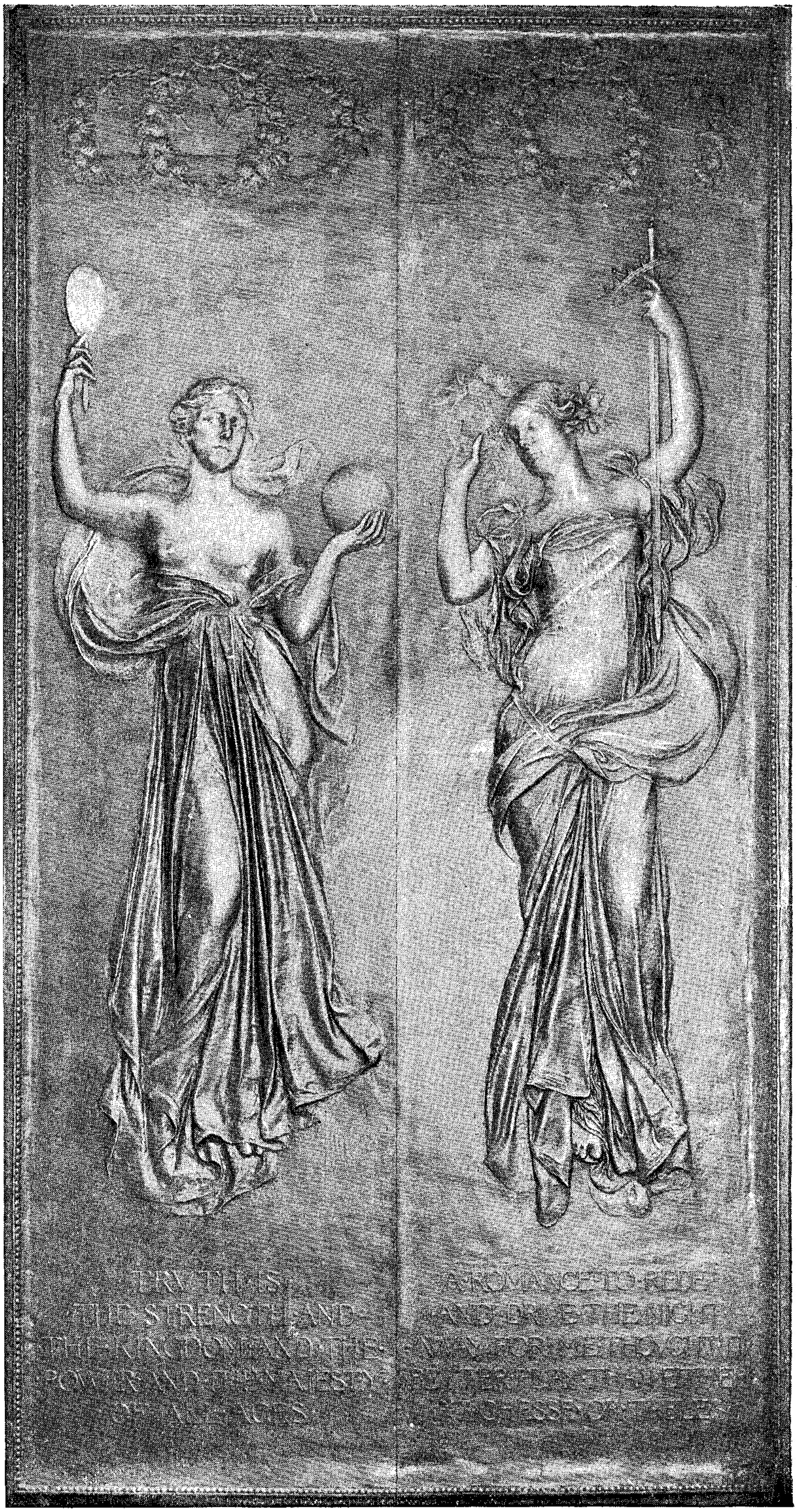
French policy in Tunis and Algeria will serve as a good criterion by which to forecast her future methods in Morocco. France may be criticised in many ways as pursuing a systematic, discriminating policy against the natives in those countries; and the incident of the human ears sent back as souvenirs by her soldiery to friends in France during her Tafilalt campaign in southern Morocco attests to the lack of discipline and the brutality of some of her troops; yet, coupled with the evidence that France is not a natural colonizer, the Arab is better off in those provinces to-day than before her control. Resources are being developed, labor is better paid, and many natives are incorporated in her army.

I have passed Arabs and negroes on the deserts and mountains of Tripoli walking all the way to Tunis to work during the harvest, and I have traveled from Tunis and Algeria in company with hundreds of Moroccans going back to their country after the harvest was garnered.

France will eventually solve her Moroccan problem, and that she prefers to institute a modest, progressive policy there is no doubt; but, unfortunately, she is not free to further her policy of the pacific penetration of 219,000 square miles of territory, and I believe the cost and sacrifice of money and human life will be far greater than in her other North African campaigns, which, all in all, have proved rather poor investments.

The French in time will become masters of the African coast from Tripoli to Semmur. The peace of Europe will be menaced by the narrowness of the Straits as long as her commerce and navies have reason to pass through them. The power of the crescent in North Africa has almost waned; the afternoon sun-glow of the great Moorish Empire is seen through the purple haze of French invasion. Soon Al Moghreb, the Land of the West, Land of the Evening, will have become to the sons of Islam the land of the night.




TRVTH IS
THE STRENGTH AND
THE KINGDOM AND THE
POWER AND THE MAJESTY

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY DANIEL C. FRENCH

TRUTH AND ROMANCE

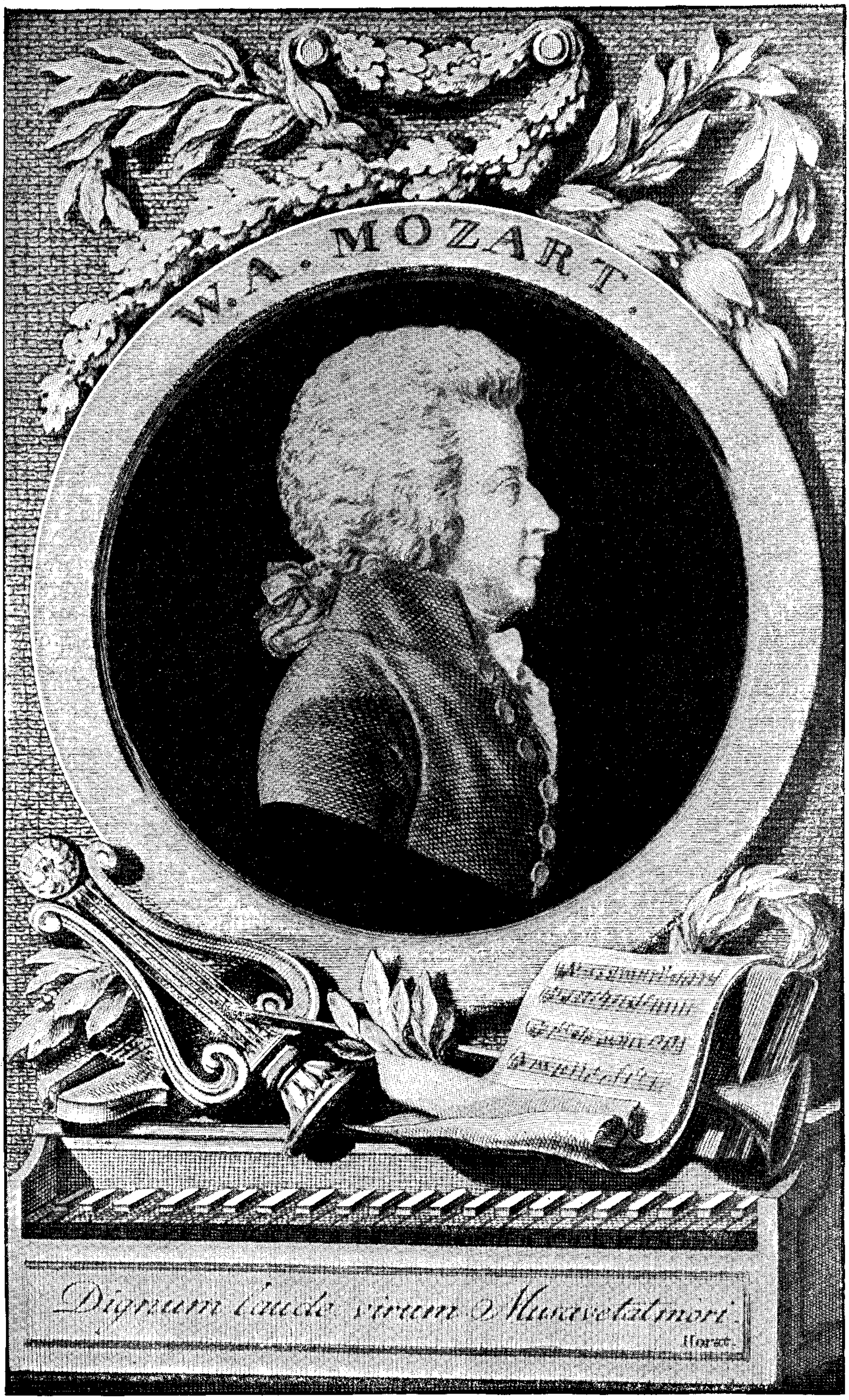
One of the three bronze doors designed by Mr. French for the Boston Public Library

The Bronze Doors of the Boston Library

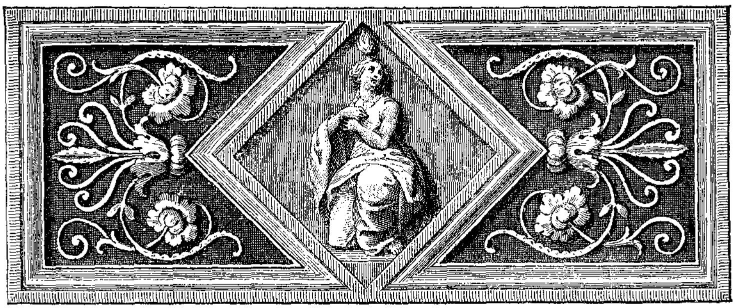
THAT the Boston Public Library, already enriched and beautified by the work of such great artists as Abbey, Chavannes, Sargent, St. Gaudens, and Macmonnies, should have at its very entrance the finest fruit of the genius of Daniel C. French is peculiarly fit, for Mr. French is the highest living New England exponent of the art of sculpture. As pointed out in Mr. Lorado Taft's recently published "History of American Sculpture," Mr. French conceives his work in a large and sympathetic way, and combines refined and poetic thought with singular purity of technique. Moreover, says Mr. Taft, "it is his great distinction to have created good sculpture which the people could love; works which reveal their beauty to the most primitively informed in art and are nevertheless gratifying to brother craftsmen." These qualities are precisely those which are pre-eminently requisite for the adornment and ennobling of an edifice dedicated to the uses of the people, where every detail of the decoration should be educative and understandable as well as sound in art principle and correct in technique. That Mr. French has the power of expressing with grace and charm that which is essentially ideal and imaginative has been abundantly shown, and notably so in his virile "Minute Man" at Concord (his first important commission) and in his "Death and the Young Sculptor."

The three pairs of bronze doors soon to be placed in the Boston Public Library represent the study and thought of at least as many years. The subjects are: Music and Poetry, Knowledge and Wisdom, Truth and Romance or Inspiration—ideals of the truest possible application for the purpose in hand. Two things at once strike the attention: First, that Mr. French has boldly abandoned the traditional plan of dividing the doors into panels (as in the famous Baptistery Doors by Ghiberti at Florence and in a host of later-day imitations), and has taken the full sweep of each half-door for a single impressive figure; secondly, he has worked in low relief, a medium of expression as full of artistic possibilities as it is difficult of management. A competent technical critic declares that "in the importunate and most difficult problems of composition, foreshortening, and draping reduced almost to the ethereal, Mr. French has shown his skill to be equal to his refined taste."

These doors have recently been exhibited at the John Williams Foundry in New York City, where the delicate and difficult work of making the six wings, each eleven feet long and six broad, and each cast in a single piece, has been carried on. The wings weigh something like fourteen hundred pounds each, but they have been cast with such exactness that each pair will meet so precisely that when closed the juncture can hardly be perceived. As a rule, however, the doors will be seen open; and the architectural adjustment and background will be such that they will receive a full and harmonious light. By unity of design and effect there is produced a certain similarity in the pose of the six figures, in the flow and sweep of their draperies, and in the general artistic conception. The figures of Truth and Romance, with the apt inscriptions, are shown on the opposite page. Knowledge and Wisdom are depicted respectively by a man balancing a huge tome on his left shoulder and displaying with his right a sphere and a ring, and by a female figure holding aloft a goblet covered with a napkin. The mottoes are: "By knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches," and "There is wisdom and spirit subtil, clear, and loving what is good, pure, and steadfast." For the third pair of figures Poetry and Music are shown as nymphs with delicately wrought draperies holding, the one an antique lamp, and the other a lyre. The mottoes are: "True poetry is like the loadstone which both attracts the needle and supplies it with magnetic power," and "Such sweet compulsion does in music lie, to dull the daughters of necessity and keep unsteady Nature to her law."


W. A. MOZART.
Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori
Horat.

From a portrait engraved by T. G. Mansfield, Jr., loaned by Mr. Constantine Weikert, of Englewood, N. J.



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

IT was a favorite saying of Schopenhauer, the great German philosopher, that the world of music and the world of everyday life are two separate and unrelated worlds, parallel in human experience, but without interrelationship or mutual dependence. Each, he thought, was an embodiment of the Will which creates all life; but these two embodiments were essentially different and distinct. There may or may not be truth in this theory of Schopenhauer, but at least it is a most interesting theory to keep in mind as we study the life and work of one of the greatest of musical composers, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. How little that life and that work seem to have in common! What a contrast is there between the short, troubled, and commonplace external career and the marvelously rich and beautiful and noble inner life! It is hard to believe in any connection save an accidental one between two such dissimilar series of phenomena.

The external part of Mozart's brief life can be told in a few sentences. The son of a professional musician, who gave him all the advantages of a thorough musical education, and from whom he may have inherited his marvelously delicate ear and fine sense for tone-combination, he was born in Salzburg, a provincial town of Austria-Hungary, on January 27, 1756. His precocity was such that he began composing little pieces at the age of five, and became an accomplished pianist even earlier. The first twenty-five years of his life were spent largely in professional tours as a virtuoso over all Europe, alternating with quiet periods at home in Salzburg, devoted to study and composition. For a while he was music-director to the Archbishop of Salzburg, but, finding the post very uncongenial, resigned from it in 1781. The last ten years of his life, from 1781 to 1791, he spent in Vienna as a teacher, pianist, and composer. In 1782, though without fixed resources or prospects of any kind, he married a woman as careless and light-hearted as himself; and from that day sank constantly deeper in the morass of poverty. He was of a gay, pleasure-loving, simple, and affectionate disposition; utterly improvident, fond of wine, fond of dancing and company, fond of practical joking and rough horse-play, and devoid of any intellectual distinction outside of music. During the last decade of his life, while constantly overworked, anxious, and in debt, he wrote his three great operas, "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "The Magic Flute," and his greatest quartets, quintets, and other chamber music, to say nothing of his three great symphonies in E-flat major, G-minor, and C-major, which he wrote in one summer, and which have served as models of what pure music should be ever since. He died just when his reputation and fortune seemed about to be established, in 1791, having accomplished an enduring work in thirty-five laborious, brilliant, and painful years.

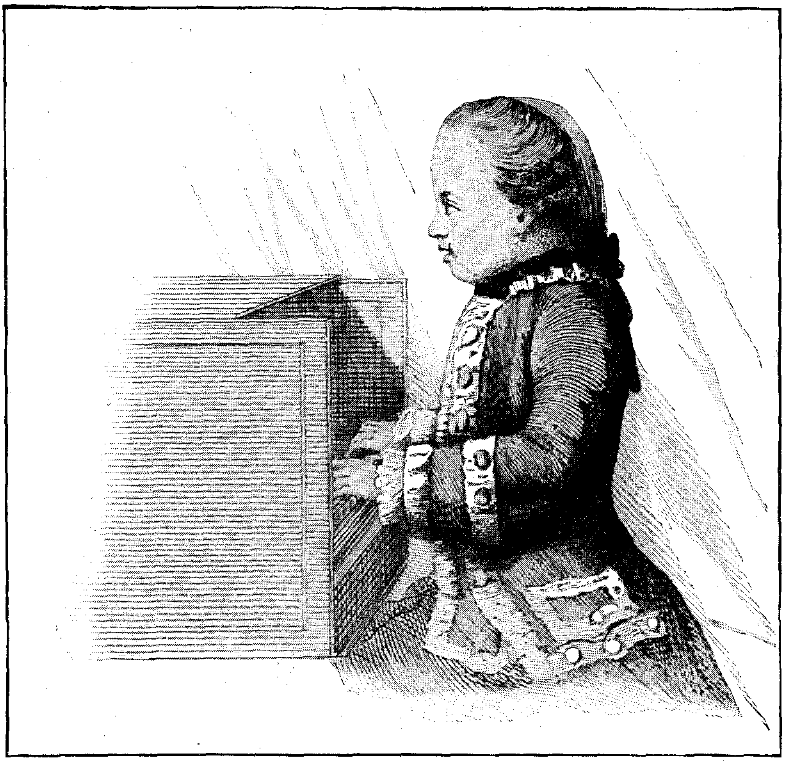
This story of Mozart's last ten years is undoubtedly one of the strangest pages of musical biography. The contrast between his external and his internal life is so violent, so startling, that we rub our eyes involuntarily, wondering if the facts as we know them can be true. And, indeed, we can account for them only by assuming a degree of independence of the mind on its environment uncommon even with genius. Mozart seems to have been a dual person, to have lived two lives at once; outwardly hounded by creditors, worn with the most prostrating and debasing anxieties, forgetting his cares only in a dissipation that was as squalid as they, he was all the time pursuing his artistic ideals with the highest success, and with the sérenity of complete mastership.

That he was actually thus capable of living, so to speak, on two planes at once, is proved by the testimony of his contemporaries. His sister-in-law describes him as follows: "He was always good-humored, but thoughtful even in his best moods, looking one straight in the face, and always speaking with reflection, whether the talk was grave or gay; and yet he seemed always to be carrying on a deeper train of thought. Even when he was washing his hands in the morning he never stood still, but walked up and down the room humming, and buried in thought. At table he would often twist up a corner of the tablecloth and rub his upper lip with it, without appearing to know what he was doing; and he sometimes made extraordinary grimaces with his mouth. His hands and feet were in continual motion, and he was always strumming on something—his hat, his watch-fob, the table, the chairs—as if they were the clavier." Other observers have recorded that he carried on this musical thought while having his hair dressed, while bowling or playing billiards, while talking or joking, and even, wonderful to say, while listening to other music that did not especially interest him. Lange, his brother-in-law, observed that "when he was engaged in his most important works he took more than his usual share in any light or jesting talk that was going on." He could even compose one thing while copying another. He sends his sister a prelude and fugue, apologizing for the fact that the prelude is copied after the fugue instead of before it. "The reason was," he adds, "that I had already composed the fugue, and wrote it down while I was thinking out the prelude."

It is necessary to bear constantly in mind this independence, activity, and self-sufficiency of Mozart's musical thought-processes, if we would at all understand the paradox of his personality. It was because the musical genius in him burnt with so bright and steady a flame that he could, in the midst of the most sordid conditions, create the most imperishable monuments of pure beauty. That was the psychological miracle of Mozart's life—that this ordinary Viennese youth, fond of wine and dancing, the boon companion of penniless opera managers and orchestral players, and in the last analysis oddly featureless as a human being, could compose such immortal music, so Greek in grace of contour and serenity of temper, so solid in structure, so noble in style. And it is, after all, that marvelous faculty of his for tone-combination, that genius for pure music, that forms the higher and more noteworthy half of his strangely dual personality.

As an artist, Mozart is remarkable for his synthetic powers of mind, for his ability to marshal many and various elements of effect into a unified whole, for the organized diversity, the ordered variety, of his compositions. While Haydn is chiefly notable for clearness and system, Mozart is far more flexible, rich, and various. His work is more organic than the older man's, in that its elements are both more diverse and more inextricably interrelated. His art is more subtle, and not a whit less solid.

In the first place, as regards the themes themselves, Mozart's are longer and more complex than Haydn's. Haydn usually starts out with a simple phrase of four bars, adds another of the same kind but with a different cadence, and goes on to build up his whole theme by this primitive method of accretion.

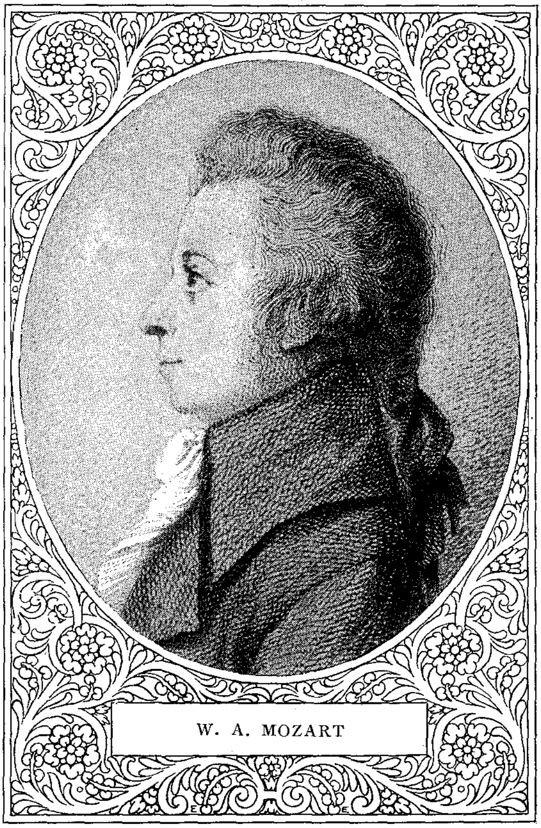


MOZART AT THE AGE OF SEVEN

From a rare French lithograph loaned by Mr. Constantine Weikert

Mozart's schemes of balance are much more irregular and interestingly elusive. Look, for example, at the second subject of the first movement of his great G-minor String Quintet. It is a broad, well-poised melody, evolved from two motifs by a deftly managed alternation; symmetry is there, but it is an intricate symmetry, not to be perceived too easily. Haydn, again, was apt to make both themes of his first movements strikingly similar, the second being often hardly more than a variant of the first. Mozart contrasts them strongly, in character as well as in key. His first subject, as a rule, is strongly rhythmic, vigorous, full of action and nervous force, while his second is more lyrical and song-like. The two complement each other, like a man and a woman. Beethoven carried the same opposition even further.

In harmony Mozart is more venturesome than his predecessor. In his use of daring modulation to distant keys, as a means of veiling the transitions in the sonata-form, he unmistakably anticipates Beethoven. His harmonic structure, while no less clear than Haydn's, is thus less bald, less trite. In the fifth of the quartets dedicated to Haydn, for example, in A-major, there is an early and pronounced modulation to C-major; after which the second theme comes in regularly in the dominant key. The effect of this insistence on a comparatively distant key is to blur slightly the contour of the form, and to prevent any possible sense of platitude. In the finale of the third quartet, Mozart, after ending his first part strongly in C-major, jumps suddenly, quite without warning, to an emphatic chord of D-flat major—a device by which we are irresistibly reminded of the complete shifts of tonality at the beginning of the coda of the first movement of the "Eroica" Symphony. Perhaps the most brilliant stroke of genius in harmonic construction that Mozart ever made, however, is the famous passage introducing the C-major Quartet. It was to such passages (though even Mozart could not write many equaling it in nobility of conception and supernal beauty and mystery of effect) that he owed his reputation for radicalism and heterodoxy among the pedants of the time. A musical connoisseur of Vienna is said to have torn up the instrumental parts of these quartets in his anger at finding that "the discords played by the musicians were really in the parts;" the parts were also returned from Italy as being "full of printer's errors;" and even so good a musician as Fétis undertook to "correct" this very Introduction. Thus to scandalize the conservative is ever the effect of the daring, novel, and unprecedented conceptions of genius.



W. A. MOZART

From an etching by E. Mandel, loaned by Mr. Constantine Weikert

In the construction of his works—in the organization, that is, of the themes into a various and yet unified whole, in the management of transitions from theme to theme, and in the working out of his initial ideas — Mozart is again more skillful than Haydn. The latter's transitions from the first subject to the second are usually formal and conventional to a degree—passages of scales or arpeggios so mechanical in effect, and so unrelated to the thematic material of the movement, that Wagner well compared them to "the clattering of the dishes at a royal feast." Mozart, whose melodic fecundity was limitless, is much more apt to write new, subsidiary melodies for his transitions; and though such passages lacked the fine economy of Beethoven's carefully wrought thematic transitions, founded on the themes themselves, yet they were far more vital than Haydn's empty formulas. When it came to the working out of the themes, in the development section of the sonata, Mozart again had Haydn at a disadvantage, owing to his greater contrapuntal technique, the result of early study, and to the superior native logic of his mind. Haydn's development sections are apt to sound perfunctory; worked out more by rule of thumb than by spontaneous fancy, they hold together imperfectly, and seem fragmentary and artificial. Mozart's are more fluent, more sequacious, and more inevitable.

Mozart, as an artist, then, is in all respects more various, flexible, and subtle than Haydn. While the latter's solidly built, firmly based, and honestly executed works might be compared to some old-fashioned oil painting, simply conceived, and executed with broad strokes, Mozart's delicate creations are more like some fine modern etching, full of nicely placed hair-lines, of cunningly planned details, at once interesting in themselves and duly subordinated to the general effect, of deft light and shade. Haydn is a sturdy molder in clay, Mozart a skilled jeweler. As a consummate artist in tones he has probably never been excelled.

In expression, the prevailing quality of Mozart's work is a clear serenity, an indescribable joyfulness and starry beauty, the natural result of his artistic perfection. In spite of a deep and mordant passion that he undoubtedly voices at times, as in the G-minor Quintet and in portions of the quartets and the G-minor Symphony, in spite of the breadth and heroism of such movements as the Andante of the E-flat Quartet and the Finale of the Jupiter Symphony, and in spite of the mystic vagueness and aspiration of that marvelous Introduction to the C-major Quartet, which stamps him as an idealist, at least *in posse*, his general tone is pagan, unsophisticated, naïve. He not only lacks the self-consciousness, the tragic intensity, and the fierce virile earnestness of Beethoven; he lacks the genial, peasant humanity of Haydn. There is an aloofness, a detachment, a rarefied purity, about his music that makes it difficult to describe in terms of human feeling. It has the irresponsible perfection, the untarnished luster, not to be dimmed by human tears, of the best Greek art.

Every attempt that has been made to describe in words the differences between the music of Mozart and that of his great successor, Beethoven, has necessarily failed. The matter is too subtle for literary description. Yet Henri Frédéric Amiel, with his usual marvelous perceptiveness, wrote in his journal, after hearing quartets by the two masters, a passage that must be quoted here. It at least suggests their characteristics with an unerring insight:

"Mozart," writes Amiel—"grace, liberty, certainty, freedom, and precision of style—an exquisite and aristocratic beauty—serenity of soul—the health and talent of the master, both on a level with his genius; Beethoven—more pathetic, more passionate, more torn with feeling, more intricate, more profound, less perfect, more the slave of his genius, more carried away by his fancy or his passion, more moving and more sublime than Mozart. Mozart refreshes you, like the 'Dialogues' of Plato; he respects you, reveals to you your strength, gives you freedom and balance. Beethoven seizes upon you; he is more tragic and oratorical, while Mozart is more disinterested and poetical. Mozart is more Greek, and Beethoven more Christian. One is serene, the other serious. The first is stronger than destiny, because he takes life less profoundly; the second is less strong, because he has dared to measure himself against deeper sorrows. His talent is not always equal to his genius, and pathos is his dominant feature, as perfection is that of Mozart. In Mozart the balance of the whole is perfect, and art triumphs. In Beethoven feeling governs everything, and emotion troubles his art in proportion as it deepens it."

The Marsh

By Clinton Scollard

Billowy lines, not stern and harsh,
Sweep the reaches of the marsh;

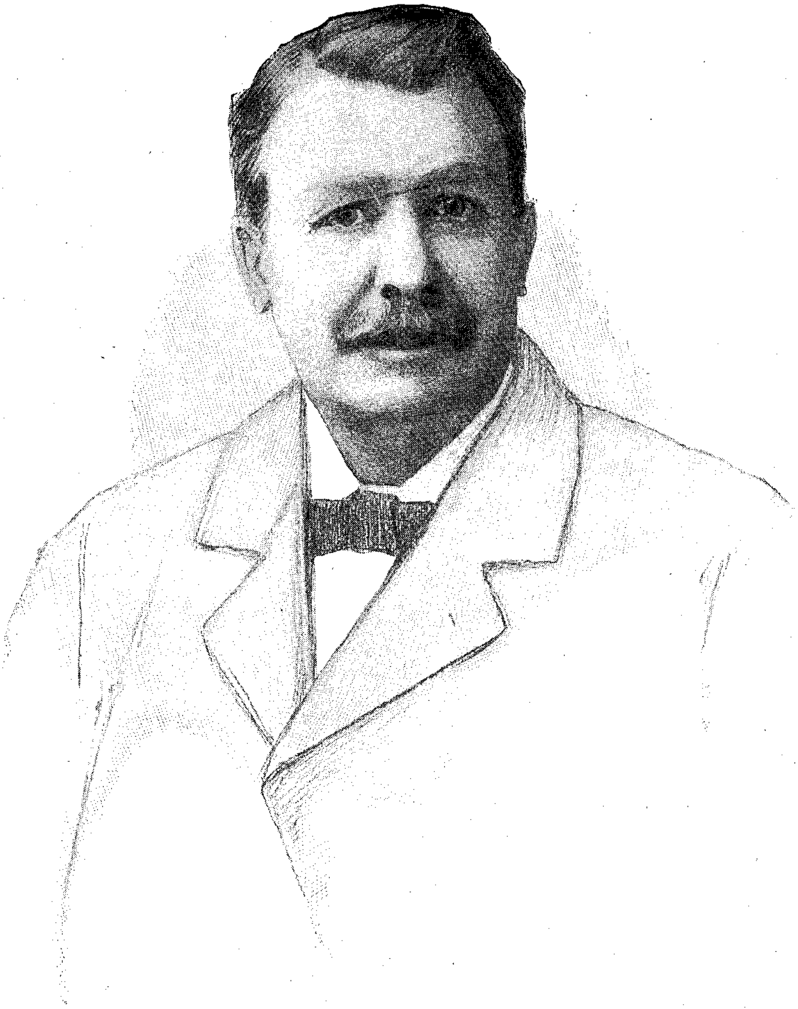
Lance-like reed and cat-tail tower,
The deep purple aster flower;

Lavish coreopsis-gold,
Nettle-blossoms like the fold

Of a garment stained at Tyre
For an emperor's desire;

Tamaracks in dusky ring
Round it tall and tapering;

O'er it the lone kildee's cry,
And the blue eternal sky,
And the autumn passing by.



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
Drawn by Kate Rogers Nowell

Joel Chandler Harris

By Ray Stannard Baker

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS has called his career accidental. He never had any intention, much less ambition, to become a "literary person." He began the "Uncle Remus" stories upon the suggestion of an editor to help fill for a few weeks the voracious columns of a newspaper. From his boyhood he had been fond of hearing stories and of telling them, especially the cabin stories of the ante-bellum negro, full as they were of primitive wonder, quaint flashes of humor, homely philosophy, simple goodness. He was full of these stories, and it was so much of a pleasure for him to write them that he regarded it always as something of a joke and a little of an imposition that any one should care to pay him for work that he would rather do than not. He was simply expressing that which was in him freely, fully, and without affectation. He was writing a few childishly simple old tales, known with intimate familiarity to almost every man, woman, and child of Southern birth. There was nothing in all this to give him any undue estimation of his own abilities. As for his literary style, it was an integral part of him; he was as unconscious of it as he was of the tone of his own voice. It is not surprising, therefore, that the obscure young newspaper man, shy and sensitive as he was by nature, should have found it "embarrassing to have struck the literary fancy."

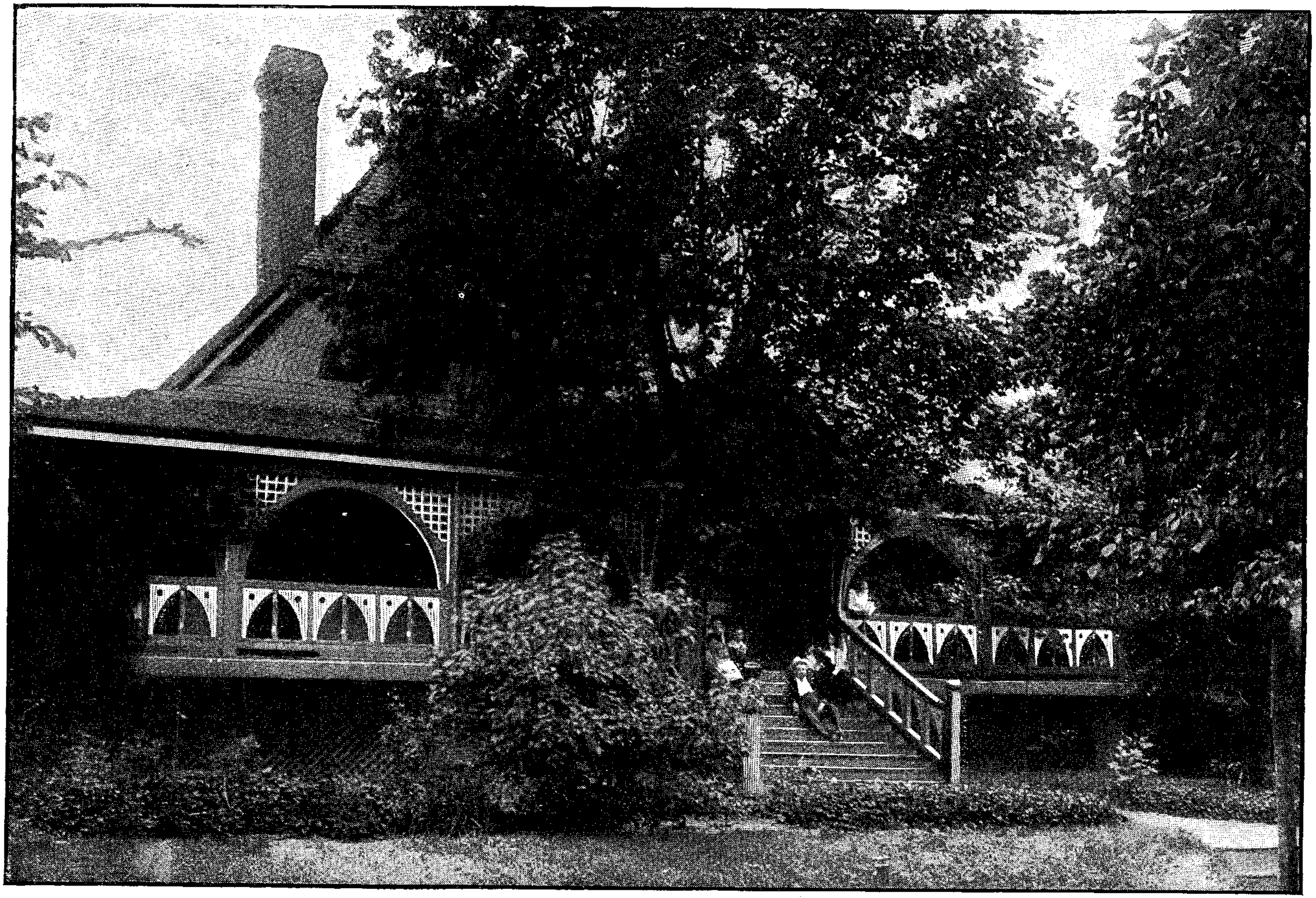
"People insist on considering me a literary man," he wrote in the early stages of his career, "when I am a journalist and nothing else. I have no literary training and know nothing at all of what is termed literary art. I have had no opportunity to nourish any serious literary ambition, and the probability is that if such an opportunity had presented itself I would have refused to take advantage of it."

But the author of "Uncle Remus" apparently succeeded because he did not try. The literary world and the publishers came to him; he did not go to them. Here was a young, unknown, untraveled printer, of narrow school advantages, though profitably educated in the best classics, and possessing, besides, much curious knowledge of negroes, of dogs, of horses, of the way of the red stream in the swamp, and of the folk of the woods. He had some familiar old stories to tell—so old and so familiar that no one had thought them worth writing down—and he told them as quietly and as simply as he talked. But good work, though hidden away in an obscure newspaper, gets itself recognized sooner or later, and one day Harris received an invitation to write some of his tales for one of the foremost of American magazines. He couldn't understand it at all, but he wrote the stories, among them an account of the amusing adventures of Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, and the Tar Baby, which clinched his literary fame. His tales succeeded far beyond his expectations, and for the same reason that made Æsop's Fables an imperishable classic. For they were the slow fruitage of the wonder, the humor, and the pathos of a race of primitive story-tellers. They were instinct with those primal passions which appeal to human nature, savage and civilized, the world over. They were by no means indigenous to American soil; no one knows for how many centuries they had been told in varying forms in the jungles of Africa. Slaves had brought them hither, and they had soon flowered luxuriantly in English, being cultivated with unconscious skill in the humble negro cabins of the cotton and cane fields.

Who shall say by what magic a legendary story attains its perfection? There must be an experienced tale-teller, be he saga-singer, wandering minstrel, or negro patriarch, with every sense alert to the effect of his story upon his audience. If at any point in the tale the eyes fixed upon his face begin to fall away, or the lax hands grow restless, he knows that the interest is flagging, and the next time he tells the story he has remorselessly cut away an explanation here, a digression there, until the tale holds every ear. How he studies the inflections of his voice, with what art he times his pauses that the sudden cessation of his voice at some climax may thrill his hearers to the very marrow of their bones! Thus, with the tale-teller and his implacable critics always face to face, the story is slowly rounded out and polished into such perfection of lucidity, directness, and simplicity as a mere first-hand story-writer may never hope to attain. And so, little by little, through many years, were the animal stories of the South developed, until they became nearly perfect mediums for conveying the great, simple human emotions and humor of a simple race. Every Southern boy and girl listened to these stories from toddler days upward; they were the richest prizes of the negro cabins; but of all those who heard only one possessed the instinct that appreciated their literary value.

Mr. Harris was, however, in no sense a mere copyist. One has only to compare a Br'er Rabbit story as told by any typical negro tale-teller, or as it has been set down word for word from his mouth (and this verbal truthfulness has been the sole claim to distinction of some of Mr. Harris's imitators), with the same story as Mr. Harris has written it, to appreciate the hand of the master craftsman. For the author of "Uncle Remus" is a matchless writer of the spoken story—a difficult art, indeed. The original negro narrator has to aid him all the accessories of voice—and there is no voice more flexible and expressive than that of the negro. He may add the emphasis of changing facial expression and of gesture, and with what powerful effect may he interject his pauses. Moreover, there are those impressive stage-settings—night, the brightness of an open fire, shadowy, fascinated faces, ready to express the common thrill. These are parts of the story as much as the spoken words, and it has been the triumph of Mr. Harris's art to represent them all. His versions of the stories are closer to the real story than any verbatim copy could possibly be, for he has given us not merely a story about a rabbit and a fox, which might be dull enough, but he has given us, with lifelike reality, the negro who told it, and what he felt and thought about while he was telling it; he has shown us the people who listened to the story, and we see how they are swept by superstitious fear, by laughter, by tears, by wonder. A philologist might have dug out these stories and set them down with scientific accuracy, for there is a science as well as a literature of folk-lore, but they never would have taken hold of the hearts of generation after generation of readers. That was left for the literary craftsman who knew how to make them quiver with human life and human emotion.

It was not long before the author began to receive letters from every part of the country, and, indeed, from foreign lands, expressing the greatest approval of his work. His first book, a collection of the Uncle Remus stories, appeared in 1883, when the author was thirty-five years old. Such a success often sends a young writer flying to New York, where he is promptly petted, befooled, and stimulated into an overproduction that shortly ends him. But Uncle Remus was not to be beguiled away from his Georgia home. So far from having his head turned by his successes, he looked upon the flurry of fame which his stories had brought him in the light of a joke—a rather unreal and somewhat annoying joke. He was not convinced that he was a genius, nor did he begin to feel the responsibility of a great mission resting upon him. He continued to go down every day to the office of the newspaper which employed him, he wrote about so many editorials and other matter, and then in the evening he enjoyed sitting down with his family around him and writing a story. He never wrote because he feared that unless he did people would forget him, for he was not especially concerned whether he was remembered or not. He never sent his manuscripts a-begging; he waited, and presently some one wanted them very much. He never paid court to publishers nor to critics, and yet no writer was ever more favorably received



THE HOME OF MR. HARRIS AT ATLANTA

by the critics. He had not one of the disappointments and trials of the ordinary author. Most of the unhappiness of the world comes from trying to be what one is not, trying to do something for which one is in no wise fitted. It was Mr. Harris's rare good fortune to know definitely his own capabilities and limitations, and it was his chief pleasure to be simply what he was, to tell the best stories he knew, and not to worry. If the public wanted what he wrote, it was well; if not, he had already enjoyed the pleasure of doing the work. He made his channel and flowed quietly in it; he was ready to receive such sunshine as might fall, but he would not turn aside for rain.

"If the greatest position on the round earth were to be offered to me," he once said, "I wouldn't take it. The responsibility would kill me in two weeks. Now I haven't any care or any troubles, and I have resolved never to worry any more. Life is all a joke to me. Why make it a care?"

Once I heard him say, "Why, I haven't been mad in twenty years."

Perhaps I have given the impression that the author's work is all play; certain it is that he enjoys it, and yet it is always hard work. One cannot expect to produce anything worth while without using the sinew of effort. Mr. Harris showed me no fewer than sixteen introductions to a single story, and all of them had been discarded, so anxious was he to have the story open in just the proper way. His characters all become extraordinarily real to him, so that he carries on conversations with them as though they were living persons. And they keep clamoring for recognition. One day he said:

"Aunt Minervy Ann's getting mighty restless. She came in here just now and sat down in that chair and began telling me a story about Mis' Jones' pa'sol. I've got to be writing something about Aunt Minervy Ann."

Uncle Remus has become so nearly a real person, not only to Mr. Harris, but to thousands of those who know and love his stories, that one realizes with difficulty that he is only a creature of the author's imagination. Indeed, many of Mr. Harris's nearest friends call him familiarly "Uncle Remus," and one of his books, "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," bears the inscription "By Uncle Remus."

To come to anything like an adequate understanding of Mr. Harris's character and work one must go back to his boyhood, to his experiences during the opening years of the Civil War, for the impressions of these early days have furnished the inspiration for nearly all of the author's work, and certainly for all of his best work. Many years ago a wandering poet visited Mr. Harris, and in a pure vagrant spirit of humor wrote an article in which he spoke of the author, whose fame was just then rising, as being a native of Africa born of missionary parents, and described his hair as snow white, the result of a "strangely romantic career." This article circulated somewhat widely among the newspapers of the country, and as a matter of self-protection Mr. Harris wrote a short autobiographical sketch, the boyhood parts of which he afterwards expanded into a charming book called "On the Plantation," a most truthful picture of ante-bellum life in the South. This book gives some idea of how full and free the boy's life was, and how thoroughly he absorbed every experience. Mrs. B. W. Hunt, of Eatonton, Georgia, where the author was born, December 9, 1848, knew him well in his boyhood. She told me that he was shy, though amazingly mischievous, small of his age, red-haired, and freckled. He stuttered painfully, and yet so nimble was his wit that it was a bold boy who dared to twit him. In those days before the war Eatonton was the center of much wealth and culture, being the home of many rich planters who owned cotton properties in the country round about. Young Harris, however, came of poor parents, and he had few of the advantages which fell to his wealthier playmates. His schooling was limited to a few terms in the village academy, and at the age of twelve he was compelled to go out into the world, earn his own living, and help support his mother.

The book which interested and possibly influenced him most as a boy was "The Vicar of Wakefield," which his mother read to him until he could repeat whole pages word for word. Inspired by this famous old tale, he wrote a great many little stories in which the principal character, whether hero or heroine, astonished and silenced all the other characters by crying out "Fudge!" on every possible occasion.

"None of these little tales," he said years later, "has been preserved, but I am convinced that, since their keynote was 'Fudge,' they must have been very close to human nature."

From an early age he was passionately fond of reading—he could read when six years old—and a friendly postmaster allowed him access to the papers which came to the office. Here he would sit curled up on a decrepit old green sofa for hours at a time poring over the pompous editorials of the "Recorder," the "Federal Union," and the Milledgeville papers, then ringing with the discussion which was to find its culmination in the blood of the Civil War. And one day, while thus reading—the boy was then twelve years old—his eye fell on an advertisement, "Boy wanted to learn the printer's trade." A wealthy planter named Joseph A. Turner, who lived some nine miles from Eatonton, was about to start a weekly paper called the "Countryman," devoted to the lofty discussion of politics, literature, and religion. It was "modeled after Mr. Addison's little paper the 'Spectator,' Mr. Goldsmith's little paper the 'Bee,' and Mr. Johnson's little paper the 'Rambler.'" Published on a plantation miles from a post-office, it was a most unusual enterprise, and yet its editor possessed so much of the real genius of scholarship that the paper was an instant success, at one time reaching a circulation of 2,000 copies. With fear and trembling the twelve-year-old lad wrote an application for the place of printer's boy, and to his astonishment one day Mr. Turner drove in to get him. The author's account of how he left his home town and of his ride into the big world nine miles away is a chapter not to be forgotten. Here on the plantation the country life of the South, the negroes and their stories, fox-hunting, coon-hunting, runaway slaves, horses and dogs, opened suddenly and gloriously to him. He was a shy boy, but he drank it all in and thought about it. All the secrets of the woods and the fields lay ready to his inquiring mind.

"A partridge built her nest within five paces of the window where I learned to set type," he wrote, "and hatched her brood undisturbed. The cat squirrels frolicked on the roof, and a gray fox, whose range was in the neighborhood, used to flit across the orchard path in full view."

After young Harris had been in the printing-office for a time, the editor of the "Countryman" began to find little paragraphs in his paper for which he could not account. They were good, too. Finally he discovered that his printer's boy was composing them and setting them into type as he went along, leaving behind none of the incriminating evidences of authorship. Being a wise man and knowing the nature of a shy boy, he said nothing about it; but from that moment he took a deeper interest in the lad's welfare. He invited him to make use of his library, which contained a large and well-selected collection of the classics. Here were gathered the best books in the world, and the boy read deep and long, accumulating on one hand the thoughts of the masters and acquiring a knowledge of their style, and on the other learning the life of all outdoors, listening to negro stories around the cabin fires, and making friends with the dogs and the horses. For a thoughtful lad, there never was a better schooling. Here he spent the most impressionable years of his life. Here, sitting astride a fence, he saw a part of Sherman's victorious army sweep through the country on its way to the sea. Here he saw plenty and prosperity give place to want and ruin. And he thought about it all and treasured it up. When the "Countryman" finally failed, Harris, who was now eighteen years old and a first-rate printer, went to Macon, Georgia, where he was employed for a time on the "Daily Telegraph." Then he became private secretary to the editor of the "Crescent Monthly" at New Orleans, for which he soon began writing little paragraphs and sketches—

about the time that George W. Cable was first trying his literary wings in the same city. The "Crescent Monthly" was, however, doomed to wane, and Harris returned to Georgia as editor, publisher, printer, advertising and subscription manager, and devil of the Forsyth "Advertiser." Here he not only developed the biceps of his right arm pulling the lever of the old Washington press, but he began to write more freely, and with so much humor and sparkle that his work attracted the attention of the distinguished Colonel W. T. Thompson, editor of the Savannah "Daily News" and author of "Major Jones' Courtship." At Colonel Thompson's invitation he took a place on the "News" in 1871, being then twenty-three years old. He married in 1873 Miss Essie La Rose, the daughter of a Canadian sea captain. In 1876 yellow fever broke out in Savannah, and the author and his family went to Atlanta, together with hundreds of other fugitives. He registered at the hotel, "J. C. Harris, wife, two children, and one bilious nurse;" and when he came to pay his bill the proprietor told him he didn't owe a penny. "Why, sir," he said, "we're indebted to you at least three dollars." The young newspaper man had found a hotel filled with terrified fugitives in the lowest spirits, and his inexhaustible good humor and droll stories soon set every one in good temper again. Soon after this he found a place on the staff of the Atlanta "Constitution," and he has lived in Atlanta continuously since. Sam W. Small, the revivalist, was then one of the brightest members of the "Constitution" staff. Under the name of "Old Si" he wrote a column which had considerable vogue in the South. When Small severed his connection with the paper, the editor, wishing to continue this special feature, asked Harris if he couldn't write a column of sketches and stories. Harris thought he could, and upon consideration began the Uncle Remus stories. Almost before he knew it they were being copied in papers of such literary importance as the New York "Evening Post" and the Springfield "Republican," and his fame was soon upon him. He followed the second series of the Uncle Remus stories, which appeared for many months in the "Century Magazine," with a number of excellent short stories, the first two being "Mingo," published in "Harper's Magazine," and "At Teague Poteet's," which appeared in the "Century."

From this time forward for nearly twenty-five years Uncle Remus was steadily employed in daily writing, largely for the editorial columns of the "Constitution." During most of these years he had an office on the top floor of the "Constitution" building, where literary visitors to Atlanta sometimes sought him out and frightened him into speechlessness, but during the last few years he has done most of his work at home, visiting the office only for a little time each day.

The author was thus two men in one—the newspaper man of the daytime and the literary man of the evening. And in about twenty years he has written twenty-two volumes of stories and poems, some of which have gone into several editions. Some few years ago he severed his connection with the "Constitution" in order that he might devote all his time to distinctly literary work.

It was his custom for many years to write an occasional editorial on some subject pertaining to nature. He liked to celebrate the coming of spring, the fall of the leaves, the rain after the drought, all those things which have meaning and beauty for the nature-lover. Once he closed an editorial on "Midsummer Madness" with the characteristic advice, "The motto for summer is: Keep cool and don't fret; we may be happy yet." Another editorial bore the title, "Just Rain Enough."

"On every side," he wrote, "you hear people say that there has been too much rain." And then he goes on to ask: "But has the grass complained? Have the morning-glories entered a protest? . . . And so you say there has been too much rain! Go to, thou practical sinner! There has been just rain enough, and when another drop falls, just that drop was necessary to round out and complete the significant beauty of the grass and the morning-glories."

These editorials, like all of Uncle

Remus's work, exhaled an unfailing cheeriness and kindliness, which brought the reader close to the sweetness and simplicity of common things. Indeed, there is not one unkindly or fault-finding or cynical line in all the volumes of Uncle Remus's writings. Though brought up in the South in war time, and though he saw much of the terrible bitterness and desolation caused by the ravages of the victorious Union army, there is nowhere in his work so much as a touch of sectional hatred. Many of his stories deal with the troublesome days of civil discord, and yet all tend to heal and soothe the bitterness between North and South.

"We had enough war in 1865," he once said.

He has been tasked, indeed, with making the ante-bellum negro a better man than he was, dealing with his good qualities and forgetting the evil. One of his friends once said to him:

"Now, honestly, Mr. Harris, wouldn't Uncle Remus steal chickens if he got a chance?"

The author laughed. "If I follow the old man all day," he said, "you can't expect me to know what he does all night, too."

It was a characteristic answer: the author loves that which is good, hopeful, and wholesome in human nature; he doesn't bother with the ugly and the evil. He has shown how much goodness there is even in the lives of the very lowest of the low in the social scale. A runaway slave is the hero of many of his stories. Some of his very best work has been in the development of the pathos in the lives of such humble characters as Aaron of the Wildwoods, Blue Dave, Free Joe, Mingo, Daddy Jake, Mink, and others. The same simplicity which has given him an understanding of such characters as these has endowed him with an extraordinary genius for interesting boys and girls. Nearly everything that he has ever written can be read with interest by children, and much of his work, such as the Thimblefinger stories, which, in their collected form, are among his most successful books, "Plantation Pageants," "Daddy Jake," and other stories, was written especially for young people and is thoroughly appreciated by them.

Among his intimate friends Uncle Remus is a never-failing fountain of good-humored fun and kindliness, but among strangers he is as shy and unapproachable as a boy. From his youth he has had a slight impediment of speech, which begins to bother him as soon as he is among strangers. Let some hero-worshiper come to seek him out at his Atlanta home and he may depart without having had above half a dozen words with the author. Indeed, Mr. Harris's sense of humor is so keen, and the idea of his own fame so much of a joke, that no one has yet been able to lionize him. Many times have his friends in Atlanta sought to tempt him out to receptions and dinners, but all to no avail. It is rare for him to leave his home under any circumstances whatever, except to go to the "Constitution" office or the home of his married sons. Not long ago the daughter of one of his best friends and neighbors was to be married, and Mrs. Harris succeeded in persuading Uncle Remus to attend the dinner. She went early and he promised to follow. He got all ready, walked down the street to his friend's house, and even entered the gate, but there the lights and the music caused his heart to fail him, and he turned and went home—and thought of a good story, which just illustrated his condition, and Mrs. Harris found him chuckling over it when she came to find him.

Mrs. B. W. Hunt told me an amusing story of one of his experiences during a visit to his birthplace at Eatonton some years ago. It was the occasion of a local celebration, and the author occupied a seat on the platform with the famous Georgia orator Henry W. Grady, who had just made a ringing speech. Some of those in the audience who knew Uncle Remus began calling "Harris, Harris." Uncle Remus never made a speech in his life, and the dilemma was terrible to him. Suddenly, as the calls of "Harris, Harris," increased, he jumped up, pulled his old gray hat down over his eyes, and shouted, "I'm coming, I'm coming," and down he went from the platform into the crowd. Many efforts have been made to persuade Mr. Harris to give public readings from his books, but all to no purpose; yet, if he would tell his stories in public as he does among his intimate friends, there could be no doubt of his success. For Uncle Remus himself was not more prolific in stories than is his creator. The author is always being reminded of an incident, and he slips naturally and easily into the soft, slurring speech of the negro. He is a keen observer, and he gathers up in the street-cars and on his walks about his homestead all sorts of little by-plays of human nature, which he relates with great reality and effectiveness. The ridiculous and the humorous appeal to him instantly. When I told him that I wanted to write about him, he threw back his head and began to chuckle. After several silent explosions of laughter he said:

"That reminds me of Simon Sugg. He was an odd old fellow who used to live down the State. I knew him when I was a boy. Well, one day a friend met him.

"'Simon,' he says, 'do you remember Jim Hooper that went to school with us down at Monticello?'

"'Oh, Jim Hooper—of co's I 'member Jim Hooper; little slim fellow, wa'n't he?'

"'Yas. Well, Jim's gone and noveled you.'

"'Noveled me! hes he?' says Simon. 'Well, ding his hide!'"

No written words will tell the story as Mr. Harris tells it nor convey the doubtfulness and indignation expressed in the "noveled me!"—Simon not knowing in the least what "noveled" meant.

I shall never forget the author's story of how Br'er Tarrypin learned to fly. I do not remember now what brought it out, but it is a favorite story with him. He has already put it in the mouth of Uncle Remus in one of his books.

"Shoo, honey!" he says; "w'en you git ole ez I is, en yo' 'membunce crapes up en tickles you, you'll laugh too, dat you will. Talkin' all 'bout dish yer flyin' business fotch up in my min' de time w'en ole Br'er Tarrypin bored ole Br'er Buzzard fer ter l'arn him how ter fly."

Br'er Buzzard objects because "dey wuz mos' too much un Br'er Tarrypin in one place," but he finally yields and takes Br'er Tarrypin for a ride on his back. This was repeated several times until Br'er Tarrypin "got de consate dat he kin do some fly'n' on he own hook." So Br'er Buzzard carries him aloft, and "he sorter fetched a flirt en a swoop en slid out from under Br'er Tarrypin."

Mr. Harris pauses and chuckles.

"Ole Br'er Tarrypin," he continues, "he flapped he foots en wagged he head en shuck he tail, but all dis ain't done no good. He start off right side up, but he ain't drop fur 'fo' he 'gun ter turn somersets up dar, en down he come on he back—kerblam—m—m! He lay dar, old Br'er Tarrypin did, en try ter ketch he breff, en he groan en he pant like eve'y minnit gwine ter be nex'. Ole Br'er Buzzard he sail roun', he did, en look at Br'er Tarrypin, en bimeby he lit fer ter make inquirements.

"'Br'er Tarrypin, how you feel?' sezee.

"'Br'er Buzzard, I'm teeto'lly ruint,' sezee."

Here the narrator goes off into another fit of silent laughter. He repeats:

"'I'm teeto'lly ruint,' sezee.

"'Well, Br'er Tarrypin, I tole you not ter try ter fly,' sezee.

"'Hush up, Br'er Buzzard!' sezee; 'I flew'd good ez anybody, but you fergot ter l'arn me how ter light. Flyin' is easy as fallin', but I don't 'speck I kin l'arn how ter light,' sezee."

One who appreciates the pleasure and the perfection with which Mr. Harris tells these stories, and many more like them, is at no loss to understand his success in writing them.

Mr. Harris is a great lover of flowers, and he spends much time with his roses, of which he grows many varieties. He knows and is a fast friend with every bird of his neighborhood. Two or three years ago, to his great delight, he discovered one morning a pair of wrens building a nest in the letter-box on his front gate post. He sat half the forenoon watching for the postman in order to warn him not to disturb the wrens, and great was his solicitude until the wrens were thoroughly established. He watched and cared for them all summer long, until the young wrens were able to leave home. One day he wrote an editorial for the "Constitution" entitled "The Sign of the Wren's Nest," in which he told the simple story of his wrens. Since then his home has been known among his friends as the "Sign of the Wren's Nest."

A big-hearted sympathy and friendliness is one of the keynotes of Uncle Remus's character. A shabby-looking man once called at his door. It was a raw, chilly afternoon, and the man looked blue with the cold. He asked for old clothing. Mr. Harris said, heartily, "You're just the man I've been waiting for these two months. I've got a coat that will just fit you." In the same spirit his interest extended to all his fellow-workers in the literary field. Frank L. Stanton, the well-known Southern poet, told me of Harris's interest in his early work. Stanton was then writing for an obscure little Georgia paper, and Harris was accustomed to clip and republish his verses in the "Constitution." And once Stanton received one of these clippings bearing the words, "You're a good one.—J. C. H." Indeed, it was through Harris's efforts that Stanton made his first long strides toward success. If it were needful, stories of Uncle Remus's helpfulness and cheerful praise of others' work could be almost indefinitely multiplied.

Mr. Harris's fame as a poet has been somewhat obscurred by his fame as a story-teller, and yet he has written many verses, having much of the musical and rhythmic quality of Riley's, and treating of the same humble class of subjects. What could exceed the "go" of his "Revival Hymn," beginning:

"Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners 'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?"

In personal appearance Mr. Harris is somewhat below average height, a little stooping of shoulders, and inclined to portliness. He is deliberate in his movements and slow and drawling in his speech, with an ever-present tendency to drollery. Around his eyes the years have worn little wrinkles of humor; indeed, his face bears the seal of good humor, good health, and a pleasant outlook on the world. His hair, which, like his close-trimmed mustache, is reddish in color, is brushed stiffly back from a broad forehead. His eyes are blue and irresistibly good-humored. He is exceedingly simple and regular in his habits, a man who delights in the comforts of his home life. While not a great reader, he yet keeps up with current fiction to some extent, and his long training as a journalist has made him an indefatigable reader of the best American newspapers. He has four sons and two daughters and four grandchildren. His oldest son, Julian, following in his father's footsteps as a journalist, occupies the responsible position of managing editor of the "Constitution," his third son, Evelyn, being city editor of the same paper. He calls Mrs. Harris his "business manager."

And thus simply lives and works the author of Uncle Remus. It is refreshing to know that such a life is possible in these roaring days of self-assertion. It is refreshing to find a man who has no vaulting ambitions to gratify, who loves his home, his children, his garden, and his joke, who is healthy of body and soul, who helps freely where he can, whose labor, the measure of his happiness, is the simplest expression of that which is best in his life. Assuredly this is the simple life of which we have had report.

The Politician

Carven in leathern mask or brazen face,
Were I time's sculptor, I would set this man.
Retreating from the truth, his hawk eyes scan
The platforms of all public thought for place.
There wriggling with insinuating grace,
He takes poor hope and effort by the hand,
And flatters with half-truths and accents bland,
Till even zeal and earnest love grow base.

Knowing no right save power's grim right of way,
No nobleness save life's ignoble praise,
No future save this sordid day to day,
He is the curse of these material days,
Juggling with mighty wrongs and mightier lies,
This worshiper of Dagon and his flies.

The Statesman

Born with a love for truth and liberty,
And earnest for the public right, he stands
Like solitary pine in wasted lands.
Or some paladin of old legends, he
Would live that other souls like his be free;
Not caring for self nor pelf nor pandering power,
He thunders incessant, earnest hour by hour,
Till some old despot shackles cease to be.

Not his the gaudy title nor the place
Where hungry fingers clutch his country's gold;
But where the trodden crouch in evil case
His cause is theirs to lighten or to hold.
His monument the people's true acclaim,
And title high, a love more great than fame.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

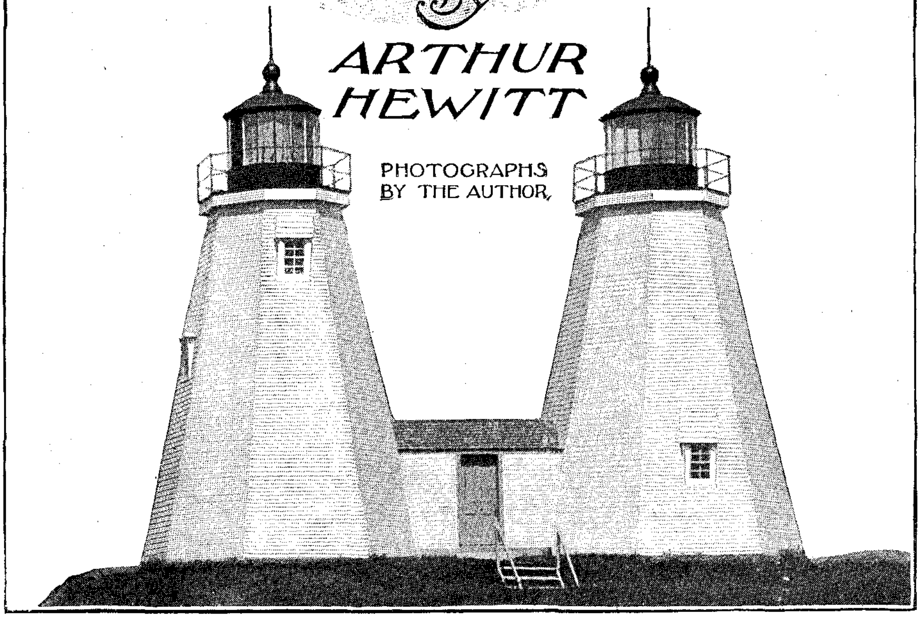
Ottawa, Canada.

SIGNALS OF THE SEA

By

ARTHUR HEWITT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



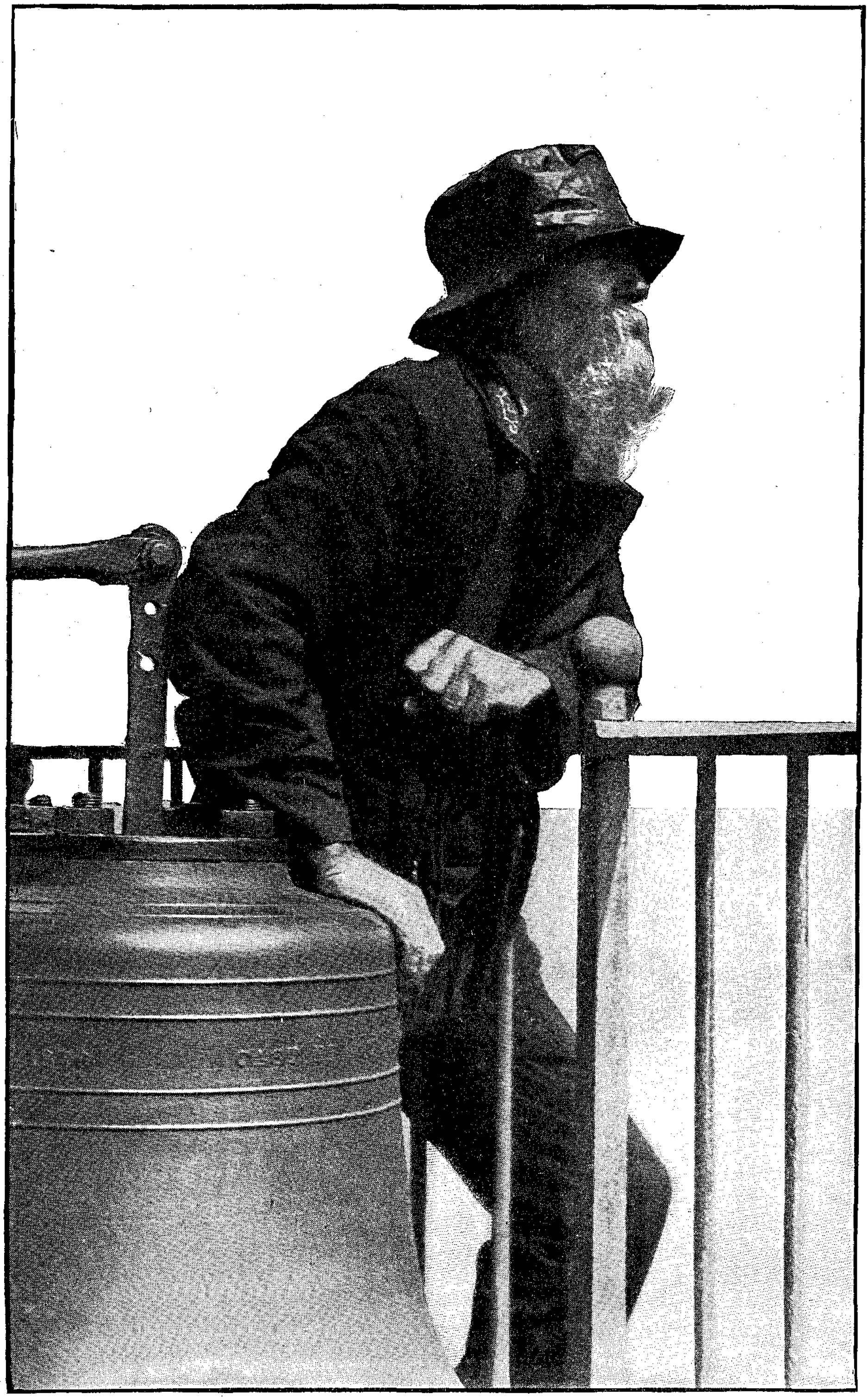
EIGHT bells had just sounded midnight when I boarded the United States Lighthouse Establishment's tender Larkspur; she was to be away at daylight on a duty cruise up Long Island Sound. The inspector of the Second District at Staten Island had arranged for my reception. The massive iron gates of the yard opened to admit me, and I was passed from the night police to the quartermaster aboard ship.

Early the next morning all was bustle and astir, and I was awakened by the letting go of the lines and the throb of the engines. Leaving the comfortable quarters where I had slept, which were those used by the inspector or members of the Lighthouse Board while on their visiting tours, I was soon up on deck. I introduced myself to the captain, and he invited me to take a position in the wheel-house, where the routine work of the day became of great interest.

Steaming under the East River bridges, up through tortuous Hell Gate, it was not long before we passed "Execution Rocks" lighthouse. It looked very picturesque in the early morning light and long shadows as I photographed it—an isolated group of buildings, consisting mainly of the white tower of the lighthouse with a curious circle of brown about midway of its height, and of a granite dwelling occupied by the keeper on one side, together with a fog signal building on the other.

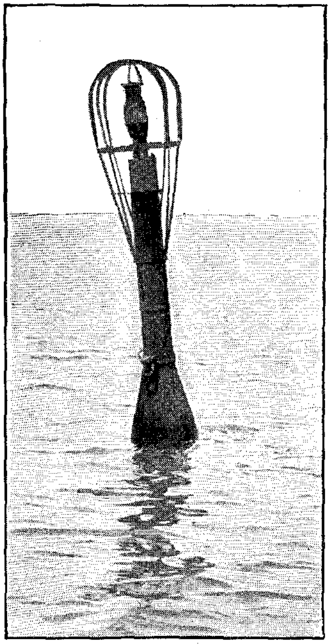
It was now breakfast time, and certainly the Japanese cook gave us a splendid meal in both quality and quantity. The Government allows its officers a dollar a day for mess—a liberal figure; while the crew get but thirty cents—not enough.

On inquiry I found that our first mission



ON THE LOOKOUT

of duty was to land coal at "Great Captain Island Light," to be used there for generating steam needed to operate a powerful six-inch steam fog siren. I went ashore and chatted with the keeper. He showed me over his quarters and explained his light; everything was remarkably spick and span. His eyes, however, bore the look of a constant sufferer—eyes dulled by anguish and continued heartache. Wondering at this, I inquired how he liked the life; he replied, "It was all right while *she* was here, but now 'tain't any good any more." Strange are the men of the sea; how surely they know their duty and do it; they are enlisted for a war with wind and sea and fog; their life is spent in this unceasing vigil, each day's work with no limit of hours. When I inquired why, now that his life's partner was dead and gone, he did not ask for a transfer where scenes would at least be new and therefore brighter, he muttered something about not wishing to "bother" the inspector; he might as well keep the light, some one had to do it. And now at times as I lie abed in my own little home some ten miles further up the coast, and hear the steam siren of Great Captain Island belching out over the fog-laden waters its three-second blast at half-minute intervals, I cannot help but ponder on its lonely keeper.


A MODERN GAS-LIGHTED BUOY

The coal was all landed, the Larkspur's whistle was blowing, and again we were steaming up the Sound. Next stop was off Stonington, in which harbor a heavy tide had caused a buoy to drift from its mooring. The tender was to tow it to its proper anchorage, where it marked the deeper water of the channel. Now, to find the exact given position of a signal, it is necessary, in nautical terms, to "take ranges," or find where certain given lines of vision converge to one spot. For instance, the buoy in which we were interested had to be in a position where the eye could see in a northeasterly direction a church steeple ashore come in line with the end of the breakwater; and at the same time a gap in a line of trees on the western horizon had to be seen directly over a certain fisherman's cottage on the beach; then, again, a prominent boulder on the shore should appear between two chimneys of a distant factory.

It is quite a delicate matter to get all these angles. However, after considerable maneuvering, the skipper shouted "Let go," and the buoy, heavily chained to an anchor, once more marked a safe course for mariners.

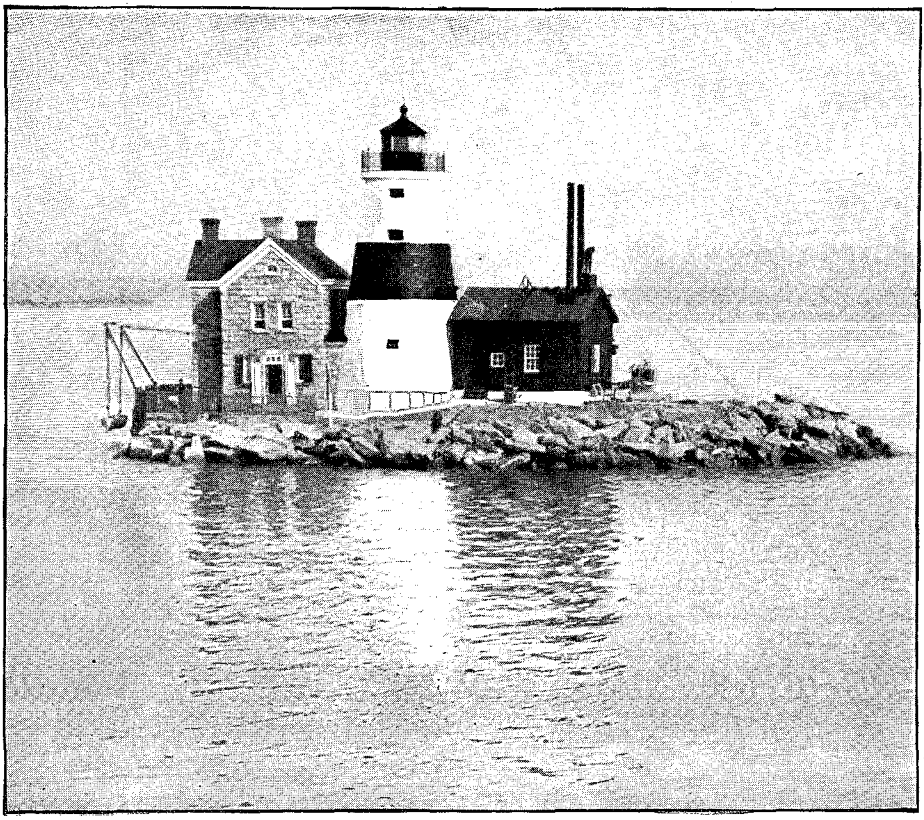
A lighthouse tender has always plenty to do, and crowds lots of work into a day. Once more we are off, this time heading for Faulkner Island. Just as night came, we finished landing oil there; this was taken ashore in a sail-boat, as the tender dared not run in very close, for it was an exceedingly rocky and treacherous place. It was midnight when we reached New London harbor, where orders for further work were expected. We tied up to the Government dock for the night, having accomplished about seventeen hours of work.

New London light, an ancient-looking white octagonal tower, was visited next morning. It is equipped with both lantern and fog-horn at its summit, a most unusual thing.

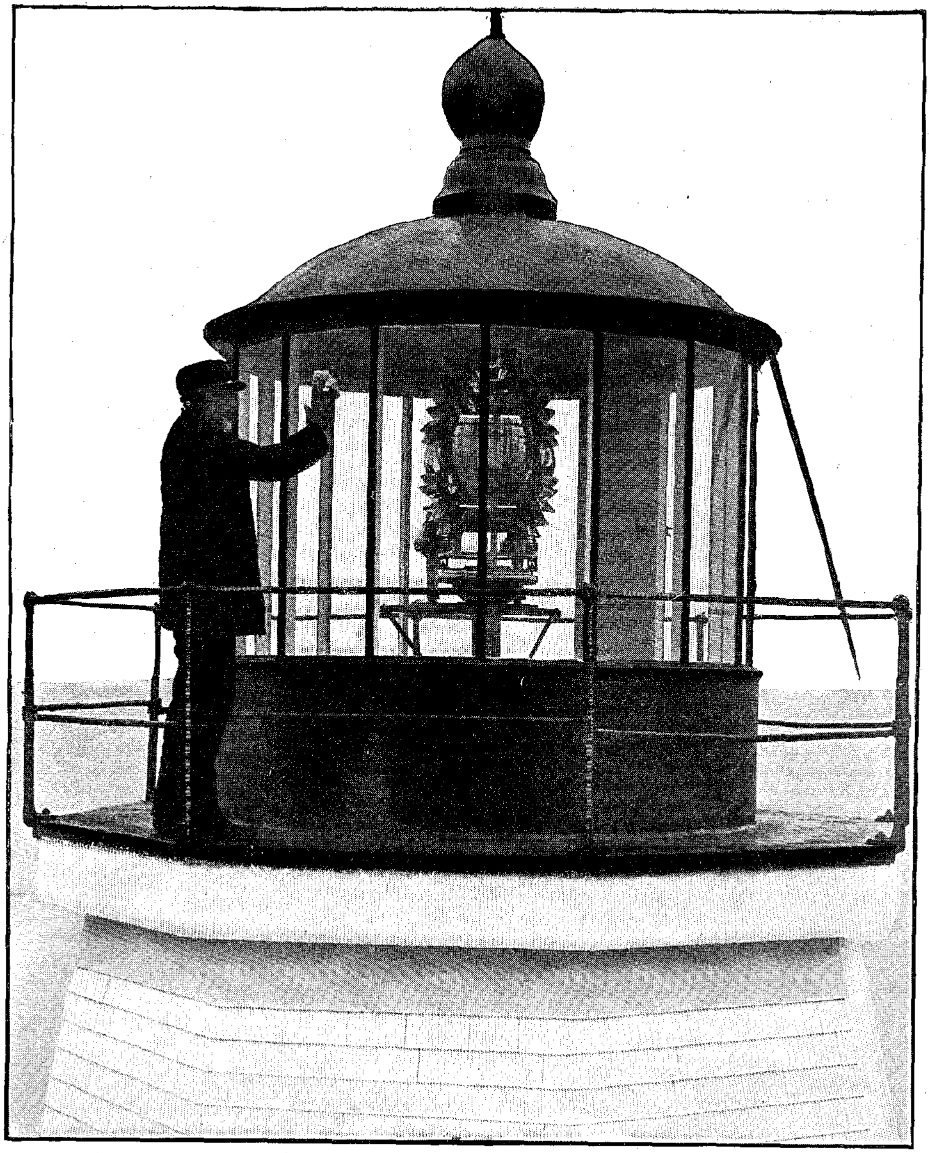
The keeper, a Swede, was a very intelligent man; curious to relate, he was a connoisseur in violins, about which he told me a great deal and tried to tell me more; but I wanted to know of other things—the sea and ships.

When we were in the tower talking of fog, he told how one night, when he was operating the horn, and "the fog was so thick yer could have cut it with a knife and it fairly stuck in yer throat," suddenly the sound seemed to strike something and reverberate with a strange echo against the lighthouse. Instinct told him that this was caused by the sails of some ship quite near by and in immediate danger of running on the rocks. He shouted a warning to the invisible ship, and between the blasts of the horn surely enough there came back an answer. He had altered the vessel's course just in time.

Fog is the great *bête noire* of the mariner; the sea's signals are, under certain conditions, of comparatively little use to offset its dangers. Lights cannot be seen, and the wind often makes the various other signals unreliable, the sound being carried in quite an opposite direction from the one needed. I well remember an instance of this in my own experience; late one evening I had left the Maine coast in a small sloop bound for Monhegan Island, some fifteen miles out to sea. The fog was very thick, and we were steering by the compass, expecting to "make" the island by hearing an immense steam horn in use there. A whistling buoy was also anchored at the entrance of the harbor. Of course on the night in question the light could not be seen, and not a sound could we hear from the other two danger signals; the sea was running high, and the waves, swashing against the sloop, drowned any feeble sounds we might otherwise have heard. We were all on the alert, yet all but ran ashore; the roar of the breakers was our only warning; the captain slammed the helm over quickly, and, luckily catching a puff of wind (a difficult thing to do on a lee shore), we sheered off just in time. But seeing and hearing those breakers had told our skipper where we were; perhaps it was something peculiar about the waves' manner of dashing on the rocks. Five minutes later we were in the harbor. I saw next morning by daylight the course that we had previously taken in the fog,



EXECUTION ROCKS LIGHT STATION

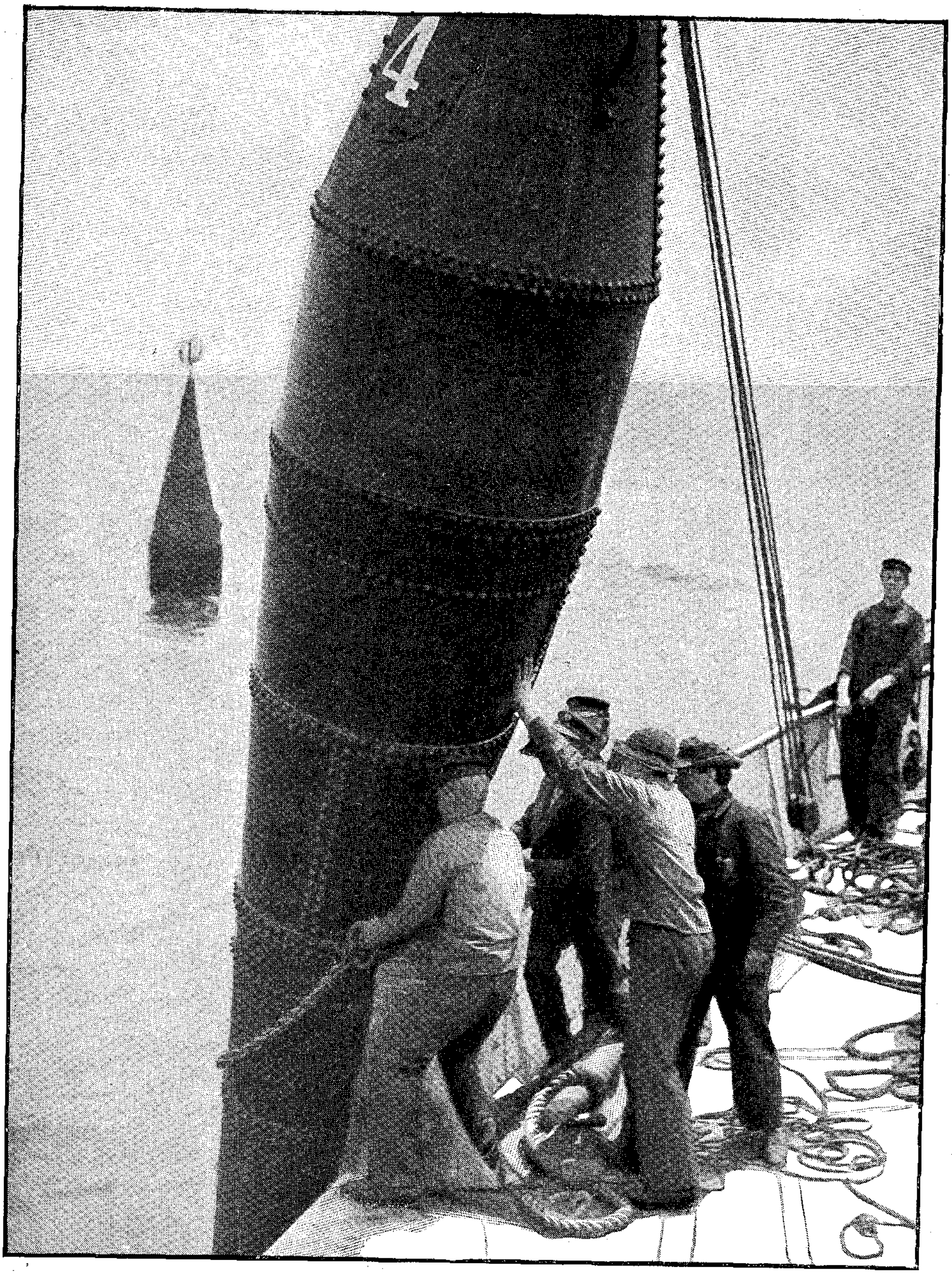


CLEANING THE LANTERN

and when it was pointed out how we had dodged in and out between the great rocks I was amazed.

But I must return to the Larkspur. Telegrams had arrived ordering us to change a buoy off Newport, and then take in tow on our return journey a lightship, stationed on Brenton Reef, which was to be repaired. Steam up, we left New London for the rocky ledge outside Newport. There we set a new "first-class can buoy," an unwieldy thing to handle, especially in a choppy sea which often washed over the decks and men, causing the buoy to be very hard to manage when hanging to the derrick from which it was lowered. A mistake might easily mean that several men would be crushed. The accompanying photograph I made just as the men were hoisting in the old buoy, the size of which can easily be realized.

As we had the lightship in tow, no stops (except to anchor in a bay for the night) were made on the homeward journey. Early the following day we arrived

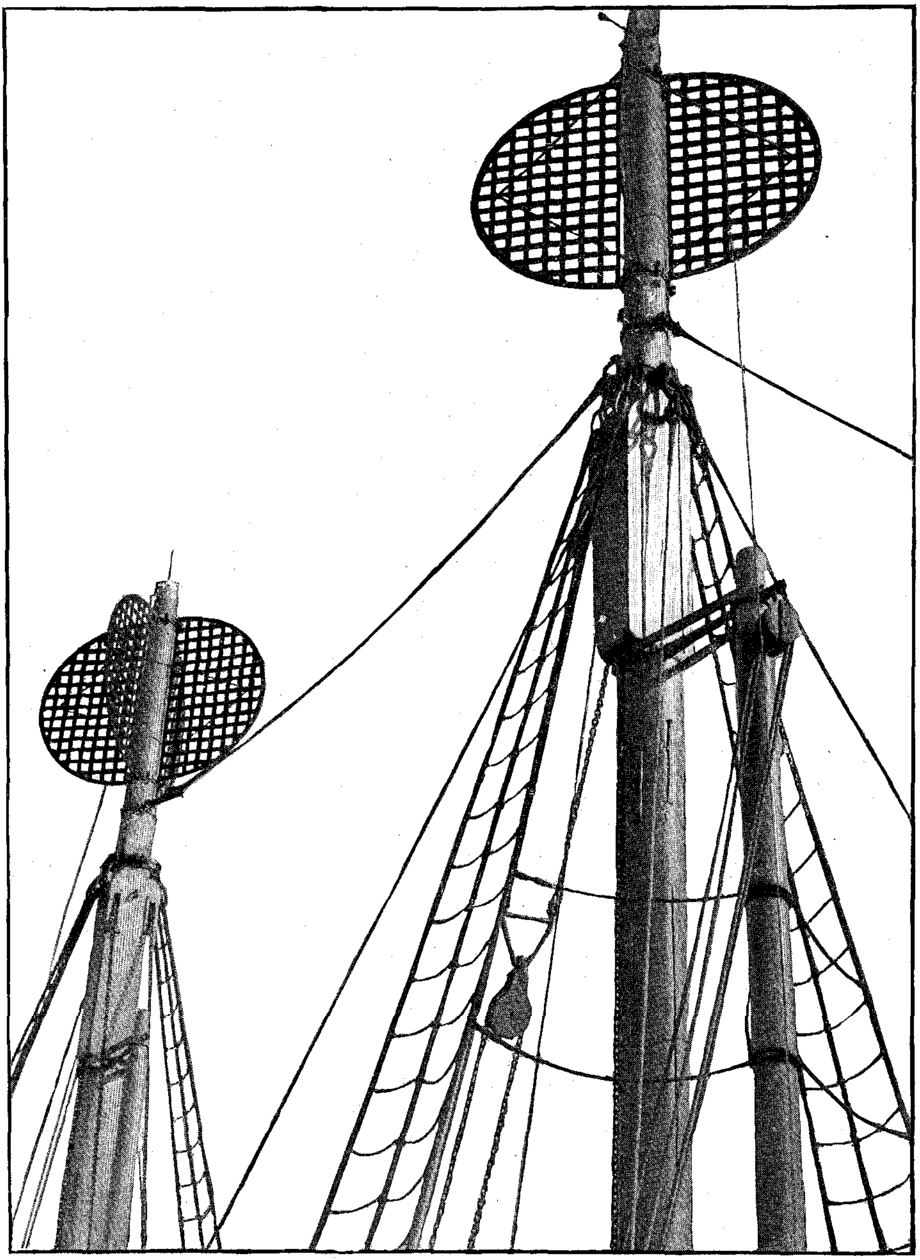


HOISTING IN A CAN BUOY

once more at the Staten Island depot. Though it was Saturday, and officers and men had had a busy week of it, yet, as I was taking my leave, I heard the order given, "Be ready to run out to Fire Island Lightship, and have steam up four-thirty Sunday morning."

While it is not my purpose to describe in detail the various signals in use, it is interesting to know that the lighthouses are divided into four classes, each class varying in intensity of illuminating power. First-class lights are in use only on capes and important headlands; some lights are red, some white; again, some are fixed, others are *flashing or revolv-*

ing. Their various characteristics are described in the "Blue Book" of the Service supplied to every mariner, who by this means, when approaching shore, knows exactly what kind of a signal to look for, and can therefore readily find his path on the sea's highway. Day signals on land are called beacons, while buoys of several kinds mark the approaches to the channels in harbors; some are lighted at night; these are filled with acetylene gas. Other buoys emit sounds automatically produced by the action of the waves; some have a bell attached to them, within which is a ball of metal; another kind is the "whistling" buoy; as it rocks, air is pumped into a sort of musical instrument attachment.



THE DAY SIGNALS OF A LIGHTSHIP

Fog signals are also varied; some are thus interestingly described in the Mariners' Guide I have just mentioned:

(1) A 4,000-pound bell struck by machinery a double blow every 20 seconds.

(2) A 12-inch steam chime whistle, blasts 3 seconds, silent intervals 27 seconds.

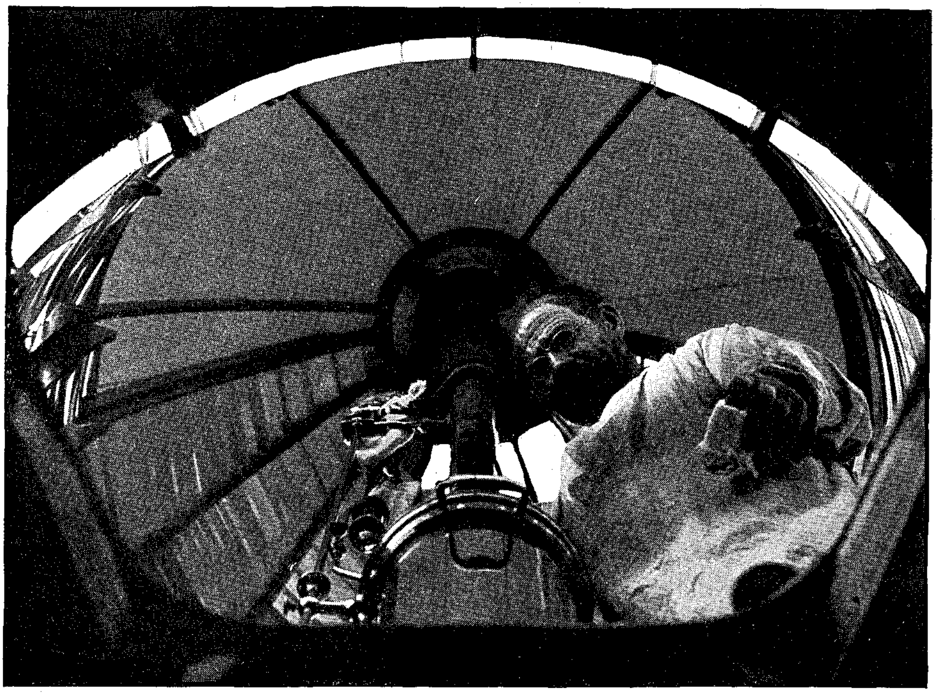
(3) A first-class Daboll trumpet, blasts 3 seconds, silent intervals 12 seconds. If trumpet is disabled, a bell will be struck by hand.

Some of these signals, blessings indeed to sailors, are so loud and weird in their shrill or low moaning utterances that they become a veritable nightmare to the would-be sleepers ashore. One or two of the loudest sirens can be heard over twenty miles out at sea.

Again, another very important class of signal is the Light Vessels; these are anchored, as a rule, in deep water, as a guide for mariners to run to, before approaching the shallower and more dangerous shoals. It is perhaps of interest to note that the Cornfield Point Lightship, shown in an accompanying illustration, is moored in 162 feet of water in Long Island Sound, and is situated about midway of Long Island Shoal and seven-eighths of a mile south of it.

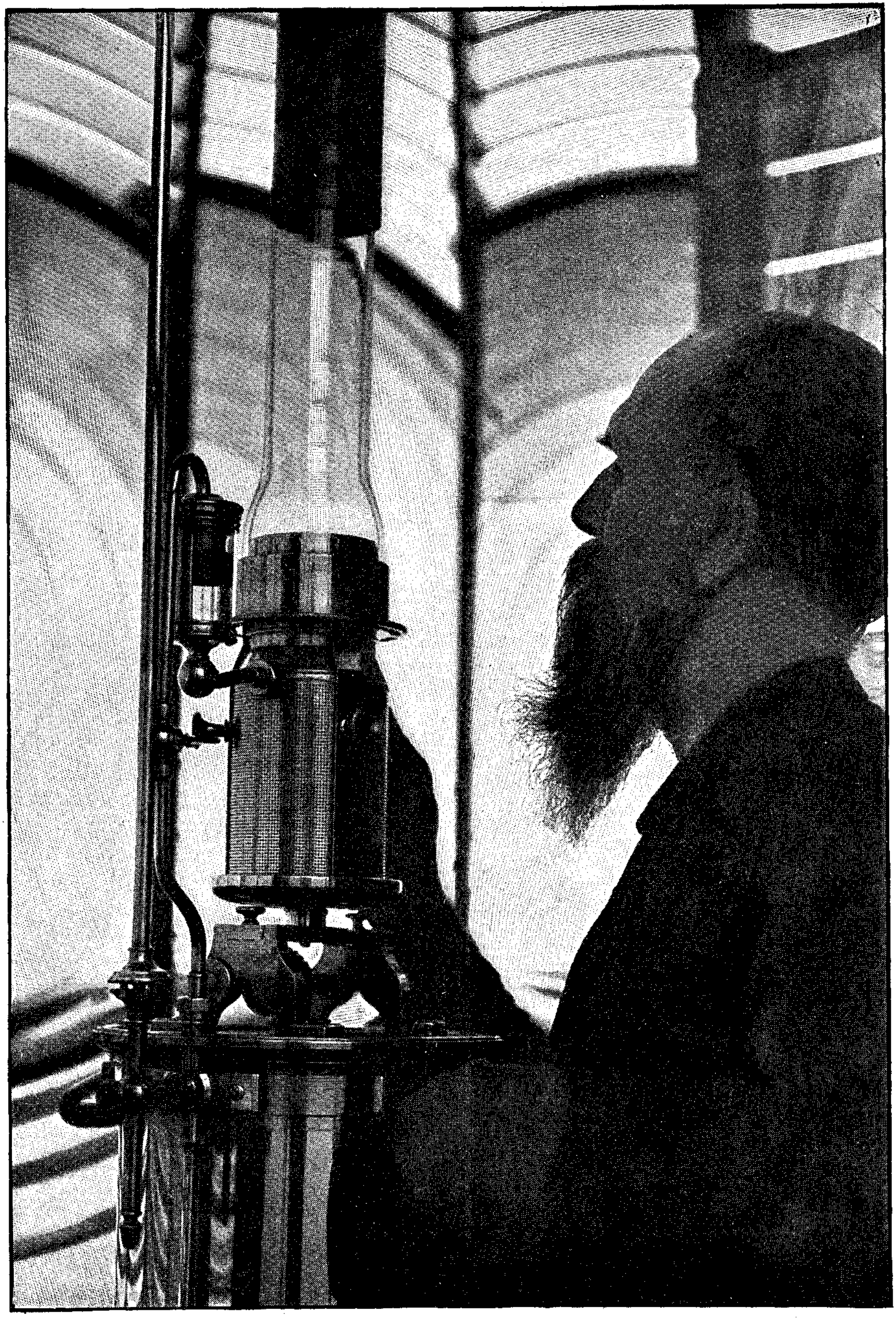
These ships are built of very strong timbers. In what are apparently, at first sight, deck cabins the lights are housed and trimmed; at sunset they are lighted and hoisted to the mastheads, the tops of the cabins opening to allow of upward ascent. The lights generally weigh about three tons. Life on a lightship is naturally a monotonous matter, and also it is at times dangerous. Last winter the fury of storms and masses of drifting ice tore many of the lightships from their moorings at one time or another, setting them adrift until rescued by the service tenders. For obvious reasons, the men aboard these ships are allowed half their time ashore on leave—a month on duty and a month off.

One interesting trip made in connection with this article was to the old Plymouth Light. It is one of the few twin lights of the service, was built in 1769, and can therefore claim to be one of the oldest. It serves as a guide to the entrance of Plymouth harbor, and marks the headland of a spur of



INSIDE THE LENS OF THE MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT

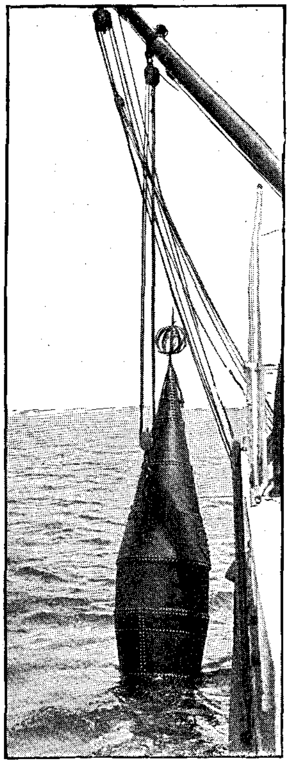
To see this illustration to the best advantage, hold it over the head and look upward.



INSIDE THE LENS—ADJUSTING THE BURNER

sand seven miles long called "The Gurnet."

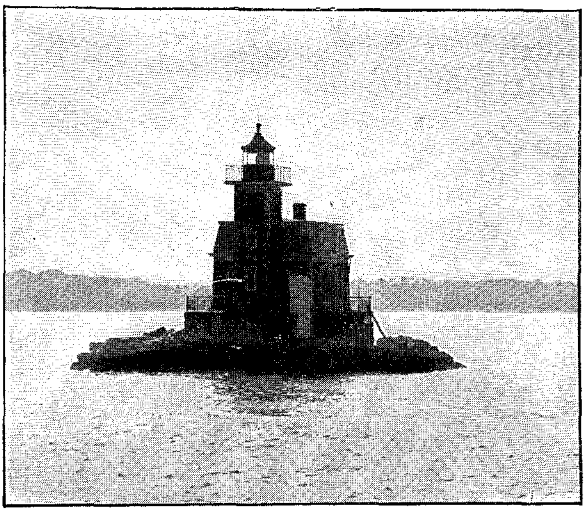
Arriving late one evening at the quaint little Massachusetts town of Duxbury, and having still the seven miles of sand to traverse, I had some difficulty in persuading the one local livery proprietor to take me, for the tide was high, and therefore the better road on the hard wet sand at low water was unavailable.



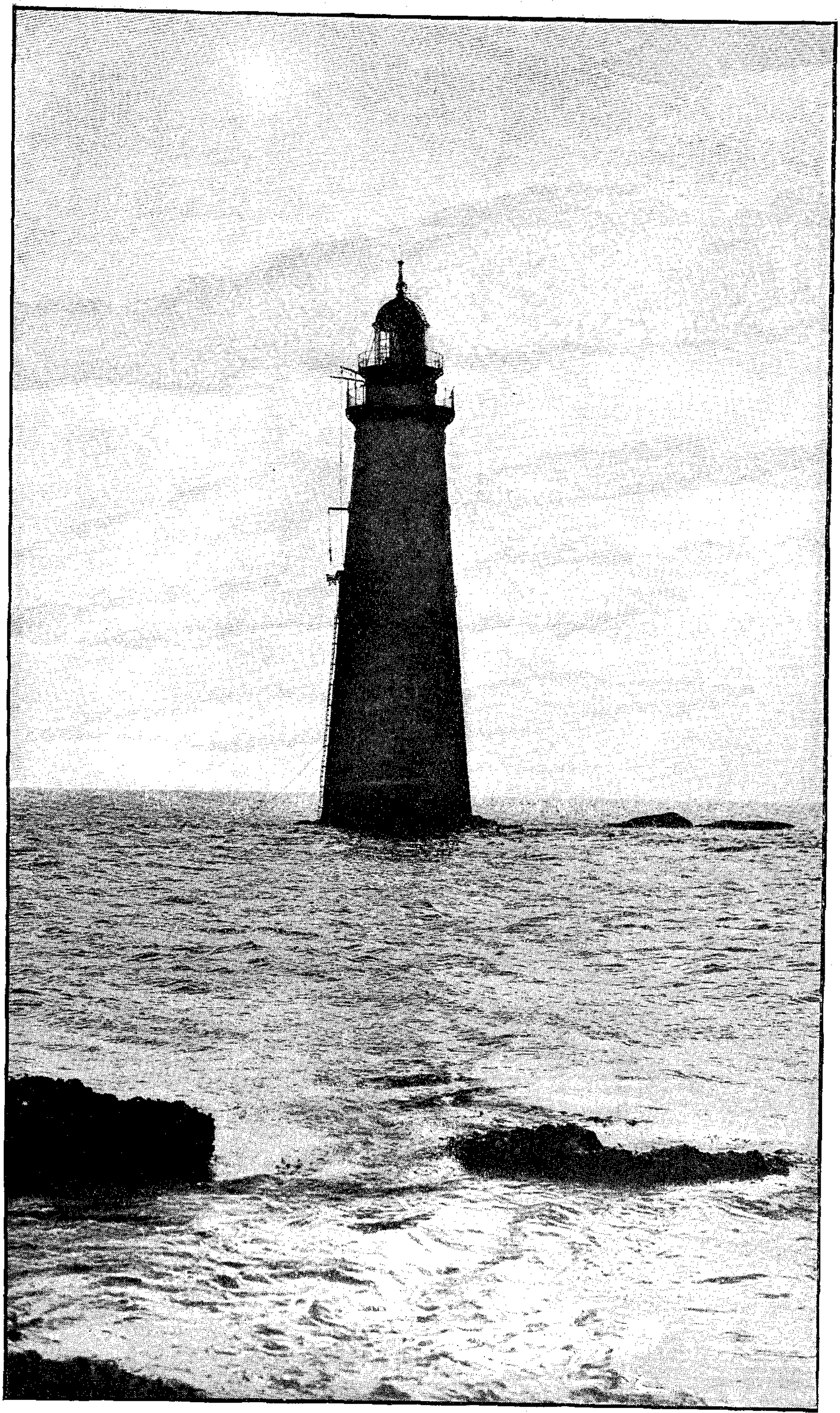
A FIRST-CLASS CAN BUOY

However, when I said to him that I should walk it if he didn't accommodate me, he consented. After the long, weary railroad travel of the day, to feel suddenly the fresh breeze of the open sea and hear the soothing lullaby of the waves, comfortably seated in an open buggy noiselessly moving over the sand, made even midnight travel indeed a luxury. My driver was soon asleep, and at times I, too, dozed, but luckily horses are sagacious, and ours found the way. Our destination reached, it did not take long for the keeper of the life-saving station to find me a bed, and after taking a prowl around the two squat-looking lights of the Gurnet, and seeing the head of the keeper poked inquiringly from his bedroom window, I also retired. I fell in love with this wild Massachusetts coast, and stayed there several days. I pictured Higgins, the keeper, cleaning one of his lanterns, made friends with the patrolmen of the coast, caught more fish in the channel in an hour than one generally gets in a month, watched the porgy seiners and lobstermen, and thoroughly enjoyed this almost deserted spot. Higgins and I often chatted. We disagreed on only one subject. I wanted Higgins to be photgraphed in the knockabout clothes he usually wore—he called them his undress uniform—but he vetoed this each time, and immediately donned the full regalia of the United States Lighthouse Establishment. Higgins, too, could be quite independent, and at times was not to be trifled with; he was a representative of the United States Government, and wished to be treated as such. I remember one day some tourists suddenly arrived on the scene and requested to be promptly shown over the lighthouse. "Maybe I will and maybe I won't," suggested the keeper, with some degree of dignity, and then casually remarked that in an hour's time he would be at liberty. When I left, Higgins's fat horse pulled me over the sands. Arriving at Duxbury once more, I took the train for Cohasset, where I was to visit the famous Minot's Ledge Lighthouse.

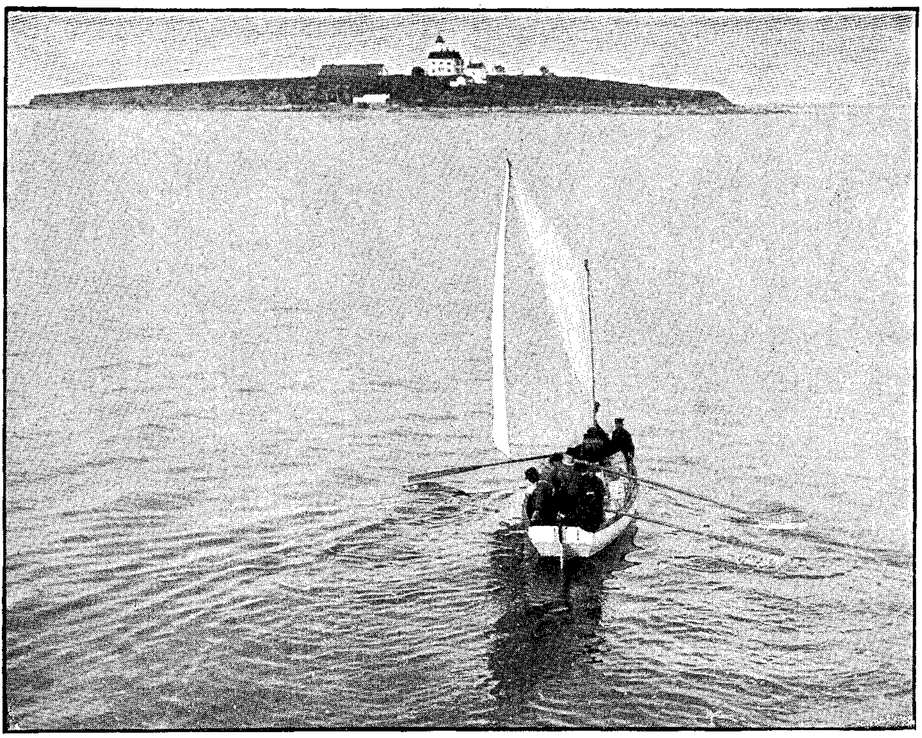
I had heard and wondered much of this round, ancient-looking tower that rises sheer up away out at sea. A lobsterman had taken me out from the shore in his sharpie, and we were in hailing distance of the keeper, standing in the doorway some forty feet above. From a ring fastened in the stonework of the lighthouse to a spar buoy some distance out is stretched a stout line. To this we moored, for to approach the rock even on a calm day is attended with danger, so vehement is the wash of



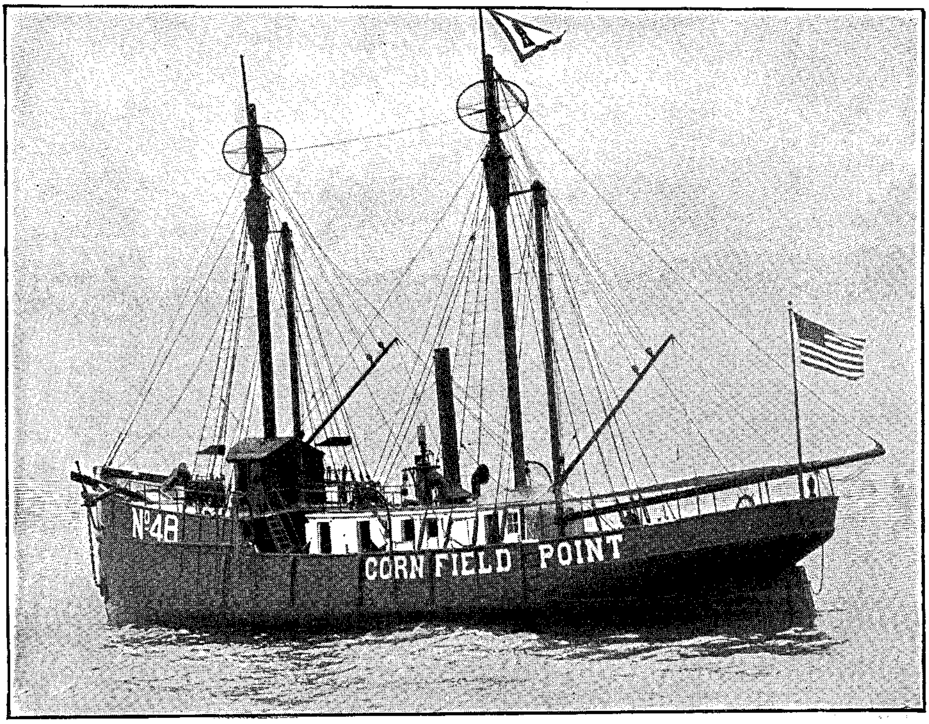
STEPPING STONES LIGHT STATION



MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT



TAKING SUPPLIES TO AN ISLAND LIGHT STATION


No48
CORN FIELD POINT

CORNFIELD POINT LIGHTSHIP

the waves at its base. I had heard that visitors were hoisted up in a chair, and so I waited and turned toward my boatman with an inquiring glance. He suggested my going up the ladder, as the chair way gave the keepers more work. I thought I saw his line of thought, which meant that I would have more chance of making friends with the men on the light if I went up in true seafaring fashion. Watching my opportunity as each wave played with our boat, one second half a foot, the next ten from the ladder, my second attempt proved successful—the first I would rather not describe. Scaling the slimy, sea-washed ladder, I came to the entrance, and was hauled in. I found myself in a circular stone-walled room, or rather cell. My first sensation was one of intense melancholy.

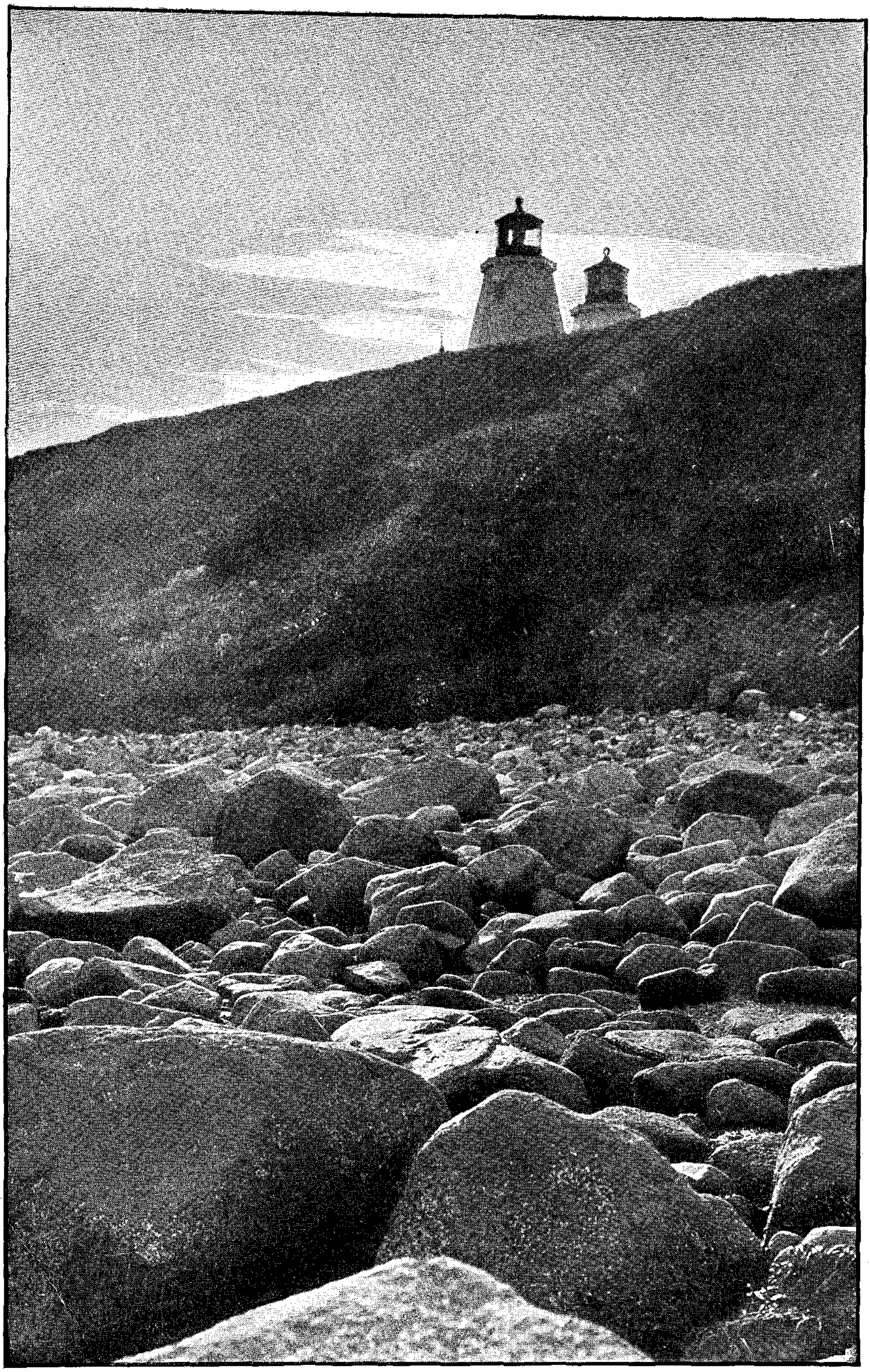
Turning to the elder of the two men, who was gray-bearded and weather-beaten, I sized him up as a Maine coaster, a "down Easter," in the local parlance. Neither man spoke to me, so I asked him if he knew of my errand. He answered rather bitterly, "No, I know nothing; he's boss," pointing to his companion, the second keeper, but in charge, a short, stocky Portuguese. So I inquired again. "Yes, I heard you were coming, but had forgotten all about it." My cameras were then hauled up in a basket, and the boat that brought me out moved shoreward. I was to stay all night on the light, a privilege seldom granted and probably seldom wished for. There was nothing cheering, nothing comforting about it. "Home, sweet home" seemed a mockery just then and very far off.

After being shown my room, or rather cell, the one generally used by the head keeper, who was having his turn ashore just then, I wandered upward, ascending stairway after stairway until I reached the summit. A huge fog-bell pointing seaward blocked my way even here. The lighthouse was built for business, not exercise. Soon the first assistant keeper joined me, and we chatted pleasantly together for a while. I was, however, suddenly called by the older man, whose voice came up from below. On arriving in the kitchen he explained just where I could find everything I needed. "When ye're hungry, help yerself. This ain't much of a place for eating; we don't bother about supper in the summer; it heats up the place too much." As a matter of fact, I wasn't hungry; the prison atmosphere of the place wasn't conducive to a good appetite.

I went back to the parapet, enjoying the fresh breeze, and watched the daylight fade. Presently, very quietly yet very promptly, the second keeper rose from sitting beside me; "seven-twelve," he muttered, and disappeared. It was sunset. I then heard an ominous clicking—everything seemed ominous on that weird prison of the sea. On investigation I found that the clockwork which caused the giant lens to revolve was being wound up, and the triple-wick burner of the lamp was already alight. The lens of a lighthouse needs a word of explanation. It is conical in shape and a veritable structure in itself. It completely surrounds the light; three men could easily stand inside the one on Minot's; it is composed of a multitude of prisms and several large bull's-eyes. These all work together, refracting and co-refracting the rays of the lamp, until miles away at sea they appear greatly magnified and intensely bright. So powerful is Minot's light that a farmer living on a hill twenty-three miles distant asserts that on a clear, dark night the rays of Minot's faintly flash across his bedroom; he proves his assertion by being able to count the flashes, which consecutively make the numbers one, four, three.

Each keeper watches the light four hours at a time; when one watch is over, the other keeper is awakened by an electric bell. The light is never left unwatched.

Turning in soon after ten o'clock, weary with the day's happenings, I noted but for a moment the rigidity of the bed before falling asleep. It must have been an hour or so later when I awakened with a start; some new phase of this strange life was being enacted. Grinding of machinery followed by a deafening clang broke the stillness every half-minute. It was fog. The great bell had started its warning note. Luckily



TWIN LIGHTS AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Established in 1769.

for me, the bank soon blew over, the tolling ceased, and I was again asleep.

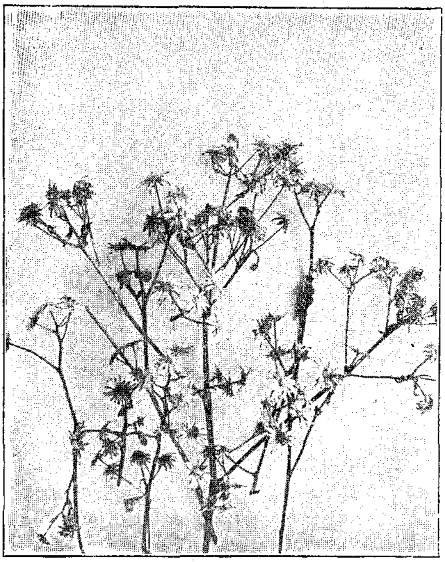
At four o'clock, at the change of the watch, I rose and dressed, if putting on one's shoes and jacket can be so called. On a lighthouse one generally sleeps in most of one's clothes; it is bitterly cold in winter and always damp. The toilet is completed at the kitchen sink from water drawn from a well in the granite base. At first thought this may appear crude, but experience has proved it best adapted to the circumstances.

Dawn was breaking as I once more gained the summit of the light. From my splendid vantage point on this stalwart buttressed castle of the sea, I could see on my right the sand dunes of the Boston coast, broken only by the pillar of another light, which even now was turning pale—sickly—going out; in front, as before, the long stretch of the sea, marked only by a distant lightship, and near it a pilot-boat making for a six-masted schooner. To my left I saw the sun rising glorious, splashing the water with her golden paint—water that morning still as glass, save where it rippled over the rocks of the ledge, for it was low tide. A few more minutes and it was daylight; the machinery was stopped, the lens ceased revolving. Our light was out.

Breakfast was soon steaming in the kitchen; the second keeper acts as cook. After thoroughly enjoying my meal with these strong men of the sea as hosts, I watched them at their work; the lens and lantern had to be polished, oil measured out and replenished; everything was done with a vigor and exactitude seldom seen in life ashore. It was interesting, too, picturing the older keeper looking seaward from the light; his face and manner of life meant to me almost more than the light itself. He told me of his battle with the awful solitude and how he had overcome.

My experience at the Light was in the calm weather of summer; but I learned a deal, when there, about nor'easters and their fury—when the seas rose high and almost obscured the light from the coast; when for weeks the keepers could not get ashore to be relieved; how the first lighthouse was destroyed by the fury of the elements; how, after the fateful storm in which the steamer Portland was lost, the next morning one of the present keepers of the light told me he saw no less than eight wrecks lying about it. When I went out to the light, the head keeper ashore had said to me: "Give me the address of your folks, lad; you may not get back just when you want to."

Long shall I remember my visit to Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, and long may the light stand as a monument to courage and achievement. A voice came from below; my lobsterman was waiting to take me ashore. I am in the boat, the lighthouse apparently receding; three notes on the great bell boom out over the water—the kindly keeper's farewell.


WILD ASTER

WILD CARROT

Ghosts of the Wild Flowers

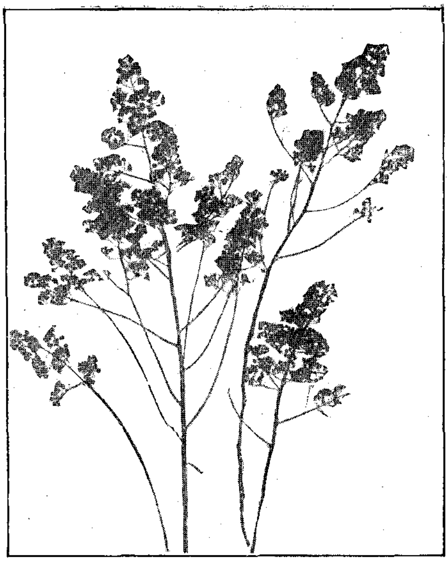
By Rosalind Richards

WE are terribly tidy. The idea of "clearing up"—the natural result of the days when the forest was an enemy to be struggled with—is still so general that time and again a cross-country walk is saddened by the sight of what the week before was a delightful roadside thicket, blossoming with elder and tiger-lilies, swept mercilessly bare by scythe and hatchet, with at best a row of maimed shade-trees left at regular intervals. Fortunately, this is getting more and more to be regarded as an outrage. Most people see the great beauty of the natural hedgerows (better fences than most of those made by hands), left to themselves, as they are in England, to come up a lovely tangle of wild creepers and flowering shrubs in and among the taller trees, with fringing ferns at their feet; that is to say, most people see their beauty *through the summer.* In winter we are too apt, in the country at large, to share the New England farmer's point of view and want the dead truck "tidied up."

Fortunately, Nature is not so rigorous, nor so short-sighted, in her housekeeping. Dead stalks, sleeping twigs, are left to fulfill their whole course, and, like everything in nature, are in their way perfectly beautiful, covering the land, from the smallest scrub thicket to the forests which cloak the mountains with a veil of soft color, violet, purple, and gray.

Closer to the ground we have the seed-vessels. I wonder that, with all our planting for special seasons, we do not always have some beds, or stretches of lawn, sowed with wild carrot, or Michaelmas daisies, for their seed-vessels in winter. They are of unspeakable beauty, whether bordering the thickets like spirits of the flowers which have passed, or, more exquisite still, when they form a delicate tracery of gray over the snow-fields. They make endlessly beautiful groups, the more striking in outline, like those of the evening primrose, and the bright warm brown ones of the meadowsweet and some of the tall clovers, contrasting with some of the more fragile shapes. Indeed, it is hard to say that a stretch of field flowers, wild carrot, goldenrod, asters, and daisies, is not as beautiful in winter as in

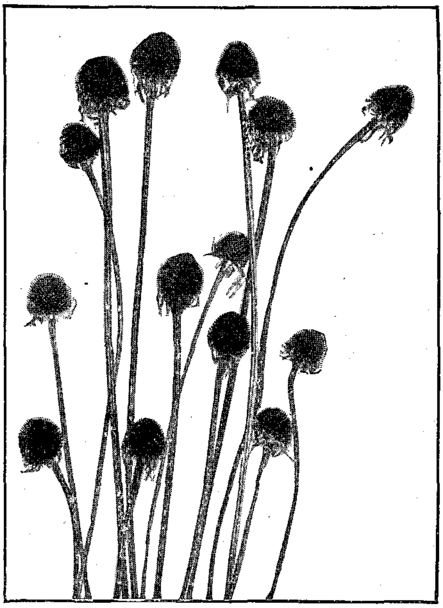
EVENING PRIMROSE



MEADOWSWEET

full August splendor. In some cases, as with the tall, handsome burrs of the burdock, the seed-vessel actually is more beautiful than the flower. It would be hardly practicable, in spite of their beauty, to cultivate burdocks, for one's neighbors would scarcely be grateful for one's æsthetic sense; but a very handsome field border of meadowsweet, evening primrose, or the curling spore-fronds of the ostrich fern, which are of a very rich warm brown, might be planted for their beauty against the snow; though, after all, the most beautiful are the wild asters and wild carrots—Queen Anne's lace—which offer an infinite variety of delicate and star-like shapes, standing perfect, for all their fragile grace, through the snow and the autumn rains.

BURDOCK



BLACK-EYED SUSAN

The Search for a Sluggard: A Tale of Three Ants

By Edwina Stanton Babcock

No sooner was the house built than Alonzo began to worry. I was in the storeroom arranging the eggs when I heard him at the back entry. He was running at the door hind-side first, as he always does when he's in a hurry. He says it gets him in the house sooner. "Wipe your feet," I called out from the storeroom; but he pretended not to hear me, and went scuffling through the hall, tracking mud after him. After I'd cleaned all day! I put my hands on my hips and looked at Alonzo.

"You feeble-minded skeleton!" I said, "what kind of a door-knob have you got for a head, anyway? Now you take every single lump of that dirt out!" And I followed him in and out of the door to see that he did it. Every turn he made I followed him, and wherever he laid a lump of mud I'd take it up and lay it in a different place, just to show Alonzo that he didn't know anything. While we were going back and forth, I asked him what worried him so.

Alonzo put down the mud he was carrying—he never could work and talk at the same time. "There!" he said; "I knew you'd ask me. I been hoping you would all along, Henrietta."

"How many miles?" I asked.

"I didn't say anything about distance," said Alonzo. "I said all along."

"Well—all along from where?"

"From anywhere," said Alonzo.

I looked sour. Alonzo will stand that way and tease me, and pretend to be stupid, till I'm so nervous! I put down the mud I was carrying.

"Where—were—you—when—you—took—to—worrying?" I said, as loud as I could. Alonzo went and looked out of the door.

"Where was I?" he repeated, in a sickly way that he thinks is funny. "Where was I? I don't know. Maybe I'd better go back to where I was and see where I was, and then come back here and try to remember where that was, and then see if I think I remember it's the same place."

That's Alonzo all over. He's tried my patience like that till half the time I don't know what I'm doing. But I've learned how to manage him. I pushed him back against the wall where he couldn't get away, and began eying him. Alonzo hates to be eyed. He says it takes all the strength out of his legs. "Oh!" he said; "oh, if you would only stop eying me, Henrietta—never could bear it, you know. I could talk to you better if you weren't here, I think. Oh, goodness! there goes one of my legs."

I saw that one of his legs was curling up, and I knew how mortified he was; for he's very proud, Alonzo is. So I stopped eying him, and after a while he grew a little calmer and told what his worry was.

It seemed that he'd been talking to Mr. Poindexter, the head of all the secret societies—The Mystic Hillers, The Red Foresters, and The Black Guard of the Long Trail; and that Mr. Poindexter had told him our house was built in the wrong place. "He says," said Alonzo, "almost anybody 'd have known better than to build where we have; says it's right where the Things walk; says he's done all he can to prevent it—built aqueducts and moats, but that there always have been Things coming there, and that—oh, dear! Henrietta, there goes another leg—that we're liable—no, he said we're sure to get stepped on."

I began fixing the eggs in the south chamber, number ten, and stopped up the door.

"Is that all?" I said, coolly.

Alonzo looked ashamed, but he said, in a sullen way, "All right, wait till you get stepped on. Everybody thinks they're funny till they get stepped on. You think you know it all, you do! Nobody knows it all till they've been stepped on; then what good does it do 'em?"

"Alonzo," I said, cheerfully, "go and get some groceries."

He brightened up a little. "What kind?" he asked.

"Oh, any kind," I said. "If you're going along and you see anything, make up your mind that that's the thing you wanted, and come home with it. That's the only satisfactory way of doing anything." Alonzo got his legs uncurled and started for the door. He put his head back to ask what direction he should take.

"Don't bother me," I said; "I want to think—use your own judgment."

Well, I stood at the door and watched him, and I saw him using his own judgment, and making straight for the natural bridges. He climbed upon one that leads right up into the air and doesn't go to any place. It was just like Alonzo to choose that sort of travel. "Give me plenty of natural bridges," he always says, "and I'll guarantee to bring up in the most unexpected places." But I didn't care where he went as long as I'd gotten rid of him.

I went back, and began moving the eggs to room thirteen, in the wing tower, and while I worked I worried. I worried up the corridors and down the corridors, and in and out of the different storerooms, but I couldn't see what we were to do to save ourselves from the Things unless we got a Guard for the house.

A Guard for the house! Well, that was an idea! Some one who could stand outside the door and look threateningly at the Things, and warn them off the place. All of a sudden a thought came into my head, and I seemed to see just as plainly as if it was written out in front of me:

"*Get a Sluggard.*"

A Sluggard! Why hadn't I thought of it before? A nice lively Sluggard, bright, industrious, and capable. It would be easy to get one, I knew. I've often heard Alonzo say the woods were full of them. So I thought I'd start right out while Alonzo was away, and look for one. When I got out of the door it looked like rain, so I stopped and built a wall around the house to keep the wet out. Of course that put me back some, but my cousin Liz came along, and she helped me. It wasn't much help, for Liz hasn't the same way of doing things that I have, and as we keep taking down each other's work and putting it up again in our own particular way, we didn't get along very fast.

I told Liz about our worries.

"I know where there's a Sluggard Bureau," she said.

"You don't say," said I.

"Yes, old Uncle Hank is the agent."

"Why, he hasn't any arms or legs," I said.

"Well, what do you expect of an agent?"

Liz is always taking up for agents. She says there'd be no manners in this world if it wasn't for agents.

I said I'd never supposed you could be an agent without legs.

"All you need is a tongue," said Liz.

"Well," said I, "that tongue will get you into places you'll need legs to get out of."

"That's nothing," Liz said. "If you've only got a tongue, you can put other people in places where their legs won't be any use to them."

A thought struck me just then, and I asked Liz if she wouldn't come and help me move the eggs to the center room before we went sluggarding.

"I don't care," said Liz. "Anything to keep going. Nothing like looking busy, I always say."

At last, when we were ready to go, we got into trouble trying to choose the direction we'd take for the Sluggard Office. Liz was for keeping to the right, and I was crazy to go to the left. I'm original that way; I always have a tendency to go contrary to any one I'm with.

Then, again, Liz wanted to go by bridge and I hankered after surface travel. She said bridges brought you out sooner to some place that looked like the one you thought you were going to. I said that was so, but if you didn't exactly know where you were going, it was better to get there more gradual, so you had time to turn around and go the other way if you wanted to before you really were there. Then Liz said: "Give me an extended view when I'm traveling," and I said: "When I'm traveling, give me a road nobody can shove me off of."

My common sense settled it. We went along the plain road, but in one way we didn't do as well as I expected in the matter of getting over the ground on account of meeting so many relatives. First it was my Aunt Tilly, nervous as ever and trying to lug a big bundle of stuff. She said she should have known me anywhere—I looked so much like every one else; then she went on. Next it was Liz's grandfather, hauling that big piece of straw that he's been dragging around for goodness knows how long. Of course we had to stop and speak to each one, and inquire after each other's families, and that always uses up a lot of time. Then, too, they all begged us to turn around and go the way they were going, and said we were traveling in the wrong direction for the Sluggard Office.

Liz was for turning back, but I put one of my feet down. "I'm pretty tired now," I said, "and I'll never get as far in any other direction as I have in this one, so I take that as a sign to keep right on," and keep right on we did.

All the way along Liz was asking questions about the Sluggards. Were they handsome? How many feelers did they have? Were their wings blue or red?

I couldn't tell; all I knew was my grandmother used to talk about them. She said they figured in history way back, and that they owed us more than they could ever pay us. She always said no one would ever have heard of Sluggards if it hadn't been for us.

Well, we walked around a few forests and an ocean or two, until at last we struck, entirely by accident, the Sluggard Bureau. We went all around it two or three times, looking for the door; then we started to go in. Liz said she should go in backwards, as it was a strange house, and if she found she didn't like it she could come right out without having to turn around. But I always like to see what I'm going into, so I went in head first.

Well, it was a grand place. The corridors were dark and stretched away in all directions. The assembly-rooms were the largest we'd ever seen. Everything was so neat and clean that we could see they'd kept the Sluggards working on the place till they could get situations for them. At last Liz said she saw "Sluggards! Fifth room on right" up on one of the walls, but it was so dark we couldn't tell our right hand from our left, and we got so nervous over it that two or three times we had to go back to the door to get a little air and find out which was our right hand.

At last we got to what was the fifth door from everything, and we went in. The room was very large, and it had heaps of seed and government supplies in it. It was a handsome room and a good place to keep eggs in, I thought, but of course the Sluggards hadn't dared use it for that, for it was the Agent's room.

The Agent was there. There he sat; he had his back to us. He got up; he came toward us; he had legs; he had arms; he had—— I clutched Liz. It was Alonzo!!!! . . . .

When she saw who it was, Liz screamed and began right away making a hole in the ground to get into, for she foresaw trouble between Alonzo and me. I was so excited I couldn't speak at first, but I thought I saw one of Alonzo's legs curling up, so I went right at him.

"You flat-headed snipe!" I said, "what are you doing here?"

Alonzo backed away, but he was very dignified. He kept his legs straight and was so cool I hardly knew him.

"I'm keeping Sluggard's office," he said, gravely.

"Where's the real Agent?" I snapped.

"Well," said Alonzo, "he wanted more excitement, and he's taking Christian Science to make his legs and arms grow again, so he can go to the wars and get heroized."

"Where are the Sluggards?" I demanded.

Alonzo wouldn't answer.

I went up to him and shook a feeler in his face till he blinked.

"Where—are—the—Sluggards?" I roared.

By this time Liz had gone way under ground, she was so scared, but Alonzo was as cool as a cucumber.

"Don't take on so, Henrietta," he said, condescendingly. "You're too high-strung. You worry too much, you know."

Well, I was so flustered and hot and excited I couldn't think of a word to say. I had paroxysm after paroxysm of dumbness, and Alonzo took advantage of me. He told how he'd lost his way looking for the grocery store and found the Sluggard Bureau instead, and how, as he didn't care to live where there was a chance of the Things stepping on him, he had just settled down where he was. Anyway, he said, it had always been his ambition to be an Agent and feel that he was somebody, so he just took the job, and it suited him. He liked it and he was going to stay, he said. Then he said I could stay, too, if I wanted to, seeing I had come so far, and so could Liz. Alonzo always did take to Liz. Well, I gave right in; that's the way I am. Never a word to say for myself; weak-hearted and meek, doing everything I'm told, driven this way and that. I'm easily bullied, I am. So I told Alonzo I'd just as soon stay. I was too nervous, I told him, to care what I did; and then Liz came up out of the cellar and said we'd have to begin work at once. All the rooms needed to be cleaned, and there were hundreds of eggs all in the wrong places. "We ought to have it looking nice for the Sluggards when they come," she said. "When are the Sluggards coming?" I asked Alonzo once more, but oh! Alonzo was so changed! He turned me right out of the office; he shook a feeler at me. "Now, Henrietta," he said, "understand me once for all. Don't ask me where the Sluggards are; don't ask me when they're coming. I am the Agent; I keep the office; I run the place; I give the orders; but there's a lot of brain work and business connected with it you couldn't possibly understand. Don't ask me any questions, Henrietta. I am the Agent!"

After all I'd done for Alonzo! After all the times I'd been so nervous over him! After all the times I've shown him when he was in the wrong! I went down the corridor to find Liz. I almost cried. "I don't believe there are any Sluggards," I said.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY SANDS & BRADY

MISS MARLOWE'S LATEST PORTRAIT
From a Photograph taken especially for The Outlook

Julia Marlowe: An Appreciation

By Elizabeth McCracken

A SHAKESPEAREAN scholar of some distinction, whose interest in the acted drama had led him to study it in many countries, once told me that nothing in connection with the stage in America so interested him as the persistency with which the American theater-going public has regarded Miss Julia Marlowe as a Shakespearean actress, absolutely and solely—when, during more than half the years of her dramatic life, Miss Marlowe has played, not Shakespearean rôles at all, but Lady Teazle, Lydia Languish, and Chatterton, and Julia, in "The Hunchback," and Constance, in "The Love Chase," and at least twice as many other characters, not one of which even remotely suggests Shakespeare.

"It is extremely interesting," he said. "Miss Marlowe appears, for instance, in 'Barbara Frietchie'—a somewhat chaotic melodrama—and, even while the public is crowding to see her and to applaud her, it is referring to her as 'our Shakespearean actress'! Or she plays in a dramatization of 'When Knighthood Was in Flower'—a dramatization not obviously constructed according to a plan particularly Shakespearean—and the audience says, not, 'We are seeing Miss Marlowe in "When

Knighthood Was in Flower," but, 'We have seen Miss Marlowe in Shakespeare.' It is extremely interesting," he repeated. "No other player in America, excepting Mr. Edwin Booth, ever made such a lasting impression—an impression, moreover," he added with a smile, "which has stood not only the test of time, but the more severe tests of 'The Cavalier,' and 'Colinette,' and 'When Knighthood Was in Flower'! No matter what she acts, Miss Marlowe, it would seem, remains 'our Shakespearean actress'!" He mused for a moment, and then, quite involuntarily, he exclaimed: "And how naturally she always acted Shakespeare! And how naturally Shakespearean she always is, even when she is acting something else!"

It is difficult to embody, even in the most plastic words, that quality which we call dramatic genius, a quality so elusive that it always evades us, and yet so clearly defined that we never can mistake it. "How naturally she always acted Shakespeare! And how naturally Shakespearean she always is, even when she is acting something else!' These words are not adequately descriptive of Miss Marlowe's rare gift; but do they not perhaps describe it as adequately as any phrases can?

Much stress has been laid upon the value to Miss Marlowe of the careful training she received in the enacting of Shakespearean rôles; but, valuable though that training unquestionably was, Miss Marlowe's pre-eminence as a Shakespearean actress rests, as even in the beginning of her career it rested, not in her technique, but in a certain radiance and sweetness of personality which so ally her mind with the mind of Shakespeare that his words seem as her words, and his heroine as herself. "How naturally she always acted Shakespeare!"

Her Viola is the Viola that we all claim as our own, and as Shakespeare's. We have seen other representations of the part. Only last winter we saw an English Viola enacted in the Elizabethan fashion, without the aids of ornate scenery and elaborate costuming; and we saw an American Viola, played after the American custom, with the help of every device which the ingenuity of the stage-carpenter, the scene-painter, and the costumer could suggest. There can be no doubt concerning our interest in those two Violas, and no doubt with regard to our gratitude to them for giving us again the pleasure of seeing "Twelfth Night" on the American stage. But did even the enthusiasm which they aroused in some of us lead us to yield to them the place in our affections held by that other Viola whom we remembered; that gentle, shy, and tender maiden, so fearful and yet so brave, whom we saw so much longer ago than last winter, in the palace of the Duke Orsino and in the Lady Olivia's garden? We have forgotten, perhaps, with what manner of furnishings the palace was furnished, and we do not recall the arrangement of the flowers in the garden; but Viola—we have not forgotten her—Viola, "in man's attire" of pale blue silk and silver, her eyes so soft, her smile so wistful, and her voice so sweet.

"Why is it," I once heard some one ask a dramatic critic, "that we think of Miss Marlowe's Viola as Shakespeare's?"

"Well," said the critic, meditatively, "I suppose the reason must be that Miss Marlowe's Viola *is* Shakespeare's!"

And her Rosalind, do we not think of that, too, as Shakespeare's? One of my friends, a Polish girl, who lives in a tenement district, was once giving me a detailed account of Miss Marlowe's production of "As You Like It," which she had just seen for the first time. She described the first act briefly. "And then," she continued, with growing delight, "Rosalind did come in again, dressed like a man, in doublet and hose, with a boar-spear in her hand. And she did look up and smile and say, 'Well, this iss the forest of Arden.' It had been just the stage before; but after she did come and say *that*, it wass not the stage any more; it *wass* the forest of Arden." She paused for a moment, to assure herself of my appreciative sympathy with her joy in the transformation, and then she went on: "The others, they did call her Ganymede; and her father and Orlando, they did not know her, that she *wass*

Rosalind. And yet, " she concluded, in some perplexity, " it wass so eassy all the time to see that she *wass* Rosalind."

Has not this been the experience of most of us? Have we not found it easy all the time to see that Miss Marlowe is Rosalind? When, in the play of " As You Like It," she comes " in again," does not the stage cease to be the stage, and appear to our eager eyes to be indeed the forest of Arden itself?

Perhaps no one of Miss Marlowe's impersonations has so kindled the imagination of her audience as has her impersonation of Imogen, that " lily of a maiden," of whom even the cruel Queen said:

> " She's a lady
> So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
> And strokes death to her."

How " tender of " the " rebukes " which fell upon her Miss Marlowe's Imogen was! I remember seeing the play upon one occasion in company with a somewhat sensitively responsive girl, who was but little accustomed to seeing plays acted, though she read Shakespeare rather more extensively and habitually than is usual in the case of a young girl.

" Oh," she exclaimed, as the play ended, " it is so sorrowful! I hadn't realized it before! If it did not end happily, it would be sadder than ' Romeo and Juliet.' I hadn't realized it," she repeated.

" And you do realize it now?" I said.

" Why, yes," she replied. " How could I not, after seeing Imogen!"

Miss Marlowe's critics have been very nearly unanimous in saying that while her Rosalind is the most charming of her Shakespearean impersonations, her Viola the most poetic, and her Imogen the most tender, her Juliet is the most wonderful. Juliet was the first important Shakespearean rôle enacted by Miss Marlowe; enacted, too, when she was not many years older than Shakespeare has made his heroine. She was such a sweetly timid little Juliet in those days—but she was Juliet. She wore a quaint white dress, fantastically embroidered with gold threads; a circlet of pearls held her waving hair in place; and more often than not, when she came into the " room in Capulet's house," in response to the call of her nurse, to talk with her mother about how stood her " disposition to be married," her hands held the flowers which even then adoring little school-girls were wont to send to her " with affectionate greetings." She was a naïve little Juliet then—but she was Juliet. Even those members of her early audiences who have never again seen her, remember her. She is to them their Juliet.

How shall we explain why, except by saying that even then she acted Shakespeare so naturally? Several years after those first performances, when Miss Marlowe's genius had expanded, and her power of dramatic expression had widened and deepened, Mr. Howells said of her maturer conception and presentation of Juliet: " She was throughout natural; and to be natural in the ideal is all that art can do or criticism demand."

And, now, Miss Marlowe is again playing Juliet; and the critics, both professional and unprofessional, have much to say concerning it, much that is

> " All so learned and so wise,
> And deserving of a prize!"

The great public, that public which Miss Marlowe has ever found loyal and devoted, it has somewhat to say, too. One of its members, who has seen Miss Marlowe in very nearly all her many plays, sent me a long, printed review of one of these new performances of " Romeo and Juliet." With the review was a penciled note, which said: " She was always my Juliet; but now she is Shakespeare's; and yet, some way, more mine than ever."

Miss Marlowe is about to play Beatrice again, too. Some of us remember the Beatrice she showed us shortly after she first showed us Juliet. Mr. Clement Scott once said that Miss Ellen Terry's gentleness debarred her from any possibility of true success in acting the part of Lady Macbeth as Shakespeare intended it to be acted. More than one of Miss Marlowe's critics is inclined to say that Miss Marlowe's innate and ever-present sweetness must needs take from the signally sharp wit of Beatrice that keen edge which Shakespeare gave it. But will not that same endearing sweetness bring nearer to us than it has yet been brought that lovableness with which, to an even greater degree, Shakespeare endowed his Beatrice?

Miss Marlowe has realized so many of our dreams of Shakespeare's women; we find it next to impossible not to expect that she will realize as many more. So clearly do we see her with our inner eyes; as Cordelia, as Hermione—most clearly, indeed, as Hermione—as Portia, and as "the fair Ophelia." As Ophelia we soon shall see her, with our outward eyes. In the course of time she may play Cordelia, and Hermione, and Portia. Who can tell? As that Shakespearean scholar said, the American public has so persistently regarded her as a Shakespearean actress, absolutely and solely.

To be sure, she has played much that was not Shakespearean; but how "naturally Shakespearean" she was while she played it! She spoke the uneven lines of "Barbara Frietchie" as though they had been the most rhythmic of blank verse; and rescued its most absurd scenes from the slightest hint of absurdity by the mere force of a large and beautiful sincerity. One enraptured spectator exclaimed: "'Barbara Frietchie' was a melodrama; Julia Marlowe touched it, and it became a poetic tragedy!" The extravagance of the exclamation is evident; but scarcely less apparent was its occasion.

Miss Marlowe's serious-minded admirers regretted her appearance in "Barbara Frietchie" only a little less than they deplored her assumption of the rôle of Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Of the several inconsequent plays with which Miss Marlowe has made for those admirers an occasionally recurring "winter of discontent," no two have been more tantalizing to them than these two; and perhaps no one quite so disconcerting as the latter. Miss Marlowe was so charming as Mary Tudor; so infinitely more charming than the play justified her in being! She bewitched her audiences; but this circumstance only added to the distress of her serious-minded admirers. "Why not bewitch them with Shakespeare?" they questioned; "if as a Shrew, why not as Shakespeare's?"

But even these questioners would not willingly surrender the memory of the picture Miss Marlowe made as the young Queen of France, in all the splendor of her jewels and her crown, and her robe of royal blue, with its gold-embroidered fleurs-de-lis. As some one whimsically said, "She looked *exactly* as she would have looked had the play been Shakespeare's!"

Those of us who saw her as "The Queen Fiammetta" remember well how incongruously like Hermione she looked—and was. A member of a Browning Society told me—somewhat plaintively—that "when Miss Marlowe played Colombe in 'Colombe's Birthday,' she seemed to forget that she was not playing Rosalind in 'As You Like It.'" And even in Mr. Esmond's distinctly modern drama, "Fools of Nature," Miss Marlowe, to more than one spectator, suggested the England of Shakespeare's day rather oftener than she suggested the England of to-day, in which latter time the action of the play takes place.

And this because she is so naturally Shakespearean when she is acting Shakespeare, when she is acting something else, when she is not acting at all. She has a glowing imagination, which warms into life whatever it may touch, and she has a transforming fancy which gives to that which she has made vital an abiding loveliness. Her feeling is so sure; her feeling for beauty, her feeling for truth; her feeling, too, for "the humorous side of things." She is at once so poetically ideal and so humanly real. This may explain, if anything can explain, the peculiarly personal love with which she has always been regarded, not only by her personal friends, but also by her audiences in all parts of America, by widely differing persons who have seen her only on the stage, and have, in some instances, seen her only once.

Upon the occasion of Miss Marlowe's very first public appearance as a "star," which appearance took place even before she essayed Juliet for the first time, she played Parthenia, in the naïvely romantic drama "Ingomar," in the village theater of a little town in Connecticut. The next morning one of the local newspapers declared that she was a genius, and prophesied that before the end of her career she surely would wear a crown of diamonds.

The end of Miss Marlowe's career is still, happily, far off; she is to-day at the very height of her power. She was never quite so beautiful as she is now; the mastery of her touch was never quite so certain. It is indeed a fitting time for a return to Shakespeare.

But Miss Marlowe is not wearing that predicted crown of diamonds! Last spring she appeared again as Parthenia in a New York theater, before a metropolitan audience; an audience no less, but rather more, ready than that former audience in the town in Connecticut to declare her a genius. She wore a crown, but it was a crown of delicate white anemones, fresh from the May woods, fragrant with the sweetness which the wind and the rain and the sunshine alone can impart. And even to Miss Marlowe's serious-minded, most lovingly exacting admirers, that crown of wild flowers seemed exquisitely worthy of her, and she seemed exquisitely worthy of it.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Literary Criticism. Selected and Edited by William Morton Payne, LL.D. (The Wampum Library.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×9 in. 318 pages. $1.40, net.

The various specific forms of American literary development are exhibited successively in the series to which this volume belongs. The evolution of American literary criticism began late, although preceded by harbingers of no small merit. To Edgar Allan Poe Dr. Payne assigns the credit of having established it upon a sound though somewhat narrow basis. What Poe, and the successors who improved upon him, achieved in critical literature is the subject of Dr. Payne's judicious and illuminating Introduction, in which not only the greater names, but the names of those who have made minor contributions of value, are recorded with due appreciation. The body of the work thus introduced by its editor consists of selections from twelve representative writers, from Poe to Henry James—writers born later than 1850 being excluded by his plan—typically illustrating the characteristics of each in the field of criticism. Valuable in themselves taken separately, these selections in combination enable the reader to form a distinct idea of the evolution through which literary criticism has advanced during the period which includes them. For a critical appreciation of them the Introduction contributes much in concise and generalizing judgments.

Beauty Through Hygiene: Common Sense Ways to Health for Girls. By Emma E. Walker, M.D. Illustrated. (The Woman's Home Library.) A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 306 pages. $1, net.

A handbook giving sensible instructions for exercises in breathing and simple calisthenics, for care of complexion, hands, feet, general care of the health; also advice concerning outdoor sports and allied topics. In the chapter on "Exercises in Housework" the author says: "You do not realize how you can turn nearly every part of housework into a fine physical exercise."

Baby's Friends. (Saalfield's Muslin Books.) The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 7½×9 in. 16 pages.

Biddy's Episodes. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¼×7¾ in. 327 pages. $1.50.

The bright procession of happy-hearted girls that set out years ago under the leadership of this popular writer bids fair to keep on forever. Biddy has the same eager interest in her fellow-creatures that Leslie Goldthwaite had thirty years ago, and Mrs. Whitney has not lost her individuality nor her general common sense, conveyed through somewhat involved conversations, as of old. There is keen, sound wit in the parable of the marauding hen applied to the restless yet high-minded girl, Betty.

Bits of Gossip. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 233 pages. $1.25, net.

These reminiscences are almost startling, showing, as they clearly do, the great changes that have taken place in American ideas and training within the life of one woman. Mrs. Davis's personality gives a particular interest to what she modestly calls gossip. She lived on the border before and during the war, and saw and felt many tragic events. While a young girl she met, in Concord, the group of American literary men, and her lively comments upon them are very entertaining. Her admiration for Hawthorne and her amused contemplation of Alcott have not changed with the years. She defends stoutly the claim that in early days there were both manners and character outside of New England and Virginia. Also before the birth of the New Woman our country was by no means an intellectual desert, as she is apt to suppose. Mrs. Davis's pungent comments upon modern education and manners, while not altogether adverse, show a keen appreciation of differences. Altogether, this vivacious chat, based upon a sound estimate of our land and people, and expressed in clear, fine English, is most entertaining.

Black Friday. By Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 409 pages.

From a conspiracy to "corner" gold, which caused such panic in Wall Street that it gave the name Black Friday to the day of happening, basis and title were borrowed for this book, in which Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, and other famous financiers of the period figure in a wooden sort of way. The story is thoroughly commonplace, which it should not be, for the subject affords scope for a powerful novel.

Bonny Lesley of the Border. By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 331 pages. $1.50.

The author undertakes to give an entertaining and wholesome love story for girls, and to present true pictures of life in Michigan when that State was being opened up as a new territory, with a caravan train, house-raising, Indian raid, log school-house, spelling-bee, and occasional trips to Detroit as essential features. The book would be better if there were less of it. It may serve a good purpose in stimulating study of the pioneer period in the Middle West.

Book of Clever Beasts (The): Studies in Unnatural History. By Myrtle Reed. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 231 pages. $1.50.

Any one with a taste for the ridiculous will enjoy the wit of this absurd book. The clever parodies and keen thrusts at "students of natural history," by Mr. Johnson-Sitdown, investigator of Unnatural History, are irresistible. The calm audacity of a writer—and a woman at that—who can perpetrate atrocious puns by the score is marvelous. "Little Upsidaisi," the field-mouse, who learned the Morse code of telegraphy, and Jagg, the Skootaway Goat, who ate the written questions of his man friend and after due digestion replied to them, and Kitchi-Kitchi, the squirrel, who retained his Indian name, as did Upsidaisi; and Hoot-Mon the owl, and Jenny Ragtail the rabbit, and Hoop La the fox, are a group of creatures we can never forget. Snoof, the bear, who lived on the garbage-heap of the Geyser Hotel, seems a familiar figure, and the history of Jim Crow, the impertinent thief who slept with his feet in Mr. Johnson-Sitdown's face and gave him crow's-feet, has a reminiscent air about him. Peter Newell's art is exactly adapted to these stories, which will arouse many a laugh even among protesting readers who cannot manage more than one tale at a time.

Boy and the Outlaw (The): A Tale of John Brown's Raid on Harper's Ferry. By Thomas J. L. McManus. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8 in. 408 pages. $1.50.

With the best intentions, the author of this romance, founded upon the tragic scenes of John Brown's Raid, has not succeeded in producing a coherent and well-knit story. Many touches here and there are good indeed, but the whole effect is dreary and crude in workmanship. The life depicted was sordid and the people coarse, but the effort to lighten it by forced humor is not successful. The boy is a real boy, but the mulatto certainly is a creation of an unbalanced imagination.

Brownies in the Philippines (The). By Palmer Cox. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 12×10 in. 144 pages. $1.50.

The Brownies need no introduction to their old friends, the children, who will find them as interesting and grotesque as ever in their rambles in our new possessions, where they don native costume, climb palms, drink tuba from cocoa-trees, kill serpents, capture monkeys and tigers, and take observations in rice fields and tea farms.

Captains and the Kings (The). By Henry Haynie. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 337 pages. $1.60.

Short sketches of persons eminent in many walks of life, from chiefs of State to chefs of kitchens, compose this well-illustrated volume. The author, a newspaper correspondent, understands what people like to read, and how to narrate it entertainingly. Among the dozens of celebrities whom he introduces, Mr. Lincoln, to whom a page and a portrait are accorded, is the only American. Mr. Haynie, a native of Illinois, has met many distinguished Europeans, and his book is devoted to personal reminiscences.

Childhood. By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12¾×10 in. 46 pages. $1.25, net.

Katharine Pyle has learned how to sing to children. The dominant note in these verses is just the busy seriousness of a happy child who loves to play. Wind, rain, snow, sunshine, clouds, springtime and summer, with all they offer, are here for the little folks, who are charmingly pictured by Sarah S. Stilwell in clear drawing dashed with occasional bits of color.

Collects of the Book of Common Prayer (The). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3½×6 in. 124 pages. 75c., net.

Corneille and Racine in England. By Dorothea Frances Canfield. (Columbia University's Studies in Romance, Philology, and Literature.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 289 pages. $1.50.

A most interesting account of the intermittent efforts to gain for Racine and the two Corneilles an enduring place on the English stage. The movement took definite form with the Restoration of Charles II., continuing throughout his reign, and being renewed with vigor upon the accession of Anne, during whose sovereignty numerous translations were made. Interest then died out until 1750, when another serious attempt was made to transplant the masterpieces of these French dramatists. In the failure of the movement the author finds "a striking exemplification of the truth that national taste is a natural organic growth, and that no efforts, however competent and strenuous, can radically change its inherent nature." She has explored her subject with sympathy and diligence, giving a description of the most noteworthy representations, and critically examining the translations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Incidentally she assists the student to an appreciation of the conditions of the English drama during the period.

Courtesies (The). By Eleanor B. Clapp. (The Woman's Home Library.) A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 234 pages.

Crusaders (The): A Story of the War for the Holy Sepulchre. By the Rev. A. J. Church. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 321 pages. $1.75.

Mr. Church retells in the guise of fiction the story of the many fruitless attempts to recover the city of the Holy Sepulcher from the Saracen, putting the account of the adventures of the Crusaders into the mouth of that interesting legendary personage, the Wandering Jew, who purports to give a first-hand narrative. The idea is ingenious, and the author, at the risk of becoming prosaic, carries it to its logical conclusion, imbuing his tale with a quaint, old-world, old-time flavor which fully compensates for any dragging of interest due to the characteristic discursiveness of the imaginary story-teller. The Crusades studied in detail are the first, third, and eighth, with a preliminary survey of Peter the Hermit's ill-starred expedition. By this selection Mr. Church is enabled to devote his space to the most noteworthy sieges and battles, and to the doughty deeds of such leaders of the hosts of Christendom as Godfrey of Bouillon, Richard Cœur de Lion, Philip of France, and Louis IX. He has exercised care in the choice of sources and has followed these closely.

Day Dream and Even Song. By Frederic Fairchild Sherman. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 67 pages.

Divine Fire (The). By May Sinclair. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 597 pages. $1.50.

This story of English life portrays the struggle of a poet to be true to the divine light within him, and the struggle of a man not bred a gentleman to lift himself to the full realization of that term in soul and conduct, a plane of aspiration revealed by accidental association with a true lady of high degree. There are power and intuition in the character-drawing; Lucia, Rickman, his co-editors, fellow-writers, and boarding-house associates, are real and human. The book is overlong, conversations are often fine-spun and tedious, for pathos we have bathos in more than one instance, where too elaborate stress is laid on Rickman's dropping of the letter *h*. The moral is sound, but there are passages some may think too bald in presentation of life's unhallowed side.

Doctor's Leisure Hour (The): Facts and Fancies of Interest to the Doctor and his Patient. By Charles Wells Moulton. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 7×10 in. 352 pages. $2.50.

Duality of Thought and Language: An Outline of Original Research. By Emil Sutro. The Physio-Psychic Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 274 pages.

That the voice is a product of psychic and physical factors is patent to all who appreciate the difference that feeling imparts to tone. Mr. Sutro goes further, and locates the physical factor in the abdominal cavity, producing "the voice of the æsophagus," or gullet, while he makes the thoracic cavity the source of the psychical factor, issuing through the trachea, or windpipe. Whether Mr. Sutro be the discoverer of the voice of the æsophagus is perhaps an open question; the advantage to a public speaker of using the diaphragm in breathing has been known for some time. But no one is likely to contest his claim to have discovered that the diaphragm is the partition that separates the physical and the spiritual elements of our being.

Daily Pathway (The). By Margaret E. Sangster. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 270 pages. $1.25.

Dar-Ul-Islam: A Record of a Journey Through Ten of the Asiatic Provinces of Turkey. By Mark Sykes. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6½×9½ in. 294 pages. $5, net.

Captain Sykes has given us a curious work. An account of a journey of two years ago through Asiatic Turkey, by little-traveled ways, to remote habitations where dwell all manner of interesting folk, it resolves largely into a eulogistic defense of the Turk, and this in no small measure at the expense of the Armenian and other native Christians. Against the ready acceptance of the Captain's verdict, however, stand two important facts: that his point of view differs radically from that of his audience, and that his competency as a critic may be seriously questioned. Not alone does he approach his subject with, as Professor Browne expresses it, a preference for countries with a "past" as against countries with a "future," and with undisguised contempt for the civilization of Europe and America; he is also at no pains to moderate the prejudices involved in such an attitude. Sneering and disparaging allusions to non-English and non-Asiatic peoples and their institutions abound. This, to say the least, is not indicative of the judicial temper, nor is the singular taste which induces the sacrifice of page after page to verbatim reports of the dialogues incidental to vulgar street quarrels, khan disputes, and the like. The persevering reader, on the other hand, will discover, between the aggressive and the trifling, information of real value, especially in regard to such peoples as the Bedawins, Druses, Kurds, Fellaheen; information which will evoke a regret that the writer did not see fit to replace his diatribes and fisticuff yarns by more to this purpose. As a specimen of book-making the work is a sumptuous production, containing upwards of eighty full-page illustrations from photographs, and numerous sketch maps.

Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideas. By Walter Sichel. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 334 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Edinburgh. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated. (New Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 190 pages. $1.50, net.

A new edition, with illustrations, of Mr. Stevenson's delightful account of Edinburgh. Few Scotchmen have known the city so well, and none has felt her charm more deeply or has had a finer power of conveying it to others.

Ellen and Mr. Man. By Gouverneur Morris. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 189 pages. $1.25.

Ellen is charming, and Mr. Man, her little unacknowledged cousin, is a dear little lad. How they come to know and love each other, and how they go to live in France together, and how a fairy prince unlocks the prison door and sets them both free in a happy world, must be left to the reader to find out for himself.

Episcopalians (The). By Daniel Dulany Addison. (*The Story of the Churches Series.*) The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 252 pages. $1.

Dr. Addison tells the story of his Church from the early centuries to the present in a spirit and a form that are distinctly attractive. Its comprehensiveness, or roominess for varieties of belief, is effectively presented, and it would be well if this were not so often curtailed by the narrowness of individual clergymen. Its attitude toward other Churches is fraternal, though with the implication that this is "the one great Church." The "Catholic" party in the Church is freely criticised for its desire "to turn the clock backward."

Falaise of the Blessed Voice. By William Stearns Davis. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 360 pages. $1.50.

A "swashbuckling" romance of the days of Louis IX. of France, and his Queen Katherine of Provence. These two are the foremost figures in the story, which tells of a plot against them and how it was frustrated. Falaise, a poor blind girl with the voice of an angel, sings her way through the story, charming high and low alike, and furnishing invaluable aid to the king and queen at the critical moment. The story is far above the average of its kind, and holds the reader absorbed till the end.

Fantasma Land. By Charles Raymond Macauley. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×8 in. 204 pages.

Through magic, of dreams perhaps, small Dickey finds himself in the Land of Fantasms. Little Nell, of "Old Curiosity Shop," pins flowers on his coat; Don Quixote takes him to ride on Rosinante; Wamba (out of "Ivanhoe") hails him; he encounters Æsop's Fables in the road; and many wonderful things that might reward a little boy who had read a good deal happen to Dickey—the telling whereof to other little boys may tempt them to read a good deal if they have not already done so.

Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings: *Being a Selection of the Poems of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 230 pages.

The editor has carried out her pious intention most admirably, and many readers of Browning and lovers of Florence will be benefited by her careful work. Sixty and more full-page reproductions from photographs are set among the poems, two of which, "Casa Guidi Windows" and "The Dance," are by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the rest, six, by Browning. The two poets, so entirely familiar with their chosen home, frequently assumed a larger amount of knowledge of the history of art and the treasures of Florence than their readers possessed. Consequently many of the references were obscure. The present volume is not an attempt at annotation, but aims, the modest editor tells us, to set before the eye pictures of the places or persons mentioned, so that, as far as possible, we may see Florence as did the two poets to whom it was a source of poetical inspiration. It is believed that with these guides many may enjoy the glories of Florence anew.

Fortunes of a Free Lance (The). By Alfred G. Lawrence. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 4½×8 in. 457 pages. $1.50.

Gist of the Lesson (The): A Concise Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lessons for the Year 1905. By R. A. Torrey. (Thirtieth Thousand.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 2¼×5½ in. 155 pages.

Greek Poets (The): An Anthology. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 341 pages. $2.

The old masters of song hold their place secure. The present volume, limited to the poets of Greece down to the Christian era, is distinguished by the unprecedented number and variety of its extracts, which are presented in the form given by the most approved translations. It is a handsome volume, and commendable to the lovers of the best literature. An anthology of the Persian poets by Mr. Dole is already favorably known.

Happy Heart Family (The). By Virginia Gerson. Illustrated. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 8×10 in. 35 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 12c.)

A book to win the heart of any wee bibliophile. The illustrations in color are quite captivating. There is a certain domesticity about the Happy Hearts which will make them a very welcome addition to that section of the nursery library where dwell Mother Goose's tribe, the Brownies, Uncle Remus's creations, and all the delightful fantastic people who have been created for the diversion of little folks.

Historical Documents Advocating Christian Union. Epoch-Making Statements by Leaders among the Disciples of Christ for the Restoration of the Christianity of the New Testament. Historical Introductions by Charles Alexander Young. The Christian Century Company, Chicago. 4¾×7½ in. 365 pages.

History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe (A). By George Saintsbury. In 3 vols. Vol. III. **Modern Criticism.** Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 656 pages. $3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Hound from the North (The). By Ridgwell Cullum. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 344 pages. $1.50.

A sensational story of Alaska and the plains of central Canada, with highway robbery, murder, and the smuggling of opium furnishing the principal incidents.

Imported Americans. By Broughton Brandenburg. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 303 pages. $1.60.

This is a first-hand sociological study of the immigration problem as regards Italians. It is not only of more importance to students of the subject than anything yet in print, but also both interesting and enlightening to the general reader. The discomforts and hardships undergone by the author and his brave wife in their investigation entitle them to the respect and gratitude of their countrymen. They began by a period of residence in a poor Italian tenement in New York, then, disguised as homeward-bound Italians, traveled in the steerage crowd to Naples. Next, as friends of a returning emigrant, they lodged in his Sicilian village, where was a party intended to go out with him to New York; and with that party they came back in the densely crowded third cabin to the Ellis Island depot. The narrative thus barely outlined is picturesque in itself, copiously illustrated by the travelers' kodak, and full of facts needed by the slender knowledge and gross misinformation that is current. Contrary to general belief, the author is convinced that nine-tenths of the Italian immigrants are good raw material, though their ignorance and lack of self-reliance tend to make them the dupes and prey of the bad minority, among whom are not only many of the well-to-do class that travel in the first cabin, but many criminals whom local officials wish to "dump" abroad. The Italian Government sees in emigration a relief for local distress, and does "twenty times as much" for the emigrant as the United States does after he arrives. At Ellis Island, however, the emigrant experiences almost total relief from the inhumanity that robs and afflicts him everywhere *en route*. Even on the Lahn and the Prinzessin Irene, reputed to be of the better class of emigrant ships, brutality, graft, moldy biscuit, and unsanitary conditions were too apparent. Those who fancy that our present system of regulating immigration needs no amendment will acknowledge themselves corrected not only by the narrative, but by the documents in the subsequent chapter on "Legislation and Evasion." In conclusion, Mr. Brandenburg, convinced by his thorough exploration of the facts that better regulations are urgently required, presents practical propositions for abating the main evils.

Italy: A Popular Account of the Country, its People and its Institutions (Including Malta and Sardinia). By Professor W. Weecke. Translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M.A. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 484 pages. $5.

This is the result of a most comprehensive investigation of things Italian, an investigation so broad in scope as to include the history, population, institutions, art, literature, science, topography, hydrography, geological formation, climate, and flora and fauna of the country. It must be said that it is in some respects unfortunate that a translation was not available earlier. Considerable time has elapsed since the completion of the inquiry, so that in respect to political and economic conditions, for instance, the conclusions are not altogether applicable to-day. The statistical tables with which the work is abundantly supplied close for the most part with 1897, and occasionally do not extend beyond 1889. But in the case of themes comparatively unaffected by the time factor there is small cause for fault-finding. The salient features of every town and district of importance, from the Alps to Sicily, Malta, and Sardinia, are vividly depicted; there are striking analyses of the characteristics of the peoples of the different provinces; the purely scientific is treated with a simplicity intensifying the meaning of the term "popular," as used in the sub-title. Of especial interest is the discussion of the future of Italy, concerning which Professor Weecke takes a thoroughly optimistic view. All in all, this is an exceedingly useful as well as an extremely readable book.

Japanese Fairy Book (The). Compiled by Yei Theodora Ozaki. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×8½ in. 296 pages. $2.

Our eyes turn naturally toward Japan in these days, and tales upon which Japanese children have been brought up should find a ready hearing here. The compiler has not made literal translations, but has introduced touches of local color, and made slight changes for her English readers. The stories have that fascinating quality never so great in modern fairy tales, but which invariably appeal to a child's imagination. The pictures by a Japanese artist are in perfect accord with the spirit and setting of the legends.

Kleine Geschichten fur Anfänger. Selected and Edited by Arnold Werner-Spanhoofd. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 110 pages.

Kristy's Queer Christmas. By Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 253 pages. $1.25.

Mrs. Miller has left her bird neighbors for a while, and tells pleasant stories to amuse a little girl whose Christmas was almost spoiled by an illness. More than a dozen different tales are gathered by the people who sat about the big fire and entertained their small hostess. Other children will like to read them all—from Christmas on the prairie to Christmas in an alley.

Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry: A Reprint of War Memoranda. By Henry Edwin Tremain. Bonnell, Silver & Bowers, New York. 5×8 in. 562 pages. $1.50, net.

By no means impressive in point of literary quality, the notes here reprinted comprise an interesting addition to the literature of the Civil War. The author was aide-de-camp to General Crook during the Appomattox campaign, and writes as an eye-witness of the events leading up to the surrender, giving a day-by-day account from the battle of Dinwiddie Court-House. The personal narrative is supplemented by an additional chapter on Appomattox compiled from the official records and by several appendices bearing on the subject-matter of the text, which is itself liberally annotated. The work is written from a strong pro-Union standpoint, describes military tactics with a simplicity that will appeal to the non-technical reader, and is rich in anecdote and reminiscence.

Letter D (The). By Grace Denio Litchfield. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

We are introduced into charming society in this book and enjoy thoroughly its refinement and cleverness—an atmosphere we do not quit even when the strenuous moral crisis, to which he ignobly succumbs, overtakes the central personage. Out of his weakness in the end comes strength. We are not quite certain of the justice and truth of such conclusion here, but altogether so of the quality and power of the writing.

Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated. (Library of Illustrated Biography.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 409 pages. $1.50.

A new edition of a biography which has long been counted among the best literary biographies; a story of extraordinary achievement and of family devotion of almost heroic quality. In this volume it is issued in substantial library form with numerous illustrations.

Light Ahead for the Negro. By E. A. Johnson. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 132 pages.

Little Almond Blossoms: A Book of Chinese Stories for Children. By Jessie Juliet Knox. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 246 pages. $1.50.

Original stories of Chinese boys and girls whom the author knows personally. "Chinatown," San Francisco, is the scene, and the many photographs are faithful presentations of that quaint quarter with its odd inhabitants. The stories are told simply—to interest children.

Little Book of Life After Death (The). By Gustav Theodor Fechner. Translated from the German by Mary C. Wadsworth. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 108 pages. $1.

Little Folks Down South. By Frank L. Stanton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 140 pages. $1.25. (Postage additional.)

A book of simple songs—some written in negro dialect, and all flowing easily beside the ordinary paths of homely life. The author has become known through his verses of the South. His spirit is hopeful, and his love for little children and quiet domestic pleasures finds expression in this volume.

Lucy and Their Majesties: A Comedy in Wax. By B. L. Farjeon. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 332 pages. $1.50.

Classic entertainment is here for small folks somewhat familiar with English history who would like to know at closer range Queen Bess, Cromwell, and other notables, and to meet them in the flesh—or rather in the wax—with Lucy, the little English heroine of the book. Madame Tussaud, of waxwork fame, and some of her statues come to life and ride with Lucy in a coach to her home, Marybud Lodge, where they eat and make merry, but fail not to render to Lucy's family the service which is the object of their visit.

Ludwig von Beethoven. By Franz Hoffmann. Illustrated. Translated from the German by George Upton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×6¾ in. 117 pages.

Madigans (The). By Miriam Michelson. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 361 pages. $1.50.

The Madigan family is composed of six girls, an eccentric father, and a sentimental maiden aunt. The girls, ranging from about four to fourteen, are gifted with vivid imaginations, remarkable originality, a very genius for mischief, and an utter lack of reverence for established orders and the conventions of life. These stories of their family feuds and their ventures and adventures in the little world of their Nevada mining town are distinctly clever and humorous.

Monroe Doctrine (The). By T. B. Edgington, A.M. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×9 in. 344 pages.

The general policy adopted by the United States to which the name of President Monroe has been attached has been in force practically since the foundation of the Republic. Its origin, its history, and its application to various exigencies are in this book described with no little narrative skill, with clearness, and with judicial spirit. The author undertakes to give to citizens of the United States information which will enable them intelligently to discuss the questions that may arise to which the Monroe Doctrine is applicable. He gives a chapter, for instance, to the Isthmian Canal; another to the Hague Tribunal. No doubt the Monroe Doctrine, like the principles enunciated at the Hague Tribunal, is based on the common conception of justice to a very great degree. It appeals to reason as well as to the fear of armed intervention. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note, especially at this time, when so many are saying that the United States has no need of a strong navy, that when the subject of the Holy Alliance was being discussed between

Richard Rush, our Minister to Great Britain, and George Canning, the British Foreign Secretary, Canning distinctly expressed the belief, according to Rush, that France would not, in the face of the United States and Great Britain, undertake to appropriate territory in America, because of "the large share of maritime power of the world which Great Britain and the United States share between them."

Morning Thoughts to Cheer the Day. Selected and Arranged by Maria H. LeRow. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4×6½ in. 315 pages. 80c., net.

The compiler has drawn upon writings of every age, but gives the preference to such modern authors as teach the use of cheerfulness. The tone of the book is indicated by the fact that Sir Edwin Arnold, Emerson, George MacDonald, and Mozoomdar lead in the number of quotations, while Henry Wood, Horatio Dresser, and others of their school are prominent.

Mozart's Youth. By Franz Hoffmann. Translated from the German by George P. Upton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×6¾ in. 119 pages.

Mysterious Beacon Light (The). By George Ethelbert Walsh. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. $1.50.

An improbable story of the improbable adventures of improbable boys; supposed to be in Labrador, but there is nothing distinctly Labradorian about the book except the ice.

Old Love Stories Retold. By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 182 pages.

The title of this pretty volume immediately calls to mind names familiar to every one. The love stories of Dante, Sir Philip Sidney, Shelley, Keats, and Abelard have long been household words. One of the most beautiful and one most exquisitely narrated is that of "Aucassin and Nicolete," perhaps mythical, but typical as well. Of Heine and his Mathilde, Ferdinand Lassalle and Helen von Dönniges, less is generally known. The author strings his beads upon a slight thread, pointing out the symbolical meaning of each as far as possible.

Old Masters and Their Pictures (The). By Sarah Tytler. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 371 pages. $2.

This admirably fulfills its purpose of serving as an introduction to the study of the works of the famous painters of old. Opening with a brief sketch of the beginnings of art in Europe, it traverses the long intervening period between Giotto and Greuze, weaving into descriptions of the works of the masters accounts of their lives and characters, and legends illustrative of their times. The writer possesses not only sympathetic insight into the spirit of the artists, but the ability to convey to her readers the messages they brought, and her book should enjoy a wide audience.

One Day. By Edith Farmiloe. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8½×11½ in. 99 pages. $2.

Paris and Environs, with Routes from London to Paris. Handbook for Travelers. By Karl Baedeker. (Fifteenth Revised Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6¼ in. 500 pages. $1.80, net.

The fifteenth revised edition of this well-known handbook not only contains all needed information with regard to the French capital, but a profusion of maps and plans, a short account of the routes from London to Paris and all the principal towns of northern France, with their beautiful churches.

Patty at Home. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 295 pages. $1.25.

A school-girl's experiences in housekeeping which other school-girls may be interested to read, and none the less as it is a handsome establishment over which Patty, as her father's daughter, presides, directing servants, ordering from butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, entertaining the Tea Club and other company, making mistakes, but carrying her responsibilities gallantly all the same.

Poems and Verses. By Mary Mapes Dodge. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 216 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 8c.)

One is arrested by the beauty of the cover of this little book, a chaste design in dull gold upon green surrounding the title. Miss Dodge has won an enviable place as the writer of excellent verse, full of fine feeling, and couched in well-chosen and varied English. She does not write merely to string musical sounds together, but vitalizes her poems with definite thoughts—often one that arrests the reader and clings to his memory. The present volume is a reprint of a former one, "Along the Way," with several additions.

Primer of Library Practice for Junior Assistants (A). By George E. Roebuck and William Benson Thorne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 159 pages. 75c.

Prince Chap (The). By Edward Peple. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 386 pages. $1.10, net.

This story is eminently fitted for the stage, where we believe it has appeared. The outrageous yet noble-hearted "slavey" of the London Artist Chambers, where the poor young artist lives and starves, though provided with an English man-servant, who shares his privations; the little child left in the artist's care by her dying mother; the beautiful girl whom the artist hopes to make his wife, and who proves faithless—all these, surrounded by minor characters who carouse in spectacular Bohemian fashion, with merry quips, make up an amusing and sufficiently sentimental story.

Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church. By H. Pomeroy Brewster. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 558 pages. $2, net.

The substantial facts scattered through many large volumes are here condensed into one, presenting adequate information not only of the œcumenical festivals and many local ones, but also of the most noted saints commemorated on each day of the entire year.

Society of To-Morrow: A Forecast of its Political and Economic Organization. By G. de Molinari. Translated by P. H. Lee Warner. Compiled by Edward Atkinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 230 pages.

This treatise by a veteran French economist is written from a European point of view, and harks back to ideas that are losing influence in our time and country, where his "governing class" and "governed class" do not exist, except in the local and temporary forms of corrupt politics, and where the "free competition" which he makes of all importance has had its day. It seems strange for a French writer, with the light of British experience, to recommend handing our colonial enterprises, wasteful though they be as conducted by his Government, to the management of private companies. Like the "physiocrats" of a century ago, M. de Molinari has supreme faith in natural laws, which would be commendable with the proviso that they should always be handmaids to ethical principles and purposes. This, indeed, is not denied; it may seem to be assumed. But it is not emphasized as it should be; a moral as well as an economic development is going on, and moral forces combine with those natural laws which M. de Molinari regards as "determinants" of human progress. With him we long for "the future organization of Society under a State of Peace and Liberty," but we do not see that he has contributed to us in our conditions anything to help us hasten its coming.

Sonnets of Shakespeare (The). Introduction and Notes by H. C. Beeching, M.A., D.Litt. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 145 pages. 60c. (Postage, 5c.)

Special Method in Elementary Science for the Common School. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 275 pages. 75c.

Staying Guest (The). By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 282 pages. $1.50.

This little girl, Ladybird, is a creature entirely too bright for daily food, if she be not quite good enough; a phenomenon of cool audacity, who conquers two old aunts and all circumstances in marvelous fashion. There is nothing in the least natural about the child, nor in the situation. We know so many other little girls in fiction who are both bad and attractive that this one may pass by without an introduction to us.

Stories of Robin Hood and His Merry Outlaws. By J. Walter McSpadden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 313 pages. 60c.

Stories of King Arthur and His Knights. Illustrated. As Told in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 322 pages.

Story of Rolf and the Vikings' Bow (The). By Allen French. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 408 pages. $1.50.

The author of this artistic story of Iceland has caught the spirit of the times and men he depicts most happily. Personal courage contrasted with sly cunning, the power of the law in Iceland, the beauty and loyalty of domestic love, are exalted in the tale. Rolf, a quiet boy, only son of Hiarandi, the unfortunate heir of his family's misfortunes, proves himself to be skillful, brave, and true to the highest traditions of his fathers, and worthy to redeem his house. The style in which the book is written is particularly good, and the action dramatic and full of dignity.

Strenuous Animals: Veracious Tales. By Edwin J. Webster. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 157 pages. $1.

Teachings of Jesus Concerning God the Father (The). By Archibald Thomas Robertson, D.D. The American Tract Society, New York. 4½×7½ in. 182 pages. 75c.

Dr. Robertson writes from a strongly conservative standpoint, but in hospitable contact at various points with modern scholarship. He regards mediæval theological conceptions concerning the work and teaching of Jesus as brushed aside, but has not wholly parted from them, *e. g.*, in regarding the moral evil in the world as "due to the devil," and in asking, if the virgin birth be not a fact, "What then becomes of Christ?" —also in a frequently uncritical use of proof texts. Few Christian scholars would quote Matthew xi. 27 as showing that Jesus claimed "equality with God"—an idea which St. Paul, in Philippians ii. 6 (Revised Version), plainly disallows.

Traffics and Discoveries. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 363 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Transplanted Nursery (A): Being the Simple Chronicle of a Summer Sojourn in Brittany. By Martha Kean. Illustrated. 5×7¾ in. 268 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 11c.)

If the writer of these letters did not want her retreat in Brittany invaded by many Americans, she should never have published the fascinating narrative of her summer there. Such quiet, such quaint scenes, such comfortable housekeeping, such healthful days and peaceful sleepy nights, such a happy mother with three healthy little boys, certainly could not be found easily in any town in America. The illustrations, snapshots by the author, give an impression of sunshine, carried out in the well-written descriptive letters to the absent husband. Upon frugal thoughts intent, "Mrs. Head-Gardener" records her expenses and finds her summer far less expensive and much more pleasant than a former one spent on the North Shore. Glimpses of the French people, villagers and nobility, with an occasional English visitor, make the picture complete. The writer has the art of describing her many short excursions about the region of Briac with vivacity and charm.

Trixy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 299 pages. $1.50.

Decidedly a novel with a purpose. Vivisection is pilloried by the author with all the vehemence of personal feeling. Two young doctors are portrayed, one smothering his finer sensibilities in the pursuit of science, the other indulging his brutal instincts by means of scientific experiments. Both are condemned. The dogs of the story are wonders of intelligence, product of high breeding and loving companionship with man. The tragedy comes when they fall into the grasp of the vivisectors, and it spreads its shadow over the love story of the young doctor. It may be necessary to sacrifice his life to the fervor of the author's convictions, but his punishment seems rather heavy for his offense. The maiden whom he loved finds her right place in the heart of a loyal young lawyer, whom science has never tempted from the paths of mercy.

Tree Doctor (The): A Book on Tree Culture. Illustrated. By John Davey. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5½×9 in. 87 pages. $1.

Wandering Twins (The): A Story of Labrador. By Mary Bourchier Sanford. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 300 pages. $1.25.

The story is not of much consequence, but its studies of life among the fisher-folk of Labrador impart to this little volume a real value.

Wilby's Dan. By William Wallace Cook. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 325 pages. $1.50.

Wilby's Dan was the poor, neglected son of a convict, who, in time-honored fashion, stole the Deacon's cherries to feed his deformed sister. What the deed led up to can be equally well imagined, or read in the book where it is recorded with the necessary details. The moral is one too often forgotten, or why should it be so often emphasized in stories?—"Do not judge by appearances."

The Political Issues

A Free Parliament

With this issue, the last before the election, we prorogue the Free Parliament.—The Editors.

COMMON LAW AND STATUTE LAW

In reply to a request that has come to us to distinguish common law from statute law in its applicability to trusts, we make this statement: Common law is distinguished from statute law by the fact that it is not the result of enactment, but the fruit of centuries of judicial decision. It is in the main an inheritance from England, and several States have adopted it, as it stood when our courts were organized, as a basis for their own decisions. Each State through its courts has developed what is practically its own common law by a series of decisions, and has further modified the English common law by statutes enacted. In Louisiana the Napoleonic Code was adopted by statute, and this, with subsequent court decisions, takes the place in that State of the English common law. The Federal courts, being established only for the purpose of interpreting the statutes, or of trying cases which involve different States or which concern State or Federal government, are called upon to apply common law only with regard to matters that arise between different States or citizens of different States.—The Editors.

MR. PARKER'S REMEDIES FOR TRUST EVILS

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am at a loss to understand the very evident misstatement of fact in your article in the last issue of The Outlook (October 22) on the Political Issues. I am forced to believe either that the writer of the article had not read or studied Judge Parker's speech of acceptance, or that the writer's own opinion in regard to the regulation of the trusts led him to overlook several important points in that of his opponent. The substance of Judge Parker's views, as stated by the editor, is given in the following quotation from the article under discussion: "If Judge Parker should be elected, the country will have the right to expect that for the next four years no proceeding will be initiated in the Federal courts, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, against monopolies." Again, "He would relegate the regulation of the trusts to the State courts."

Unless I have been entirely misinformed in regard to Judge Parker's words on this subject, he said in substance in his speech of acceptance that the need of the hour in regard to the trusts was not so much the passage of new and different laws at this time as the election of officials with the courage to enforce those already on the books. This was part of a vigorous arraignment of the Republican Administration for not following up the advantage attained by the partial enforcement of the Sherman Law against the Merger. Am I not right? Does this sound as if he were opposed to the enforcement of the laws already enacted for the suppression of the trusts? He also took occasion to remark that if it were shown that this and other remedies were not sufficient to cope with the evil, he would support other legislation to meet the emergency. Certainly The Outlook does not profess to believe that these words were meant to refer to further legislation by the separate States. But Judge Parker went further, and said that he favored the enforcement by the Federal courts of the common law of the States in cases where there is no Congressional statute to cover the ground. His position upon this proposition of law, which has been attacked by his opponents, has been fully sustained by recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court. Where, in this policy, does The Outlook see the intention to let the State courts attend to the regulation of the trusts? But Judge Parker goes still further. He favors a reduction of the tariff upon trust-made and monopoly-controlled articles, in order to curtail, in part at least, their power to set and maintain prices. Surely The Outlook sees the efficacy of such a policy.

To summarize: It appears that Judge Parker not only favors State regulation of trusts which are born within the State, are chiefly concerned with State trade, and are subject to the law of the State, but has offered at least three other remedies for their regulation in the interest of fair competition and just prices. These are, namely, (1) the enforcement by the Federal courts of the common law of the State where there is no *Congressional enactment* to cover the case; (2) the enforcement by energetic and courageous officials of the statutes already passed and the passage of such others as time may prove necessary: (3) the reduction of the tariff duty upon trust-made articles in order to remove the power given by the tariff to those trusts to regulate prices in their own interests. In opposition to these broad and effective policies his opponents offer only the one, the enforcement of existing laws, coupled with a record slightly beclouded by the recent actions and utterances of representatives of the Administration. If I am wrong in any of my facts or conclusions, I want to be put right; on the other hand, if I am right in my statements of facts, it seems that the statements of your article should be retracted or explained.

Chicago, Illinois. K. L. M. PRAY.

[In a paragraph on our editorial pages we review the issue as it was raised by Judge Parker.—THE EDITORS.]

MR. ROOSEVELT AND TRUST REGULATION

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As an independent voter, I shall vote for Mr. Roosevelt at the coming election. I am not a high-tariff man and would like to see the present tariff reduced, but, in my opinion, the tariff in this campaign is of much less importance than our inter-State commerce is—the regulation of gigantic corporations, which are reaching out to control not only our home markets, but our railroads and steamship lines, our mines and our coal fields, and already have been able to defeat competition in our home markets by dictating freight rates and rebates. I believe tariff reduced or increased would have little to do in settling these matters. Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself fearless in prosecuting those who have violated the people's law, and, in my opinion, has, for a starter, gone as far as was feasible without bringing on to the country a scare and a financial panic. I believe that if Mr. Roosevelt is elected he will do much more in the law-enforcement policy in the next four years than it has been possible for him to do up to this time.

I think Judge Parker is a very good man, but if he is elected have we any assurance that he will do as much for the people as Mr. Roosevelt? Judge Parker's greatest financial backing, if reports are true, seems to come from the financiers of Wall Street, and what could be expected in law enforcement against men who are the cause of his election? Agitation of tariff reform cannot blind the people to the real dangers of our country.

To the Republican party as a party I would not care to intrust the task of weeding out the evil in our civic affairs, but Mr. Roosevelt is head and shoulders above his party as a moral reformer and a law enforcer. A. P. ADAMS.

Willmar, Minnesota.

VIEWS OF AN INDEPENDENT MERCHANT

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The writer is confident that Parker would continue the policy of the present Administration and do what is best for the country when new emergencies arise. But his chief reason for supporting Parker is his conviction that an early reduction of the tariff would be desirable and would be brought about by Democratic success. Roosevelt and the Republican party are opposed to change because they fear that American manufacturers may suffer in consequence.

The Constitution provides in section 8 of the first article that Congress may levy taxes and raise revenues for the defense and general welfare of the United States. This power has long been used for the protection of American industries, and it must be admitted that many manufacturers have flourished under the fostering care of our revenue laws. But when it appears from reports of the Bureau of Statistics that for some time past they have sold in foreign countries, where we formerly bought large quantities of their manufactures, more than four hundred million dollars in a year, and that except on rare occasions we have ceased to import such goods, the duties on them have ceased to bring in revenues. Their retention is mischievous because it enables manufacturers to obtain from our own citizens higher prices than they actually do accept for them from foreigners. That our manufacturers avail themselves of this opportunity on a large scale is indisputable; it is equally certain that foreign competition here would compel a reduction of prices to home consumers.

Long-continued high rates of duty have

naturally led to attempts on the part of travelers and importers to evade or reduce them. Such attempts have been resented by administrative measures that have made the protective system odious. The American tourist who returns from abroad must submit to insulting searches of his baggage and his person. No other civilized nation inflicts similar punishment for the crime of having traveled; the respectable Russian and even the Turk is treated like a gentleman when he comes home.

Importers suspected of undervaluation must pay additional duties and fines; when they object and appeal, the Board of Appraisers, whose decision is final, listens to them but almost invariably decides against them. The hapless importer is even denied the privilege of examining the testimony on which the appraisers base their decision. This testimony is largely obtained through an army of agents who visit every factory abroad that furnishes goods subject to ad valorem duties for the United States to learn the prices at which they sell at home. These prices are compared with Custom-House invoices; when higher, the valuations are raised accordingly; when lower, the duties are not reduced. Our importer who buys goods cheaper than the European manufacturer obtains at home is punished; but the American manufacturer sees no harm in following the European example as long as his export trade is not interfered with.

Exports of American manufactures augment, while exports of agricultural products decrease;[1] the former constitute already one-third of our entire exports. With the inevitable increase of population the home consumption of produce must continue to increase. American manufactures should become exportable on a much larger scale to equalize balances of our foreign trade in the future.

English statesmen were far-sighted enough sixty years ago to understand that England would be impoverished by the decrease of exportable farm products unless, to fill the gap, exports of English manufactures could be increased. They convinced English manufacturers that their success depended less on the exclusion of foreign goods than on a reduced cost at home and abroad of their own manufactures. The result of the experiment was successful; aside from careful, economical management of their establishments, learned by the experience of centuries, the English obtained the advantage of free raw materials, and became able to command the world's markets. If duties on raw materials were abolished here, our manufacturers would soon undersell the English.

It may be difficult for our Congress to define what raw materials are, and discussion of this question might lead to the dreaded revision of all the complicated schedules of the present tariff. But the coming Administration could easily make a horizontal reduction of the present duties by ten per cent. without jeopardy to any vital interests, and this might go far to satisfy the popular and justified clamor for lower prices. From time to time further reductions might be made as the necessities of our budget may permit. LOUIS WINDMÜLLER.

TARIFF AND PRICES

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the October 8 number of your most excellent magazine I notice an article by Mr. Ambrose Coit, of New York City, in which he states: "What America needs most for her fullest and freest development and for the greatest happiness of her people is free access to raw materials of the best quality, as wool, lumber, ores, etc."

At the time of the adoption of the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill, wool was placed on the free list. This was followed by the paralyzation of the wool industry. American wool-growers could not compete with the exceedingly low prices of foreign markets, where they pay little or nothing for labor, and could lay down wool in the United States for little more than five cents per pound, and the result was the driving of the wool-growers out of the business; while this placated the manufacturers, it was disastrous to the "flockmasters," as well as to the smaller variety farmers.

One of the latter class, asked by a Democratic stump orator would he not like a little cheaper clothing for his family, replied, "I am the loser by putting wool on the free list. I sell only about 100 fleeces a year, and used to get from $250 to $300 for the crop, but under your 'free raw material' tariff I can get only about $90 for the same crop. No, I don't want any 'free raw material' in mine."

Again, Mr. Coit says: "The present tariff effectually deprives our people of free access to these necessary things."

A good illustration of the fact that prices in the United States are not affected by the presence or absence of tariff duties is found in the results from the removal of duty on coal, made in the closing months of 1902. It will be remembered that in view of the then existing strike, urgent demands were made for the removal of the duty on bituminous coal. In response to this demand Congress enacted a law suspending the duty on coal for one year, beginning with January 1, 1903. The duty on coal at that time was sixty-seven cents a ton, and if the theory that this duty is added to the price in the home market were true, the removal of this duty of sixty-seven cents per ton should have caused a corresponding decline in the retail price of coal in the United States. Instead of this, however, the annual average price per ton of bituminous coal, as shown by the official reports of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Government, was $3.75 in 1903, against $2.50 in 1902, 1901, and 1900, respectively; $2.00 in 1899, and $1.60 per ton in 1898. This price of $3.75 per ton which existed in 1903 in the absolute absence of any tariff duty on coal was higher than that quoted in these official reports at any time since 1881.

---

[1] We exported last month 222,435 bushels of wheat, worth $197,969; during the corresponding month of 1903, 6,330,297 bushels of wheat, worth $5.145,674: last month 840.780 barrels of flour, worth $3,777.946; during the corresponding month of 1903, 1,826,773 barrels flour, worth $7,177,605. This change, partially due to speculation, furnishes a striking example of the possibilities of our future trade in other commodities.

But the great pillar of strength which substantiates our protection theory for our whole country is, That all radical legislation in favor of free trade has been followed by depression and hard times, while all the legislation upholding the protection theory has been followed by prosperity and good times.

AVERY N. BEELEE.

Yorkville, Illinois.

ON THE HIGHWAY TO RUIN

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Although a great admirer of Mr. Roosevelt up to the time it became necessary for him to assume the Presidency, I believe, for the general welfare of the country, it is of the utmost importance that he should be defeated at the coming election. With two brief intervals, the Republican party has governed the country for the last forty-four years. It has become corrupt and overbearing. It has annulled so far as it can the grandest Declaration that has ever been made to humanity. It has strained the Constitution to the breaking point; witness the five-to-four decision of our Supreme Court. It has broken an international treaty because the Power with which the treaty was made was too weak to defend itself. It has passed and upholds the most outrageous tariff law that was ever inflicted on a people. Under this last piece of legerdemain, water-logged trusts have flourished, and by paying or promising to pay big dividends, a few insiders—bunco-steerers—have become millionaires by selling water for gold, to the utter impoverishment of thousands of innocent, worthy people. Nearly the whole business of the country has become the property of a few rich men, and they, to protect their ill-gotten gains, have formed a few gigantic corporations which—proverbially having no souls—rule the business of the country with a tyrant's hand. The cost of living was never so high, but workmen are discharged without compunction, and the wages of those allowed to work reduced from ten to forty per cent. How long, O Lord, how long? will workingmen be such fools as to vote for an almost prohibitory tariff, raising the cost of living to the highest pitch, and at the same time allowing all the cheap pauper labor of Europe to enter our ports that can find vessel room!

The government of Pennsylvania is the ripe fruit of present-day Republicanism; where in the wide world will you find such corrupt, corporation-ridden government? Look at the governments of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Allegheny; officials, one mass of selfish, corporation-serving corruption. A large part of the electorate equally corrupt, the balance in helpless despair. Naturally, Pennsylvania will give an imperial majority for the so-called Republican party. I fear for the future of our country, believing that we are on the high road to anarchy or revolution, that our only salvation is the defeat of the Republican party.

PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT.

THE PENSION ORDER AND THE CONSTITUTION

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook of October 22 contains an article on the pension order, about which I would like to say a few words.

In the first place, the rule of evidence is well settled, and the authority of courts or other authorities having the right to decide what shall be considered proof of certain things is beyond dispute or discussion. A familiar case is a provision of law in nearly all States, that in case a sale is made of personal property, it shall be deemed fraudulent as against subsequent purchasers in good faith, unless delivery of the article follows the sale. This may be contested and the good faith shown in court, but in the absence of a showing will be conclusive. The article quotes as follows: "It shall be taken and considered as an evidential fact if the contrary does not appear." That is all, and goes no further than the rules of law applicable to ordinary affairs in the administration of the law in courts.

The other section I desire to quote in full: "Old age is an infirmity the average nature and extent of which the experience of the Pension Bureau has established with reasonable certainty." It is objected that this is not true, and that the disability varies. Of course this is true; all disabilities that render one less able to earn a living may vary, but in general there is a great similarity, and the Bureau have found that it is safe to hold that the presumption is that there is a disability to a pensionable extent "if the contrary does not appear."

The great obstacle in the way of many of the soldiers when they try to obtain pensions is the inability to get evidence, owing to the long time that has elapsed since the close of the war. I have a case in mind of an application from this place—not mine. It became necessary to prove the sickness in the army, that the disease was the result of it, and its continuance. The physician who treated the soldier in the army was dead, the one who treated him while home on sick furlough was dead, the three who treated him after his return for ten years were dead; and the pension, with all it meant to that claimant, was refused. So, under that law, the one for ordinary disability incurred in the service, the difficulties are great. The act of June, 1890, was undoubtedly intended partly to relieve this class of cases. Now, Congress says that if we have arrived at certain stages of disability we shall have certain pensions. The Department says that certain ages shall be presumptive evidence of certain disability; this is right, is entirely within the province of the Department, and is a matter of simple justice to the veteran. The thing that amazes us is that Judge Parker tries to defeat this plain provision of justice for the sake of a little political advantage, or to find fault with the President. Judge Parker admits the justice of the law, the justice of the provision giving the pension for a certain age; he says he will revoke the order if elected, and at once try to have a law passed that will give the same thing. He omits to say at what age he will recommend the pension be granted.

But we must remember that this is not the first time the Democratic party has been troubled about Constitutional matters, and I distrust it. When the danger of war threatened, and the South passed ordinances of secession, Jeremiah Black, the Democratic Attorney-General, advised President Buchanan that "I find no warrant in the Constitution to coerce a sovereign State." Had this theory succeeded, the South would have established a separate Government and the Union have been dissolved.

Later at Chicago the Democratic National Convention adopted a resolution saying, among other things, that "after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity of a war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down," etc.

It is only a short time since the same party declared a protective tariff unconstitutional. The fact is that Judge Parker was educated in the old State Rights school and thinks, no doubt honestly, that everything must be measured by that theory. Next our opponents say they are glad the Panama Canal is to be built, but sorry we did not wait longer; so I presume Colombia could get control and raise the bid another $20,000,000 for the right. I believe the American people are fully in accord with the idea that when a thing is to be done, the way to do it is to do it. Not in an illegal manner—no one advises that; but do it. This is the view taken here by every Republican, and by such a large number of Democrats that you may safely look for 100,000 majority for President Roosevelt in this State next election.

S. B. Daboll,
Late Co. G., 117th N. Y. Vols. Age 60.
St. Johns, Michigan.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE SOCIALIST CANDIDATE

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Permit me, as a laboring man, to present my reasons for supporting Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President of the United States.

Mr. Debs is the representative of the proletariat, the working class; Parker and Roosevelt, of the capitalist, the employing class. I belong to the working class, hence self-interest, if nothing else, would prompt me to vote for a man who stands for the interests of my class, not for the interests of a class to which I do not belong and to which I have but one chance in eight or ten of ever belonging. Should I ever become one of the capitalist class, it would then be time enough for me to consider voting for the representatives of that class. When the worker becomes class-conscious—that is, realizes that there are the two classes, the working class and the employing class, and that the interests of these classes are diametrically opposed to each other, and when he quits nursing the delusion that he himself may one day become a capitalist—then and not until then will the workers gain control of the machinery of government and administer it in the interest of the many instead, as now, in the interest of the few.

But I hear some one ask, "Would the Socialists administer the government *solely* in the interests of the working class?" If they did, no capitalist should say nay, for up to this time governments have been administered in the interests of the capitalist class, and it would only be giving the other fellow a chance to have things come his way for a while.

But in truth, when Socialism becomes a reality, there will be no capitalist class, for the workers will themselves own all the means of production and distribution and all the people will belong to the working class. And why should this not be so? Why should the many be compelled to labor unceasingly and have their toil but poorly requited, while the few labor not at all and yet have everything that labor can produce?

Debs stands for a better order of things: a system based on scientific principles and in which equal and exact justice may be meted out to all; a system in which the game of grab and graft can have no place; a system in which all would be working together for the good of all instead of (as is at present the case) each man fighting every other man; a system in which strikes, lockouts, boycotts, labor wars, militarism, and bull-pens would be unknown, and in which it would be possible literally to observe the golden rule and Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

Debs stands for all this. It is a lofty ideal—too lofty, many say, to ever admit of realization. If so, then Christ's ideal was too lofty when he said, "Thy kingdom come on earth, as it is in heaven." It is a good thing to vote for if you lose. But Socialists rest serene in the belief that they cannot lose, that Socialism is inevitable, and that the evolution of our industrial system will ere long usher in the co-operative commonwealth.

Chase Smith.
Pueblo, Colorado.